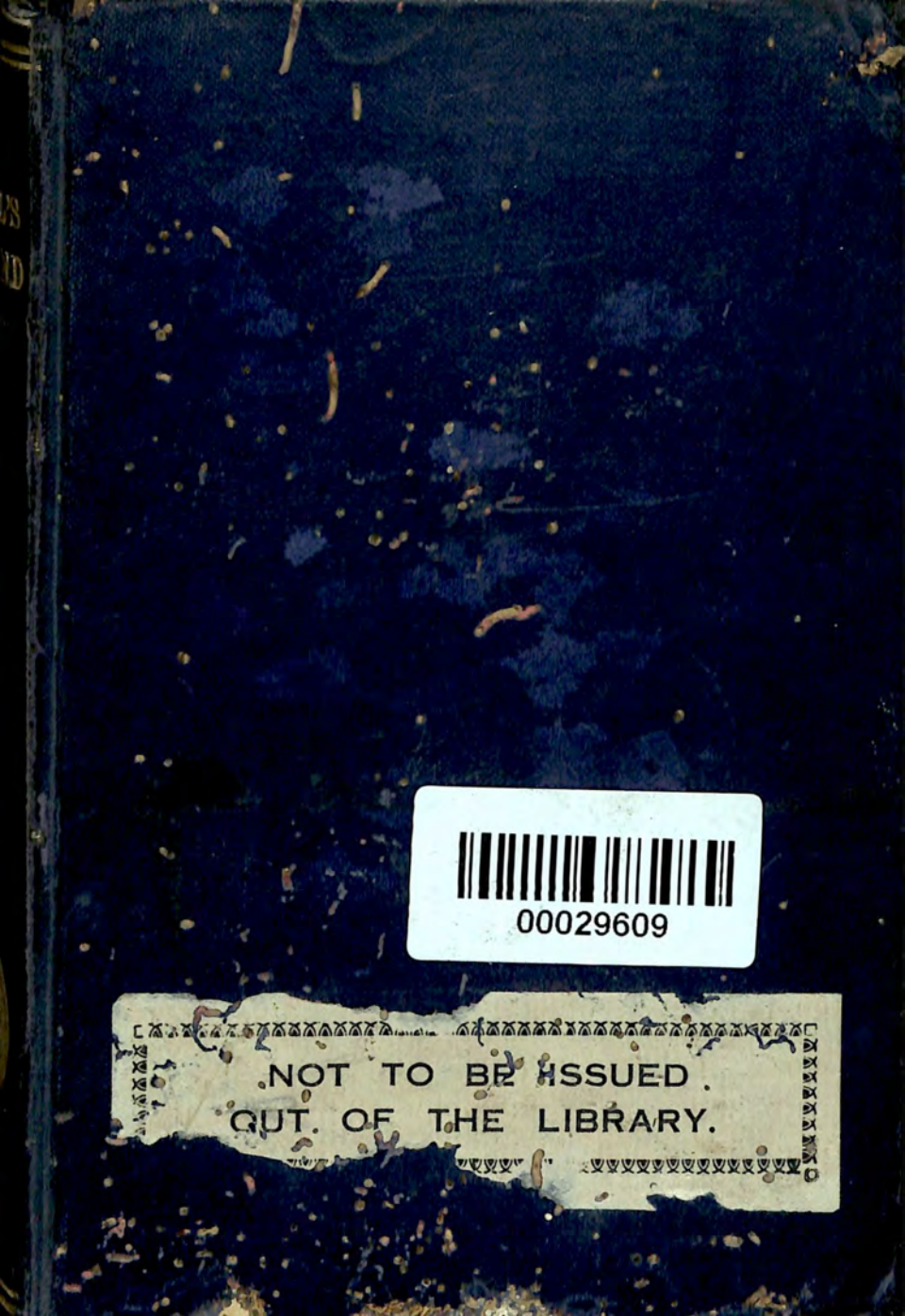

00029609

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016

OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES:

WITH ELUCIDATIONS.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

29609 ae

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

55. i-2

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186 STRAND.

MDCCCL.

00029609

CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART VI.

WAR WITH SCOTLAND. 1650-51.

PAGE

WAR WITH SCOTLAND 3

LETTER CXXXIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: London, 20 June, 1650 10

On behalf of Alderman Hooke of Bristol.

„ CXXXIV. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Alnwick, 17 July, 1650 13

Concerning his Son and Daughter-in-law.

„ CXXXV. To President Bradshaw: Musselburgh, 30 July, 1650 16

Appearance before Edinburgh: Lesley within his Lines.

„ CXXXVI. To Scots Committee of Estates: Musselburgh, 3 Aug. 1650 22

Remonstrates on their dangerous Courses, on their unchristian Conduct towards him.

„ CXXXVII. To Gen. Lesley: Camp at Pentland Hills, 14 Aug. 1650 29

Answer to Lesley's Message and Declaration.

LETTER CXXXVIII. To the Council of State: Musselburgh, 30 Aug. 1650 33
Progress of the Scotch Campaign: Skirmish on the Stirling Road, no Battle; Retreat to the eastward again.
BATTLE OF DUNBAR 38
LETTER CXXXIX. To Sir A. Haselrig: Dunbar, 2 Sept. 1650 39
Day before Dunbar Battle.
PROCLAMATION: The Wounded on the Field 51
LETTER CXL. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Dunbar, 4 Sept. 1650 51
Of Dunbar Battle:—This Letter and the next Five.
„ CXLI. To Sir A. Haselrig: same date . . 62
„ CXLII. To President Bradshaw: same date . 64
„ CXLIII. To Mrs. Cromwell: same date . . 66
„ CXLIV. To R. Mayor, Esq.: same date . . 67
„ CXLV. To Lieut.-Gen. Ireton: same date . 69
„ CXLVI. To Lord Wharton: same date . . . 71
Wharton's Doubts again.
„ CXLVII. To Governor Dundas: Edinburgh, 9 Sept. 1650 77
Has offered to let the Ministers in Edinburgh Castle preach in the City: Rebuke for their Refusal.
„ CXLVIII. To the same: Edinburgh, 12 Sept. 1650 81
Second more deliberate Rebuke, with Queries.
QUERIES 89
PROCLAMATION: Inhabitants have free Leave to come and go 92
LETTER CXLIX. To President Bradshaw: Edinburgh, 25 Sept. 1650 93
Has marched towards Stirling, but been obliged to return.

PAGE

LETTER CL. To Scots Committee of Estates: Linlithgow, 9 Oct. 1650 101

Remonstrates again with them concerning the folly and impiety of this War.

„ CLI. To Col. Strahan: Edinburgh, 25 Oct. 1650 104

On the foregoing Letter; desires a Friendly Debate.

PROCLAMATION: Mosstroopers 109

LETTER CLII. To Governor of Borthwick Castle: Edinburgh, 18 Nov. 1650 109

Summons.

„ CLIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Edinburgh, 4 Dec. 1650 110

Progress of Scotch Affairs: Ker and Strahan.

„ CLIV. To Governor Dundas: Edinburgh, 12 Dec. 1650 117

This and the Six following, with the Pass and Proclamation, relate to the Siege of Edinburgh Castle.

„ CLV. To the same: same date 119

„ CLVI. To the same: Edinburgh, 13 Dec. 1650. 120

„ CLVII. To the same: Edinburgh, 14 Dec. 1650 123

„ CLVIII. To the same: same date . . . 123

„ CLIX. To the same: Edinburgh, 18 Dec. 1650. 125

„ CLX. To the same: same date . . . 126

PASS 127

PROCLAMATION 128

LETTER CLXI. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Edinburgh, 24 Dec. 1650 . . 129

Edinburgh Castle surrendered.

„ CLXII. To Col. Hacker: Edinburgh, 25 Dec. 1650 133

Captain Empson's Commission cannot be revoked. Censures a phrase of Hacker's.

PAGE

LETTER CLXIII. To Gen. Lesley: Edinburgh, 17 Jan. 1650-1 135

Provost Jaffray, Rev. Messrs. Waugh and Carstairs.

„ CLXIV. To Scots Committee of Estates: Edinburgh, 17 Jan. 1650-1 . . .

Augustin the German Mosstrooper.

„ CLXV. To Committee of Army: Edinburgh, 4 Feb. 1650-1 143

Symonds, and the Medal for Dunbar Battle.

„ CLXVI. To Rev. Dr. Greenwood: Edinburgh, 4 Feb. 1650-1 147

Has been elected Chancellor of Oxford University.

„ CLXVII. To the same: Edinburgh, 14 Feb. 1650-1 151

Waterhouse: For an Oxford Degree.

„ CLXVIII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Edinburgh, 8 March, 1650-1 153

Intercedes for Col. Robert Lilburn.

„ CLXIX. To the same: Edinburgh, 11 March, 1650-1 155

Durham University.

„ CLXX. To President Bradshaw: Edinburgh, 24 March, 1650-1 159

Has been dangerously unwell; thanks for their inquiring after him.

„ CLXXI. To Mrs. Cromwell: Edinburgh, 12 April, 1651 161

Domestic. The Lord Herbert. Richard and the other Children.

PAGE

LETTER CLXXII. To Hon. A. Johnston: Edinburgh, 12 April, 1651 163
Public Registers of Scotland.

SECOND VISIT TO GLASGOW 166

LETTER CLXXIII. To Mrs. Cromwell: Edinburgh, 3 May, 1651 172
Domestic. Regards to his Mother.

„ CLXXIV. To President Bradshaw: Edinburgh, 3 June, 1651 174
Dangerous Relapse; now recovering: Drs. Wright and Bates.

„ CLXXV. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Linlithgow, 21 July, 1651 177
Inverkeithing Fight.

„ CLXXVI. To President Bradshaw: Dundas, 24 July, 1651 179
Gone over to Fife.

„ CLXXVII. To the same: Linlithgow, 26 July, 1651 180
Inchgarvie surrendered.

„ CLXXVIII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Burntisland, 28 July, 1651 183
Rebukes his Son Richard for excess in expenditure.

„ CLXXIX. To Hon. W. Lenthall: Burntisland, 29 July, 1651 186
Burntisland. Army mostly in Fife.

„ CLXXX. To the same: Leith, 4 Aug. 1651 . 187
St. Johnston taken: the Enemy suddenly gone southward.

„ CLXXXI. To Lord Wharton: Stratford-on-Avon, 27 Aug. 1651 194
Wharton's Doubts once more.

BATTLE OF WORCESTER 197

PAGE

LETTER CLXXXII. To Hon. W. Lenthall: near Worcester, 3 Sept. 1651 200
Battle of Worcester.

CLXXXIII. To the same: Worcester, 4 Sept. 1651 202
The same.

PART VII.

THE LITTLE PARLIAMENT. 1651-53.

THE LITTLE PARLIAMENT 215

LETTER CLXXXIV. To Rev. J. Cotton: London, 2 Oct. 1651 221
Reflections on Public Affairs: what Prophecies are now fulfilling.

„ CLXXXV. To Mr. Hungerford: London, 30 July, 1652 235
Note on Private Business.

„ CLXXXVI. To A. Hungerford, Esq.: Cockpit, 10 Dec. 1652 243
Not at Home when Hungerford called.

„ CLXXXVII. To Lieut.-Gen. Fleetwood: Cockpit, —— 1652 245
Domestic-Devotional. Difference between Love and Fear in matters of Religion.

„ CLXXXVIII. To Mr. Parker: Whitehall, 23 April, 1653 255
Riot in the Fen-Country.

SUMMONS 258

SPEECH I. Opening of the Little Parliament, 14 July, 1653 259
Retrospective: aim of all these Wars and Struggles; chief events of them; especially dismissal of the Long Parliament. Prospective: dayspring of divine Prophecy and Hope, to be struggled towards, though with difficulty. Demits his authority into their hands.

PAGE

LETTER CLXXXIX. To Lieut.-Gen. Fleetwood: Cockpit, 22 Aug. 1653 301

Complains; heart-weary of the strife of Parties: Moses and the Two Hebrews.

CXC. To Committee of Customs: Cockpit, Oct. 1653 303

In remonstrance for a poor Suitor to them.

CXCI. To H. Weston, Esq.: London, 16 Nov. 1653 305

Excuse for an Oversight: Speldhurst Living.

PART VIII.

FIRST PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT. 1654.

LETTER CXCII. To R. Mayor, Esq.: Whitehall, 4 May, 1654 327

Dare not undertake the Purchase recommended.

„ CXCIII. To Lord Fleetwood: Whitehall, 16 May, 1654 329

To dismiss Col. Alured.

„ CXCIV. To Col. Alured: Whitehall, 16 May, 1654 331

Official Order to the Colonel.

„ CXCV. To Sir T. Vyner: Whitehall, 5 July, 1654 334

A City Preacher.

SPEECH II. Meeting of the First Protectorate Parliament, 4 Sept. 1654 338

Goodwin's Sermon, *On the Deliverance out of Egypt, and Pilgrimage towards Canaan through the Wilderness.* Our difficulties: Antichrist; Levellers, Fifth-Monarchists, Jesuits. Our attainments: Some Reform of Law; Reform of Church; Peace, with almost all Nations. Finance; necessity o Concord.

PAGE

SPEECH III. To the First Protectorate Parliament, 12 Sept. 1654 368

Cannot have the Foundations of Government submitted to debate in this Assembly. A free Parliament they; but he also, in virtue of whom they sit, must be an unquestioned Protector. His history since he entered on these Public Struggles: Dismissal of the Long Parliament; Abdication of the Little Parliament; Protectorship, on what founded, by whom acknowledged. To proceed no farther, till they acknowledge it.

LETTER CXCVI. To R. Bennet, Esq.: Whitehall, 12 Jan. 1654-5 408

Virginia and Maryland.

CXCVII. To Captain Crook: Whitehall, 20 Jan. 1654-5 409

To watch Adjutant-Gen. Allen.

SPEECH IV. Dissolution of the First Protectorate Parliament, 22 Jan. 1654-5 415

Regrets that they have not communicated with him: *he* was not unconcerned with them; has been struggling and endeavouring for them, keeping Peace round them;—does not know, on their part, whether they have been alive or dead. Of trees that foster only things poisonous under their shadow. Of disturbances, once well asleep, awakened into new perilous activity during these debates. Necessary that they be dissolved.

CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART VI.

WAR WITH SCOTLAND.

1650—1651.

WAR WITH SCOTLAND.

THE Scotch People, the first beginners of this grand Puritan Revolt, which we may define as an attempt to bring the Divine Law of the Bible into actual practice in men's affairs on the Earth, are still one and all resolute for that object; but they are getting into sad difficulties as to realising it. Not easy to realise such a thing: besides true will, there need heroic gifts, the highest that Heaven gives, for realising it! Gifts which have not been vouchsafed the Scotch People at present. The letter of their Covenant presses heavy on these men; traditions, formulas, dead letters of many things press heavy on them. On the whole, they too are but what we call Pedants in conduct, not Poets: the sheepskin record failing them, and old use-and-wont ending, they cannot farther; they look into a sea of troubles, shoreless, starless, on which there seems no navigation possible.

The faults or misfortunes of the Scotch People, in their Puritan business, are many; but properly their grand fault is this, That they have produced for it no sufficiently heroic man among them. No man that has an eye to see beyond the letter and the rubric; to discern, across many consecrated rubrics of the Past, the inarticulate divineness too of the Present and the Future, and dare all perils in the faith of that! With Oliver Cromwell born a Scotchman; with a Hero-King and a unanimous Hero-Nation at his back, it might have been far otherwise. With Oliver born Scotch, one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan; might

have struggled, yet a long while, to fashion itself according to that divine Hebrew Gospel,—to the exclusion of other Gospels not Hebrew, which also are divine, and will have their share of fulfilment here!—But of such issue there is no danger. Instead of inspired Oliver's, glowing with direct insight and noble daring, we have Argyles, Loudons, and narrow, more or less opaque persons of the Pedant species. Committees of Estates, Committees of Kirks, much tied up in formulas, both of them: a bigoted Theocracy *without* the Inspiration; which is a very hopeless phenomenon indeed! The Scotch People are all willing, eager of heart; asking, Whitherward? But the Leaders stand aghast at the new forms of danger; and in a vehement discrepant manner some calling, Halt! others calling, Backward! others, Forward!—huge confusion ensues. Confusion which will need an Oliver to repress it; to bind it up in tight manacles, if not otherwise; and say, "There, sit there and consider thyself a little!"—

The meaning of the Scotch Covenant was, That God's divine Law of the Bible should be put in practice in these Nations; verily *it*, and not the Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, or any Formula of cloth or sheepskin here or elsewhere which merely pretended to be it: but then the Covenant says expressly, there is to be a Stuart King in the business: we cannot do without our Stuart King! Given a divine Law of the Bible on one hand, and a Stuart King, Charles First or Charles Second, on the other: alas, did History ever present a more irreducible case of equations in this world? I pity the poor Scotch Pedant Governors; still more the poor Scotch People, who had no other to follow! Nay, as for that, the People did get through, in the end; such was their indomitable pious constancy, and other worth and fortune: and Presbytery became a Fact among them, to the whole length

possible for it: not without endless results. But for the poor Governors this irreducible case proved, as it were, fatal! They have never since, if we will look narrowly at it, governed Scotland, or even well known that they were there to attempt governing it. Once they lay on Dunse Hill, 'each Earl with his Regiment of Tenants round him,' *For Christ's Crown and Covenant*; and never since had they any noble National act which it was given them to do. Growing desperate of Christ's Crown and Covenant, they, in the next generation when our *Annus Mirabilis* arrived, hurried up to Court, looking out for other Crowns and Covenants; deserted Scotland and her Cause, somewhat basely; took to *booing* and *booing* for Causes of their own, unhappy mortals;—and Scotland and all Causes that were Scotland's have had to go on very much without *them* ever since! Which is a very fatal issue indeed, as I reckon;—and the time for settlement of accounts about it, which could not fail always, and seems now fast drawing nigh, looks very ominous to me. For in fact there is no creature more fatal than your Pedant; safe as he esteems himself, the terriblest issues spring from him. Human crimes are many: but the crime of being deaf to the God's Voice, of being blind to all but parchments and antiquarian rubrics when the Divine Handwriting is abroad on the sky,—certainly there is no crime which the Supreme Powers do more terribly avenge!

But leaving all that,—the poor Scotch Governors, we remark, in that old crisis of theirs, have come upon the desperate expedient of getting Charles Second to adopt the Covenant the best he can.* Whereby our parchment formula is indeed saved; but the divine fact has gone terribly to the wall! The Scotch Governors hope otherwise. By treaties at Jersey, treaties at Breda, they and the hard Law of Want together have constrained this poor young Stuart to their

detested Covenant; as the Frenchman said, they have 'compelled him to adopt it voluntarily.' A fearful crime, thinks Oliver, and think we. How dare you enact such mummery under High Heaven! exclaims he. You will prosecute Malignants; and, with the aid of some poor varnish, transparent even to yourselves, you adopt into your bosom the Chief Malignant? My soul come not into your secret; mine honour be not united unto you!—

In fact, his new Sacred Majesty is actually under way for the Scotch court; will become a Covenanted King there. Of himself a likely enough young man;—very unfortunate he too. Satisfactorily descended from the Steward of Scotland and Elizabeth Muir of Caldwell (whom some have called an improper female[1]); satisfactory in this respect, but in others most unsatisfactory. A somewhat loose young man; has Buckingham, Wilmot and Company, at one hand of him, and painful Mr. Livingston and Presbyterian ruling-elders at the other; is hastening now, as a Covenanted King, towards such a Theocracy as we described. Perhaps the most anomalous phenomenon ever produced by Nature and Art working together in this World!—He had sent Montrose before him, poor young man, to try if war and force could effect nothing; whom instantly the Scotch Nation took, and tragically hanged.[2] They now, winking hard at that transaction, proffer the poor young man their Covenant; compel him to sign it voluntarily, and be Covenanted King over them.

The result of all which for the English Commonwealth cannot be doubtful. What Declarations, Papers, Protocols, passed on the occasion,—numerous, flying thick between Edinburgh and London in late months,—shall remain un-

[1] Horseloads of Jacobite, Anti-Jacobite Pamphlets; Goodall, Father Innes, &c. &c. How it was settled, I do not recollect.

[2] Details of the business, in Balfour, iv. 9-22.

known to us. The Commonwealth has brought Cromwell home from Ireland; and got forces ready for him: that is the practical outcome of it. The Scotch also have got forces ready; will either invade us, or (which we decide to be preferable) be invaded by us.[1] Cromwell must now take up the Scotch coil of troubles, as he did the Irish, and deal with that too. Fairfax, as we heard, was unwilling to go; Cromwell, urging the Council of State to second him, would fain persuade Fairfax; gets him still nominated Commander-in-chief; but cannot persuade him;—will himself have to be Commander-in-chief, and go.

In Whitlocke and Ludlow[2] there is record of earnest intercessions, solemn conference held with Fairfax in Whitehall, duly prefaced by prayer to Heaven; intended on Cromwell's part to persuade Fairfax that it is his duty again to accept the chief command, and lead us into Scotland. Fairfax, urged by his Wife, a Vere of the fighting Veres, and given to Presbyterianism, dare not and will not go;—sends 'Mr. Rushworth, his Secretary,' on the morrow, to give up his Commission,[3] that Cromwell himself may be named General-in-chief. In this preliminary business, says Ludlow, 'Cromwell acted his 'part so to the life that I really thought he wished Fairfax to 'go.' Wooden-headed that I was, I had reason to alter that notion by and by!

Wooden Ludlow gives note of another very singular interview he himself had with Cromwell, 'a little after,' in those same days or hours. Cromwell whispered him in the House; they agreed 'to meet that afternoon in the Council of State' in Whitehall, and there withdraw into a private room to have

[1] Commons Journals, 26 June, 1650.

[2] Whitlocke, pp. 444-6 (25 June, 1650).; Ludlow, i. 317.

[3] Commons Journals, *ubi supra*.

a little talk together. Oliver had cast his eye on Ludlow as a fit man for Ireland, to go and second Ireton there; he took him, as by appointment, into a private room, 'the Queen's Guard-chamber' to wit; and there very largely expressed himself. He testified the great value he had for me, Ludlow; combatted my objections to Ireland; spake somewhat against Lawyers, what a tortuous ungodly jungle English Law was; spake of the good that might be done by a good and brave man;—spake of the great Providences of God now abroad on the Earth; in particular 'talked for almost an hour upon the Hundred-and-tenth Psalm;' which to me, in my solid wooden head, seemed extremely singular![1]

Modern readers, not in the case of Ludlow, will find this fact illustrative of Oliver. Before setting out on the Scotch Expedition, and just on the eve of doing it, we too will read that Psalm of Hebrew David's, which had become English Oliver's: we will fancy in our minds, not without reflections and emotions, the largest soul in England looking at this God's World with prophet's earnestness through that Hebrew Word,—two Divine Phenomena accurately correspondent for Oliver; the one accurately the prophetic symbol, and articulate interpretation of the other. As if the Silences had at length found utterance, and this was their Voice from out of old Eternity:

'The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand 'until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall 'send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the 'midst of thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the 'day of thy power; in the beauties of holiness, from the 'womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth. 'The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest 'forever after the order of Melchizedek. The Lord, at thy

[1] Ludlow, i. 319.

'right hand, shall strike through Kings in the day of his 'wrath. He shall judge among the Heathen; he shall fill 'the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads 'over many countries. He shall drink of the brook in the 'way: therefore shall he lift up the head.'

In such spirit goes Oliver Cromwell to the Wars. 'A god-intoxicated man,' as Novalis elsewhere phrases it. I have asked myself, If anywhere in Modern European History, or even in Ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean World's affairs with a heart more filled by the Idea of the Highest? Bathed in the Eternal Splendours,—it is so he walks our dim Earth: this man is one of few. He is projected with a terrible force out of the Eternities, and in the Times and their arenas there is nothing that can withstand him. It is great;—to us it is tragic; a thing that should strike us dumb! My brave one, thy old noble Prophecy *is* divine; older than Hebrew David; old as the Origin of Man; —and shall, though in wider ways than thou supposest, be fulfilled!—

LETTERS CXXXIII.—CXXXVIII.

HOOKE and his small business, in rapid public times, will not detain us. Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of Bristol, was elected to the Long Parliament for that City in 1640; but being found to have had concern in 'Monopolies,' was, like a number of others, expelled, and sent home again under a cloud. The 'service' he did at Bristol Storm, though somewhat needing 'concealment,' ought to rehabilitate him a little in the charity, at least in the pity, of the Well-affected mind. At all events, the conditions made with him must be kept;—and we doubt not, were.

LETTER CXXXIII.

'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

MR. SPEAKER, London, 20th June, 1650.

When we lay before Bristol in the Year 1645, we considered the season of the year, the strength of the place, and of what importance the reducement thereof would be to the good of the Commonwealth, and accordingly applied ourselves to all possible means for the accomplishment of the same; which received its answerable effect. At which time, for something considerable done in order to that end, by Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of that place,—which, for many rea-

sons, is desired to be concealed,—his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax and myself gave him an Engagement under our hands and seals, That he should be secured and protected, by the authority of the Parliament, in the enjoyment of his life, liberty and estate, as freely as in former times, and as any other person under the obedience of the Parliament; notwithstanding any past acts of hostility, or other thing done by him, in opposition to the Parliament or assistance of the Enemy. Which Engagement, with a Certificate of divers godly persons of that City, concerning the performance of his part thereof, is ready to be produced.

I understand, that lately an Order is issued out to sequester him, whereby he is called to Composition. I thought it meet therefore to give the honourable Parliament this account, that he may be preserved from anything of that nature. For the performance of which, in order to the good of the Commonwealth, we stand engaged in our faith and honour. I leave it to you; and remain,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

On *Wednesday, 26th June*, 1650, the Act appointing 'That 'Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, be constituted Captain-General 'and Commander-in-chief of all the Forces raised or to be 'raised by authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth 'of England'[1] was passed. 'Whereupon,' says Whitlocke, 'great ceremonies and congratulations of the new General 'were made to him from all sorts of people; and he went on

* Tanner mss. (in Cary, ii. 222). [1] Commons Journals, *in die.*

'roundly with his business.' Roundly, rapidly; for in three days more, on Saturday the 29th, 'the Lord General Cromwell 'went out of London towards the North: and the news of 'him marching northward much startled the Scots.'[1]

He has Lambert for Major-General, Cousin Whalley for Commissary-General; and among his Colonels are Overton, whom we knew at Hull; Pride, whom we have seen in Westminster Hall; and a taciturn man, much given to chewing tobacco, whom we have transiently seen in various places, Colonel George Monk by name.[2] An excellent officer; listens to what you say, answers often by a splash of brown juice merely, but punctually does what is doable of it. Pudding-headed Hodgson the Yorkshire Captain is also there; from whom perhaps we may glean a rough lucent-point or two. The Army, as my Lord General attracts it gradually from the right and left on his march northward, amounts at Tweedside to some Sixteen-thousand horse and foot.[3] Rushworth goes with him as Secretary; historical John; having now done with Fairfax:—but, alas, his Papers for this Period are all lost to us: it was not safe to print them with the others; and they are lost! The *Historical Collections*, with their infinite rubbish and their modicum of jewels, cease at the Trial of the King; leaving us, fallen into far worse hands, to repent of our impatience, and regret the useful John!

The following Letters, without commentary, which stingy space will not permit, must note the Lord General's progress for us as they can; and illuminate with here and there a rude gleam of direct light at first-hand, an old scene very obsolete, confused, unexplored and dim for us.

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 446, 7.

[2] *Life of Monk*, by Gumble, his Chaplain.

[3] Train, 690; horse, 5,415; foot, 10,249; *in toto*, 16,354 (Cromwelliana, p. 85).

LETTER CXXXIV.

DOROTHY CROMWELL, we are happy to find, has a 'little brat;'—but the poor little thing must have died soon: in Noble's inexact lists there is no trace of its ever having lived. The Lord General has got into Northumberland. He has a good excuse for being 'silent this way,'—the way of Letters.

For my very loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at his House at Hursley: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Alnwick, 17th July, 1650.

The exceeding crowd of business I had at London is the best excuse I can make for my silence this way. Indeed, Sir, my heart beareth me witness I want no affection to you or yours; you are all often in my poor prayers.

I should be glad to hear how the little Brat doth. I could chide both Father and Mother for their neglects of me: I know my Son is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll. I doubt now her Husband hath spoiled her; pray tell her so from me. If I had as good leisure as they, I should write sometimes. If my Daughter be breeding, I will excuse her; but not for her nursery! The Lord bless them. I hope you give my Son good counsel; I believe he needs it. He is in the dangerous time of his age; and it's a very vain world. O how good it is to close with Christ betimes; there is nothing else worth the looking after. I beseech you call upon him, —I hope you will discharge my duty and your own

love: you see how I am employed. I need pity. I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after; I should have no comfort in mine but that my hope is in the Lord's presence. I have not sought these things; truly I have been called unto them by the Lord; and therefore am not without some assurance that He will enable His poor worm and weak servant to do His will, and to fulfil my generation. In this I desire your prayers. Desiring to be lovingly remembered to my dear Sister, to our Son and Daughter, to my Cousin Ann and the good Family, I rest,

Your very affectionate brother,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

On *Monday, 22d July,* the Army, after due rendezvousing and reviewing, passed through Berwick; and encamped at Mordington across the Border, where a fresh stay of two days is still necessary. Scotland is bare of resources for us. That night, 'the Scotch beacons were all set on fire; the men fled, and drove away their cattle.' Mr. Bret, his Excellency's Trumpeter, returns from Edinburgh without symptom of pacification. 'The Clergy represent us to the people as if we were monsters of the world.' "Army of Sectaries and Blasphemers," is the received term for us among the Scots.[1]

Already on the march hitherward, and now by Mr. Bret in an official way, have due Manifestos been promulgated: Declaration *To all that are Saints and Partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland,* and Proclamation *To the People of Scotland* in general. Asking of the mistaken *People,* in mild

Harris, p. 513: one of the Pusey stock.

[1] Balfour, iv. 97, 100, &c.: 'Cromwell the Blasphemer' (ib. 88).

terms, Did you not see us, and try us, what kind of men we were, when we came among you two years ago? Did you find us plunderers, murderers, monsters of the world? 'Whose ox have we stolen?' To the mistaken *Saints of God in Scotland*, again, the declaration testifies and argues, in a grand earnest way, That in Charles Stuart and his party there can be no salvation; that *we* seek the real substance of the Covenant, which it is perilous to desert for the mere outer form thereof;—on the whole that we are not sectaries and blasphemers; and that it goes against our heart to hurt a hair of any sincere servant of God.—Very earnest Documents; signed by John Rushworth in the name of General and Officers; often printed and reprinted.[1] They bear Oliver's sense in every feature of them; but are not distinctly of his composition: wherefore, as space grows more and more precious, and Oliver's sense will elsewhere sufficiently appear, we omit them.

'The Scots,' says Whitlocke,[2] 'are all gone with their 'goods towards Edinburgh, by command of the Estates of 'Scotland, upon penalty if they did not remove; so that 'mostly all the men are gone. But the wives stay behind; 'and some of them do bake and brew, to provide bread and 'drink for the English Army.' The public functionaries 'have 'told the people, "That the English Army intends to put all 'the men to the sword, and to thrust hot irons through the 'women's breasts;"—which much terrified them, till once 'the General's Proclamations were published.' And now the wives do stay behind, and brew and bake,—poor wives!

That Monday night while we lay at Mordington, with hard accommodation out of doors and in,—my puddingheaded

[1] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 298, 310); Commons Journals, 19 July, 1650.

[2] p. 450.

friend informs me of a thing. The General has made a large Discourse to the Officers and Army, now that we are across; speaks to them "as a Christian and a Soldier, To be doubly and trebly diligent, to be wary and worthy, for sure enough we have work before us! But have we not had God's blessing hitherto? Let us go on faithfully, and hope for the like still!"[1] The Army answered 'with acclamations,' still audible to me.—Yorkshire Hodgson continues:

'Well; that night we pitched at Mordington, about the 'House. Our Officers, General and Staff Officers, 'hearing 'a great shout among the soldiers, looked out of window. 'They spied a soldier with a Scotch *kirn*' (churn) 'on his 'head. Some of them had been purveying abroad, and had 'found a vessel filled with Scotch cream: bringing the rever-'sion of it to their tents, some got dishfuls, and some hatfuls; 'and the cream being now low in the vessel, one fellow would 'have a modest drink, and so lifts the kirn to his mouth: but 'another canting it up, it falls over his head; and the man is 'lost in it, all the cream trickles down his apparel, and his 'head fast in the tub! This was a merriment to the Officers; 'as Oliver loved an innocent jest.'

A week after, we find the General very serious; writing thus to the Lord President Bradshaw.

LETTER CXXXV.

'Copperspath,' of which the General here speaks, is the country pronunciation of Cockburnspath; name of a wild rock-and-river chasm, through which the great road goes,

[1] Hodgson, p. 130: Whitlocke, p. 450.

some miles to the eastward of Dunbar. Of which we shall hear again. A very wild road at that time, as may still be seen. The ravine is now spanned by a beautiful Bridge, called *Pease Bridge*, or Path's Bridge, which pleasure-parties go to visit.—The date of this Letter, in all the old Newspapers, is '30th July;' and doubtless in the Original too;[1] but the real day, as appears by the context, is Wednesday 31st.

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

My Lord, Musselburgh, 30th July, 1650.

We marched from Berwick upon Monday, being the 22d of July; and lay at my Lord Mordington's house, Monday night, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Thursday we marched to Copperspath; on Friday to Dunbar, where we got some small pittance from our ships; from whence we marched to Haddington.

On the Lord's day, hearing that the Scottish Army meant to meet us at Gladsmoor, we laboured to possess the Moor before them; and beat our drums very early in the morning. But when we came there, no considerable body of the Army appeared. Whereupon Fourteen-hundred horse, under the command of Major-General Lambert and Colonel Whalley, were sent as a vanguard to Musselburgh, to see likewise if they could find out and attempt any thing upon the Enemy; I marching in the heel of them with the residue of the

[1] 'Letter from the General dated 30° Julii' (Commons Journals, vi. 451).

Army. Our party encountered with some of their horse; but they could not abide us. We lay at Musselburgh, encamped close, that night; the Enemy's Army lying between Edinburgh and Leith, about four miles from us, entrenched by a Line flankered from Edinburgh to Leith; the guns also from Leith scouring most part of the Line, so that they lay very strong.

Upon Monday, 29th instant, we were resolved to draw up to them, to see if they would fight with us. And when we came upon the place, we resolved to get our cannons as near them as we could; hoping thereby to annoy them. We likewise perceived that they had some force upon a Hill that overlooks Edinburgh, from whence we might be annoyed; 'and' did resolve to send up a party to possess the said Hill;—which prevailed: but, upon the whole, we did find that their Army were not easily to be attempted. Whereupon we lay still all the said day; which proved to be so sore a day and night of rain as I have seldom seen, and greatly to our disadvantage; the Enemy having enough to cover them, and we nothing at all considerable.[1] Our soldiers did abide this difficulty with great courage and resolution, hoping they should speedily come to fight. In the morning, the ground being very wet, 'and' our provisions scarce, we resolved to draw back to our quarters at Musselburgh, there to refresh and revictual.

The Enemy, when we drew off, fell upon our rear; and put them into some little disorder: but our bodies

[1] 'Near a little village named, I think, Lichnaurie,'—means, Lang Niddery (Hodgson, p. 132); the *Niddery* near Duddingston, still deservedly called *Lang* by the people, though map-makers append the epithet elsewhere.

of horse being in some readiness, came to a grabble with them; where indeed there was a gallant and hot dispute; the Major-General[1] and Colonel Whalley being in the rear; and the Enemy drawing out great bodies to second their first affront. Our men charged them up to the very trenches, and beat them in. The Major-General's horse was shot in the neck and head; himself run through the arm with a lance, and run into another place of his body,—was taken prisoner by the Enemy, but rescued immediately by Lieutenant Empson of my regiment. Colonel Whalley, who was then nearest to the Major-General, did charge very resolutely; and repulsed the Enemy, and killed divers of them upon the place, and took some prisoners, without any considerable loss. Which indeed did so amaze and quiet them, that we marched off to Musselburgh, but they dared not send out a man to trouble us. We hear their young King looked on upon all this, but was very ill satisfied to see their men do no better.

We came to Musselburgh that night; so tired and wearied for want of sleep, and so dirty by reason of the wetness of the weather, that we expected the Enemy would make an infall upon us. Which accordingly they did, between three and four of the clock this morning; with fifteen of their most select troops, under the command of Major-General Montgomery and Strahan, two champions of the Church:—upon which business there was great hope and expectation laid. The Enemy came on with a great deal of resolution; beat in our guards, and put a regiment of horse in some disorder: but our

[1] Lambert.

men, speedily taking the alarm, charged the Enemy; routed them, took many prisoners, killed a great many of them; did execution 'to' within a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh; and, I am informed, Strahan[1] was killed there, besides divers other Officers of quality. We took the Major to Strahan's regiment, Major Hamilton; a Lieutenant-Colonel, and divers other Officers, and persons of quality, whom yet we know not. Indeed this is a sweet beginning of your business, or rather the Lord's; and I believe is not very satisfactory to the Enemy, especially to the Kirk party. We did not lose any in this business, so far as I hear, but a Cornet; I do not hear of four men more. The Major-General will, I believe, within few days be well to take the field. And I trust this work, which is the Lord's, will prosper in the hands of His servants.

I did not think advisable to attempt upon the Enemy, lying as he doth: but surely this would sufficiently provoke him to fight if he had a mind to it. I do not think he is less than Six or Seven thousand horse, and Fourteen or Fifteen thousand foot. The reason, I hear, that they give out to their people why they do not fight us, is, Because they expect many bodies of men more out of the North of Scotland; which when they come, they give out they will then engage. But I believe they would rather tempt us to attempt them in their fastness, within which they are entrenched; or else hoping we shall famish for want of provisions;—which is very

[1] We shall hear of Strahan again, not 'killed.' This Montgomery is the Earl of Eglinton's son Robert, of whom we heard before (Letter LXXVIII. vol. ii. p. 86); neither is he 'slain,' as will be seen by and by.

likely to be, if we be not timely and fully supplied. I remain,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I understand since writing of this Letter, that Major-General Montgomery is slain.* *

Cautious David Lesley lies thus within his Line 'flankered' from Leith shore to the Calton Hill, with guns to 'scour' it; with outposts or flying parties, as we see, stationed on the back slope of Salisbury Crags or Arthur's Seat; with all Edinburgh safe behind him, and indeed all Scotland safe behind him for supplies: and nothing can tempt him to come out. The factions and distractions of Scotland, and its Kirk Committees and State Committees, and poor Covenanted King and Courtiers, are many: but Lesley, standing steadily to his guns, persists here. His Army, it appears, is no great things of an Army: 'altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and 'Kirk,' snarls an angry *Uncovenanted* Courtier, whom the said Committee has just ordered to take himself away again; 'al-'together governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk,' snarls he, 'and they took especial care in their levies not to 'admit any *Malignants* or *Engagers*' (who had been in Hamilton's Engagement); 'placing in command, for most part, 'Ministers' Sons, Clerks and other sanctified creatures, who 'hardly ever saw or heard of any sword but that of the spirit!'[1] The more reason for Lesley to lie steadily within his Line here. Lodged in 'Bruchton Village,' which means Broughton, now a part of Edinburgh New Town; there in a cautious solid

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 85, 6).

[1] Sir Edward Walker: Historical Discourses (London, 1705), p. 162.

manner lies Lesley; and lets Cromwell attempt upon him. It is his history, the military history of these two, for a month to come.

Meanwhile the General Assembly have not been backward with their Answer to the Cromwell Manifesto, or 'Declaration of the English Army to all the Saints in Scotland,' spoken of above. Nay, already while he lay at Berwick, they had drawn up an eloquent Counter-Declaration, and sent it to him; which he, again, has got 'some godly Ministers' of his to declare against and reply to: the whole of which Declarations, Replies and Re-replies shall, like the primary Document itself, remain suppressed on the present occasion.[1] But along with this 'Reply by some godly Ministers,' the Lord General sends a Letter of his own, which is here:

LETTER CXXXVI.

To the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland; or, in case of their not sitting, To the Commissioners of the Kirk of Scotland: These.

SIRS, Musselburgh, 3d August, 1650.

Your *Answer to the Declaration of the Army* we have seen. Some godly Ministers with us did, at Berwick, compose this *Reply*;[2] which I thought fit to send you.

[1] Titles of them, copies of several of them, in Parliamentary History, xix.

[2] The Scotch 'Answer' which 'we have seen,' dated Edinburgh, 22 July, 1650, 'Answer unto the Declaration of the Army;' and then this English 'Reply' to it now sent, entitled '*Vindication* of the Declaration of the Army:' in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 475, § 15 (Printed, London, 16 August, 1650).

That you or we, in these great Transactions, answer the will and mind of God, it is only from His grace and mercy to us. And therefore, having said as in our Papers, we commit the issue thereof to Him who disposeth all things, assuring you that we have light and comfort increasing upon us, day by day; and are persuaded that, before it be long, the Lord will manifest His good pleasure, so that all shall see Him; and His People shall say, *This is the Lord's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes: this is the day that the Lord hath made; we will be glad and rejoice therein.*—Only give me leave to say, in a word, 'thus much:'

You take upon you to judge us in the things of our God, though you know us not,—though in the things we have said unto you, in that which is entitled the Army's Declaration, we have spoken our hearts as in the sight of the Lord who hath tried us. And by your hard and subtle words you have begotten prejudice in those who do too much, in matters of conscience,—wherein every soul is to answer for itself to God,—depend upon you. So that some have already followed you, to the breathing-out of their souls:[1] 'and' others continue still in the way wherein they are led by you,—we fear, to their own ruin.

And no marvel if you deal thus with us, when indeed you can find in your hearts to conceal from your own people the Papers we have sent you; who might thereby see and understand the bowels of our affections to them, especially to such among them as fear the Lord. Send as many of your Papers as you please amongst

[1] In the Musselburgh Skirmish, &c.

ours;[1] they have a free passage. I fear them not. What is of God in them, would it might be embraced and received!—One of them lately sent, directed *To the Under-Officers and Soldiers in the English Army*, hath begotten from them this enclosed *Answer*;[2] which they desired me to send to you: not a crafty politic one, but a plain simple spiritual one;—*what* kind of one it is God knoweth, and God also will in due time make manifest.

And do we multiply these things,[3] as men; or do we them for the Lord Christ and His People's sake? Indeed we are not, through the grace of God, afraid of your numbers, nor confident in ourselves. We could,—I pray God you do not think we boast,—meet your Army, or what you have to bring against us. We have given,—humbly we speak it before our God, in whom all our hope is,—some proof that thoughts of that kind prevail not upon us. The Lord hath not hid His face from us since our approach so near unto you.

[1] Our people.

[2] The Scotch Paper 'To the Under-Officers,' &c., received on the last day of July; and close following on it, this 'Answer' which it hath begotten from them,' addressed *To the People of Scotland* (*especially those among them that know and fear the Lord*) *from whom yesterday we received a Paper directed To the Under-Officers*, &c.; of date 'Musselburgh, 1 August, 1650:' in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 475, § 10 (Printed, London, 12 August, 1650).—This *Answer* 'by the Under-Officers,' a very pious and zealous Piece, seems to have found favour among the pious Scots, and to have circulated among them in Manuscript Copies. A most mutilated unintelligible Fragment, printed in *Analecta Scotica* (Edinburgh, 1834), ii. 271, as 'a Proclamation by Oliver Cromwell,' turns out to be in reality a fraction of *this* 'Answer by the Under-Officers:'—printed there from a 'Copy evidently made at the time,' evidently a most ruinous Copy, 'and now in the possession of James Macknight, Esq.'

[3] Papers and Declarations.

Your own guilt is too much for you to bear: bring not therefore upon yourselves the blood of innocent men,—deceived with pretences of King and Covenant; from whose eyes you hide a better knowledge! I am persuaded that divers of you, who lead the People, have laboured to build yourselves in these things; wherein you have censured others, and established yourselves "upon the Word of God." Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken. Precept may be upon precept, line may be upon line, and yet the Word of the Lord may be to some a Word of Judgment; that they may fall backward, and be broken and be snared and be taken![1] There may be a spiritual fulness, which the World may call drunkenness;[2] as in the second Chapter of the *Acts*. There may be, as well, a carnal confidence upon misunderstood and misapplied precepts, which may be called spiritual drunkenness. There may be a *Covenant* made with Death and Hell![1] I will not say yours was so. But judge if such things have a politic aim: To avoid the overflowing scourge;[1] or, To accomplish worldly interests? And if therein we[3] have confederated with wicked and carnal men, and have respect for them, or otherwise 'have' drawn them in to associate with us, Whether this be a Covenant of God, and spiritual? Bethink yourselves; we hope we do.

I pray you read the Twenty-eighth of Isaiah, from

[1] Bible phrases.

[2] As you now do of us; while it is rather you that are "drunk."

[3] *i. e.* you.

the fifth to the fifteenth verse. And do not scorn to know that it is the Spirit that quickens and giveth life.

The Lord give you and us understanding to do that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Committing you to the grace of God, I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Here is the passage from Isaiah: I know not whether the General Assembly read it and laid it well to heart, or not, but it was worth their while,—and is worth our while too:

'In that day shall the Lord of Hosts be for a crown of 'glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of His 'people. And for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in 'judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to 'the gate.

'But they also have erred through wine, and through 'strong drink are out of the way! The Priest and the Pro-'phet have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed 'up of wine; they are out of the way through strong drink. 'They err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables 'are full of vomit and filthiness; so that there is no place 'clean.

'Whom shall He teach knowledge? Whom shall He make 'to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the 'milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be 'upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line 'upon line; here a little and there a little. For with stam-'mering lips and another tongue will He speak to this people. 'To whom He said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause 'the weary to rest; and this is the refreshment;—yet they

* Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 320-323).

'would not hear.' No. 'The Word of the Lord was unto 'them precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and 'there a little, That they might go, and fall backward, and be 'broken and snared and taken!—Wherefore hear ye the Word 'of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people which is 'in Jerusalem!'

Yes, hear it, and not with the outward ear only, ye Kirk Committees, and Prophesying and Governing Persons everywhere: it may be important to you! If God have said it, if the Eternal Truth of things have said it, will it not need to be done, think you? Or will the doing some distracted shadow of it, some Covenanted Charles Stuart of it, suffice?—The Kirk Committee seems in a bad way.

David Lesley, however, what as yet is in their favour, continues within his Line; stands steadily to his guns;—and the weather is wet; Oliver's provision is failing. This Letter to the Kirk was written on Saturday: on the Monday following,[1] 'about the 6th of August,' as Major Hodgson dates it, the tempestuous state of the weather not permitting ship-stores to be landed at Musselburgh, Cromwell has to march his Army back to Dunbar, and there provision it. Great joy in the Kirk-and-Estates Committee thereupon: Lesley steadily continues in his place.—

The famine among the Scots themselves, at Dunbar, is great; picking our horses' beans, eating our soldiers' leavings: 'they are much enslaved to their Lords,' poor creatures; almost destitute of private capital,—and ignorant of soap to a terrible extent![2] Cromwell distributes among them 'pease and wheat to the value of 240*l.*' On the 12th he returns to Musselburgh; finds, as heavy Bulstrode spells it in good Scotch, with a friskiness we hardly looked for in him, That

[1] Balfour, iv. 89. [2] Whitlocke, p. 452.

Lesley has commanded 'The gude women should awe come 'away with their gear, and not stay to brew or bake, any 'of them, for the English;'—which makes it a place more forlorn than before.[1] Oliver decides to encamp on the Pentland Hills, which lie on the other side of Edinburgh, overlooking the Fife and Stirling roads; and to try whether he cannot force Lesley to fight, by cutting off his supplies. Here, in the meantime, is a Letter from Lesley himself; written in 'Broughton Village,' precisely while Oliver is on march towards the Pentlands:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Bruchton, 13th August, 1650.

"My Lord,—I am commanded by the Committee of Es- "tates of this Kingdom, and desired by the Commissioners of "the General Assembly, to send unto your Excellency this "enclosed *Declaration*, as that which containeth the State of "the Quarrel; wherein we are resolved, by the Lord's assist- "ance, to fight your Army, when the Lord shall be pleased to "call us thereunto. And as you have professed you will not "conceal any of our Papers, I do desire that this *Declaration* "may be made known to all the Officers of your Army. And "so I rest,—your Excellency's most humble servant,

"David Lesley."[2]

This Declaration, done by the Kirk, and endorsed by the Estates, we shall not on the present occasion make known, even though it is brief. The reader shall fancy it a brief emphatic disclaimer, on the part of Kirk and State, of their

[1] Whitlocke, p. 453.

[2] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 330).

having anything to do with Malignants;—disclaimer in emphatic words, while the emphatic facts continue as they were. Distinct hope, however, is held out that the Covenanted King will testify openly his sorrow for his Father's Malignancies, and his own resolution for a quite other course. To which Oliver, from the slope of the Pentlands,[1] returns this answer:

LETTER CXXXVII.

For the Right Honourable David Lesley, Lieutenant-General of the Scots Army: These.

From the Camp at Pentland Hills,
14th August, 1650.

SIR,

I received yours of the 13th instant; with the Paper you mentioned therein, enclosed,—which I caused to be read in the presence of so many Officers as could well be gotten together; to which your Trumpet can witness. We return you this answer. By which I hope, in the Lord, it will appear that we continue the same we have professed ourselves to the Honest People in Scotland; wishing to them as to our own souls; it being no part of our business to hinder any of them from worshipping God in that way they are satisfied in their consciences by the Word of God they ought, though different from us,—but shall therein be ready to perform what obligation lies upon us by the Covenant.[2]

But that under the pretence of the Covenant, mis-

[1] 'About Colinton' (Balfour, iv. 90).

[2] Ungrammatical, but intelligible and characteristic.

taken, and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a King should be taken in by you, to be imposed upon us; and this 'be' called "the Cause of God and the Kingdom;" and this done upon "the satisfaction of God's People in both Nations," as is alleged, —together with a disowning of Malignants; although he[1] who is the head of them, in whom all their hope and comfort lies, be received; who, at this very instant, hath a Popish Army fighting for and under him in Ireland; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand deep in the blood of many innocent men of England, now in the head of our Ships, stolen from us upon a Malignant account; hath the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts; and strong combinations by the Malignants in England, to raise Armies in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, who hath of late issued out very many to that purpose:—How the 'Godly' Interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the Malignant Interests in their ends and consequences 'all' centering in this man, can be secured, we cannot discern! And how we should believe, that whilst known and notorious Malignants are fighting and plotting against us on the one hand, and you declaring for him on the other, it should *not* be an "espousing of a Malignant-Party's Quarrel or Interest;" but be a mere "fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the Cause of God and the Kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years last past," as you say: how this should be "for the security and satisfaction of God's People in both Nations;" or

[1] Charles Stuart.

'how' the opposing of this should render us enemies to the Godly with you, we cannot well understand. Especially considering that all these Malignants take their confidence and encouragement from the late transactions of your Kirk and State with your King. For as we have already said, so we tell you again, It is but 'some' satisfying security to those who employ us, and 'who' are concerned, that we seek. Which we conceive will not be by a few formal and feigned Submissions, from a Person that could not tell otherwise how to accomplish his Malignant ends, and 'is' therefore counselled to this compliance, by them who assisted his Father, and have hitherto actuated himself in his most evil and desperate designs; designs which are now again by them set on foot. Against which, How you will be able, in the way you are in, to secure us or yourselves?—'this it now' is (forasmuch as concerns ourselves) our duty to look after.

If the state of your Quarrel be thus, upon which, as you say, you resolve to fight our Army, you will have opportunity to do that; else what means our abode here? And if our hope be not in the Lord, it will be ill with us. We commit both you and ourselves to Him who knows the heart and tries the reins; with whom are all our ways; who is able to do for us and you above what we know: Which we desire may be in much mercy to His poor People, and to the glory of His great Name.

And having performed your desire, in making your Papers so public as is before expressed, I desire you to do the like, by letting the State, Kirk, and Army have

the knowledge hereof. To which end I have sent you enclosed two Copies 'of this Letter;' and rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The encampment on Pentland Hills, 'some of our tents within sight of Edinburgh Castle and City,' threatens to cut off Lesley's supplies; but will not induce him to fight. 'The gude wives fly with their bairns and gear' in great terror of us, poor gude wives; and when we set fire to furze-bushes, report that we are burning their houses.'[1] Great terror of us; but no other result. Lesley brings over his guns to the western side of Edinburgh, and awaits, steady within his fastnesses there.

Hopes have arisen that the Godly Party in Scotland, seeing now by these Letters and Papers what our real meaning is, may perhaps quit a Malignant King's Interest, and make bloodless peace with us, 'which were the best of all.' The King boggles about signing that open Testimony, that Declaration against his Father's sins which was expected of him. 'A great Commander of the Enemy's, Colonel Gibby Carre' (Colonel Gilbert Ker, of whom we shall hear farther), solicits an interview with some of ours, and has it; and other interviews and free communings take place, upon the Burrow-Moor and open fields that lie between us. Gibby Ker, and also Colonel Strahan who was thought to be slain:[2] these and some mi-

* Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 331-333).

[1] *Narrative of Farther Proceedings*, dated 'from the Camp in Musselburgh Fields, 16th August, 1650;' read in the Parliament 22d August (Commons Journals); reprinted in Parliamentary History (xix. 327) as a 'Narrative by General Cromwell;' though it is clearly enough not General Cromwell's, but John Rushworth's.

[2] Letter CXXXV. p. 20.

nority of others are clear against Malignancy in every form; and if the Covenanted Stuart King will not sign this Declaration—!—Whereupon the Covenanted Stuart King does sign it; signs this too,[1]—what will he not sign?—and these hopes of accommodation vanish.

Neither still will they risk a Battle; though in their interviews upon the Burrow-Moor, they said they longed to do it. Vain that we draw out in battalia; they lie within their fastnesses. We march, with defiant circumstance of war, round all accessible sides of Edinburgh; encamp on the Pentlands, return to Musselburgh for provisions; go to the Pentlands again,—enjoy one of the beautifullest prospects, over deep-blue seas, over yellow corn-fields, dusky Highland mountains, from Ben Lomond round to the Bass again; but can get no Battle. And the weather is broken, and the season is advancing,—equinox within ten days, by the modern Almanac. Our men fall sick; the service is harassing;—and it depends on wind and tide whether even biscuit can be landed for us nearer than Dunbar. Here is the Lord General's own Letter 'to a Member of the Council of State,'—we might guess this or the other, but cannot with the least certainty know which.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

'*To* —— —— *Council of State in Whitehall: These.*'

SIR, Musselburgh, 30th August, 1650.

Since my last, we seeing the Enemy not willing to engage,—and yet very apt to take exceptions

[1] At our Court at Dunfermline this 16th day of August 1650 (Sir Edward Walker, pp. 170-6; by whom the melancholy Document is, with due loyal indignation, given at large there).

against speeches of that kind spoken in our Army; which occasioned some of them to come to parley with our Officers, To let them know that they would fight us,—they lying still in or near their fastnesses, on the west side of Edinburgh, we resolved, the Lord assisting, to draw near to them once more, to try if we could fight them. And indeed one hour's advantage gained might probably, we think, have given us an opportunity.[1]

To which purpose, upon Tuesday the 27th instant we marched westward of Edinburgh towards Stirling; which the Enemy perceiving, marched with as great expedition as was possible to prevent us; and the vanguards of both the Armies came to skirmish,—upon a place where bogs and passes made the access of each Army to the other difficult. We, being ignorant of the place, drew up, hoping to have engaged; but found no way feasible, by reason of the bogs and other difficulties.

We drew up our cannon, and did that day discharge two or three hundred great shot upon them; a considerable number they likewise returned to us: and this was all that passed from each to other. Wherein we had near twenty killed and wounded, but not one Commission Officer. The Enemy, as we are informed, had about eighty killed, and some considerable Officers. Seeing they would keep their ground, from which we could not remove them, and our bread being spent,—we were necessitated to go for a new supply: and so marched off about ten or eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning.[2] The Enemy perceiving it,—and, as we con-

[1] Had we come one hour sooner:—but we did not.

[2] We drew towards our old Camp, one of our old Camps, that Wed-

ceive, fearing we might interpose between them and Edinburgh, though it was not our intention, albeit it seemed so by our march,—retreated back again, with all haste; having a bog and passes between them and us: and there followed no considerable action, saving the skirmishing of the van of our horse with theirs, near to Edinburgh, without any considerable loss to either party, saving that we got two or three of their horses.

That 'Wednesday' night we quartered within a mile of Edinburgh, and of the Enemy. It was a most tempestuous night and wet morning. The Enemy marched in the night between Leith and Edinburgh, to interpose between us and our victual, they knowing that it was spent;—but the Lord in mercy prevented it; and we, perceiving in the morning, got, time enough, through the goodness of the Lord, to the sea-side, to re-victual; the Enemy being drawn up upon the Hill near Arthur's Seat, looking upon us, but not attempting any thing.

And thus you have an account of the present occurrences.

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The scene of this Tuesday's skirmish, and cannonade across bogs, has not been investigated; though an antiquarian Topographer might find worse work for himself. Rough Hodgson, very uncertain in his spellings, calls it Gawger Field, which

nesday; and off to Musselburgh 'for a new supply' next morning. Old Camp, or Bivouack, 'on Pentland Hills' says vague Hodgson (p. 142); 'within a mile of Edinburgh,' says Cromwell in this Letter, who of course knows well.

[1] Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 332).

will evidently take us to Gogar on the western road there. The Scotch Editor of Hodgson says farther, 'The Water of Leith lay between the two Armies;' which can be believed or not;—which indeed turns out to be unbelievable. Yorkshire Hodgson's troop received an ugly cannon-shot while they stood at prayers; just with the word *Amen*, came the ugly cannon-shot singing, but it hurt neither horse nor man. We also 'gave them an English shout' at one time, along the whole line,[1] making their Castle-rocks and Pentlands ring again; but could get no Battle out of them, for the bogs.

Here, in reference to those matters, is an Excerpt which, in spite of imperfections, may be worth transcribing. 'The 'English Army lay' at first 'near Musselburgh, about Stony 'Hill. But shortly after, they marched up to Braid House,' to Braid Hills, to Pentland Hills, Colinton and various other Hills and Houses in succession; 'and the Scots Army, being 'put in some readiness, marched up to Corstorphine Hill. 'But because the English feared it was too near the Castle of 'Edinburgh, they would not hazard battle there. Wherefore 'both Armies marched to Gogar, Tuesday August 27th; and 'played each upon other with their great guns: but because 'of Gogar Burn (*Brook*) and other ditches betwixt the Armies, 'they could not join battle. Next day, about midday,' more precisely Wednesday about ten or eleven o'clock, 'the English 'began to retire; and went first to their Leaguer at Braid 'Hills,' within a mile of Edinburgh as their General says. 'The English removing, the Scots followed by Corstorphine 'the long gate' (*roundabout road*)—which is hard ground, and out of shot-range. 'The English,' some of them, 'marched 'near to Musselburgh; and, in the mid night, planted some 'guns in Niddry: the Scots having marched about the Hill 'of Arthur's Seat, towards Craigmillar, there planted some

[1] Hodgson, p. 141.

'guns against those in Niddry;'[1]—and in fact, as we have seen, were drawn up on Arthur's Seat on the morrow morning, looking on amid the rain, and not attempting anything.

The Lord General writes this Letter at Musselburgh on Friday the 30th, the morrow after his return: and directly on the heel of it there is a Council of War held, and an important resolution taken. With sickness, and the wild weather coming on us, rendering even victual uncertain, and no Battle to be had, we clearly cannot continue here. Dunbar, which has a harbour, we might fortify for a kind of citadel and winter-quarter; let us retire at least to Dunbar, to be near our sole friends in this country, our Ships. On the morrow evening, Saturday the 31st, the Lord General fired his huts, and marched towards Dunbar. At sight whereof Lesley rushes out upon him; has his vanguard in Prestonpans before our rear got away. Saturday night through Haddington, and all Sunday to Dunbar, Lesley hangs, close and heavy, on Cromwell's rear; on Sunday night bends southward to the hills that overlook Dunbar, and hems him in there. As will be more specially related in the next fascicle of Letters.

[1] Collections by a Private Hand, at Edinburgh, from 1650 to 1661 (Woodrow MSS.), printed in Historical Fragments on Scotch Affairs from 1635 to 1664 (Edinburgh, 1832), Part i. pp. 27-8.

LETTERS CXXXIX—CXLVI.

BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

THE small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honeycombed,—on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Frith of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven bay to that of the next sea-bight St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, 'not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea,' Oliver Cromwell's Army, on Monday, 2d of September, 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it,—in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath

Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long Hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's sake the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of Twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the Twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger-claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand[1] in spirits as of men chasing; Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver?

LETTER CXXXIX.

HASELRIG, as we know, is Governor of Newcastle. Oliver on Monday writes this Note; means to send it off, I suppose, by

[1] 27,000 say the English Pamphlets; 16,000 foot and 7,000 horse, says Sir Edward Walker (p. 182), who has access to know.

sea. Making no complaint for himself, the remarkable Oliver; doing, with grave brevity, in the hour the business of the hour. 'He was a strong man,' so intimates Charles Harvey, who knew him: 'in the dark perils of war, in the high 'places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, 'when it had gone out in all the others.'[1] A genuine King among men, Mr. Harvey. The divinest sight this world sees, —when it is privileged to see such, and not be sickened with the unholy apery of such! He is just now upon an 'engagement,' or complicated concern, 'very difficult.'

To the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig at Newcastle or elsewhere: These. Haste, haste.

DEAR SIR, 'Dunbar,' 2d September, 1650.

We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows

[1] *Passages in his Highness's last Sickness*, already referred to.

what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits[1] are comfortable, praised be the Lord,—though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed do you get together what forces you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' It's difficult for me to send to you. Let me hear from 'you' after 'you receive this.'*

The base of Oliver's 'Dunbar Peninsula,' as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon 'an entanglement very difficult'), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocksmouth House on his left; 'about a mile and a half from sea to sea.' Brocksmouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there,

[1] minds.

* Communicated by John Hare, Esquire, Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. The MS. at Clifton is a Copy, without date; but has this title in an old hand: 'Copy of an original Letter of Oliver Cromwell, written with his own hand, the day before the Battle of Dunbarr, to Sir A. Haselridge.' ——*Note to Second Edition.* Found since, (1846), with the Postscript, printed from the Original, in Brand's History of Newcastle (London, 1789), ii. 479.——*Note to Third Edition.* Autograph Original found now (May 1847); in the possession of R. Ormston. Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne. See *postea*, p. 64, and Appendix, No. 13.

his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock, Brocksburn;* which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday 3d of September, 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a 'deep *ditch*, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,'—ditch dug out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position: his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. 'Before sunrise on Monday' Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook; 'about four in the afternoon' his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground; cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday 2d September, 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this 'Peninsula;' which is a low though very uneven tract of ground, now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day,

so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farm-house on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged 'in the Church,' an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, 'at the south end of Dunbar.' We have notice of only one other 'small house,' belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts: this of course, as the one 'pass' in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert lodged 'six horse and fifteen foot' in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some and 'taking three prisoners;' —and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it. Among the three prisoners was one musketeer, 'a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm,' and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow. He 'fired thrice,' not without effect, with his wooden arm; and was not taken without difficulty: a handfast stubborn man; they carried him across to General Lesley to give some account of himself. In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read:

'General *David* Lesley (old Leven,' the other Lesley, 'being 'in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate[1]), asked this man, 'If the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, "What do 'you think we come here for? We come for nothing else!" '—"Soldier," says Lesley, "how will you fight, when you 'have shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?" 'The Soldier replied, "Sir, if you please to draw down your 'men, you shall find both men and great guns too!" '—A

[1] Old Leven is *here*, if the Pamphlet knew; but only as a volunteer and without command, though nominally still General-in-chief.

most dogged handfast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it! 'One of the Officers asked, How he durst answer the General so saucily? He said, "I only answer 'the question put to me!"' Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet: he made his way to Cromwell; reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one had lost twenty shillings by the business,—plundered from him in this action. 'The Lord General gave him thereupon two pieces,' which I think are forty shillings; and sent him away rejoicing.[1]—This is the adventure at the 'pass' by the shepherd's hut in the bottom of the glen, close by the Brocksburn itself.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other 'pass' across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocksmouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or 'broad ditch forty feet deep,' flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this 'pass,' on and about the present London-road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with unmilitary eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there,—which gradually coalesce into a kind

[1] Cadwell the Army-Messenger's Narrative to the Parliament (in Carte's Ormond Papers, i. 382). Given also, with other details, in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 478, §§ 9, 7, 10; no. 479, § 1; &c. &c.

of image for you; and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible; rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun; the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here!—

'The Lord General about four o'clock,' say the old Pamphlets, 'went into the Town to take some refreshment,' a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it; 'and very soon returned back,'—having written Sir Arthur's Letter, I think, in the interim. Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order; walking at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hill-side; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley in fact is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise: coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right; edging himself, 'shogging,' as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there;[1] after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will!—Lesley in fact considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet, the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley down against his will; that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered"

[1] Baillie's Letters, iii. 111.

&c.: which nobody is in the least bound to believe.. It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates. and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise; that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill, shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin out beyond necessity;—and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavillings at his cunctations, at his 'secret fellow feeling for the Sectarians and Regicides,' ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy have enough of their own to answer for in this business; let every back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and 'shogs' himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist:[1] beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, "had meant to say the same thing." Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin tomorrow before dawn.

[1] Hodgson.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet;—2d of September means 12th by our calendar; the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some,[1] extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, 'a Cornet praying in the night;' a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined; Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them, haply his last prayer on

[1] 'Major-General Holburn' (he that escorted Cromwell into Edinburgh in 1648), says Walker, p. 180.

this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head, a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence; the cannons awaken along all the Line: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones, on!—

The dispute 'on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour.' Plenty of fire, from field-pieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, 'with lancers in the front rank,' charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. 'Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot.' Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: field-pieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place: 'I never saw

such a charge of foot and horse,' says one;[1] nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, 'and I 'heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, 'let His enemies be scattered,"'—or in Rous's metre,

Let God arise, and scattered
Let all his enemies be;
And let all those that do him hate
Before his presence flee!

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar; the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. 'The Lord General made a 'halt,' says Hodgson, 'and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth 'Psalm,' till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nati-ons that be;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify!

For great to-us-ward ever are
His lovingkindnesses;
His truth endures forevermore:
The Lord O do ye bless!

And now, to the chase again.

The Prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass. Many Dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see

[1] Rushworth's Letter to the Speaker (in Parliamentary History, xix. 341).

Printed Lists,—full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain: a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence; he can ransom himself!—and the trooper kept him prisoner.[1] The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were slain; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place,—of whom we shall transiently hear again.

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the letter of the Covenant; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state!—Yes, my poor friends;—and now be wise, be taught! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world!

Such is Dunbar Battle; which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a frightful rout. Brought on by miscalculation; misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances;—by mismanagement, and the chance of war. My Lord General's next Seven Letters, all written on the morrow, will now be intelligible to the reader. First, however, take the following

[1] Diary of Alexander Jaffray (London, 1834;—unhappily relating almost all to the inner man of Jaffray).

PROCLAMATION.

FORASMUCH as I understand there are several Soldiers of the Enemy's Army yet abiding in the Field, who by reason of their wounds could not march from thence:

These are therefore to give notice to the Inhabitants of this Nation That they may and hereby have[1] free liberty to repair to the Field aforesaid, and, with their carts or 'in' any other peaceable way, to carry away the said Soldiers to such places as they shall think fit:—provided they meddle not with, or take away, any the Arms there. And all Officers and Soldiers are to take notice that the same is permitted.

Given under my hand, at Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

To be proclaimed by beat of drum.*

LETTER CXL.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

I hope it's not ill taken, that I make no more frequent addresses to the Parliament. Things that

[1] *sic.*

* Old Newspaper, *Several Proceedings in Parliament*, no. 50 (5-12 Sept. 1650): in Burney Newspapers (British Museum), vol. xxxiv.

are in trouble, in point of provision for your Army, and of ordinary direction, I have, as I could, often presented to the Council of State, together with such occurrences as have happened;—who, I am sure, as they have not been wanting in their extraordinary care and provision for us, so neither in what they judge fit and necessary to represent the same to you. And this I thought to be a sufficient discharge of my duty on that behalf.

It hath now pleased God to bestow a mercy upon you, worthy of your knowledge, and of the utmost praise and thanks of all that fear and love His name; yea the mercy is far above all praise. Which that you may the better perceive, I shall take the boldness to tender unto you some circumstances accompanying this great business, which will manifest the greatness and seasonableness of this mercy.

We having tried what we could to engage the Enemy, three or four miles West of Edinburgh; that proving ineffectual, and our victual failing,—we marched towards our ships for a recruit of our want. The Enemy did not at all trouble us in our rear; but marched the direct way towards Edinburgh, and partly in the night and morning slips-through his whole Army; and quarters himself in a posture easy to interpose between us and our victual. But the Lord made him to lose the opportunity. And the morning proving exceeding wet and dark, we recovered, by that time it was light, a ground where they could not hinder us from our victual: which was an high act of the Lord's Providence to us. We being come into the said ground, the Enemy marched into the ground we were last upon; having no

mind either to strive to interpose between us and our victuals, or to fight; being indeed upon this 'aim of reducing us to a' lock,—hoping that the sickness of your Army would render their work more easy by the gaining of time. Whereupon we marched to Musselburgh, to victual, and to ship away our sick men; where we sent aboard near five-hundred sick and wounded soldiers.

And upon serious consideration, finding our weakness so to increase, and the Enemy lying upon his advantage,—at a general council it was thought fit to march to Dunbar, and there to fortify the Town. Which (we thought), if anything, would provoke them to engage. As also, That the having of a Garrison there would furnish us with accommodation for our sick men, 'and' would be a good Magazine,—which we exceedingly wanted; being put to depend upon the uncertainty of weather for landing provisions, which many times cannot be done though the being of the whole Army lay upon it, all the coasts from Berwick to Leith having not one good harbour. As also, To lie more conveniently to receive our recruits of horse and foot from Berwick.

Having these considerations,—upon Saturday the 30th[1] of August we marched from Musselburgh to Haddington. Where, by that time we had got the vanbrigade of our horse, and our foot and train, into their quarters, the Enemy had marched with that exceeding expedition that they fell upon the rear-forlorn of our horse, and put it in some disorder; and indeed had like

[1] *sic*: but Saturday is 31st.

to have engaged our rear-brigade of horse with their whole Army,—had not the Lord by His Providence put a cloud over the Moon, thereby giving us opportunity to draw off those horse to the rest of our Army. Which accordingly was done without any loss, save of three or four of our aforementioned forlorn; wherein the Enemy, as we believe, received more loss.

The Army being put into a reasonable secure posture,—towards midnight the Enemy attempted our quarters, on the west end of Haddington: but through the goodness of God we repulsed them. The next morning we drew into an open field, on the south side of Haddington; we not judging it safe for us to draw to the enemy upon his own ground, he being prepossessed thereof;—but rather drew back, to give him way to come to us, if he had so thought fit. And having waited about the space of four or five hours, to see if he would come to us; and not finding any inclination in the Enemy so to do,—we resolved to go, according to our first intendment, to Dunbar.

By that time we had marched three or four miles, we saw some bodies of the Enemy's horse draw out of their quarters; and by that time our carriages were gotten near Dunbar, their whole Army was upon their march after us. And indeed, our drawing back in this manner, with the addition of three new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence, if not presumption and arrogancy.—The Enemy, that night, we perceived, gathered towards the Hills; labouring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick. And having in this posture a great advantage,—through

his better knowledge of the country, he effected it: by sending a considerable party to the strait Pass at Copperspath; where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way. And truly this was an exigent to us,[1] wherewith the Enemy reproached us;—'as' with that condition the Parliament's Army was in when it made its hard conditions with the King in Cornwall.[2] By some reports that have come to us, they had disposed of us, and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons; and had swallowed up the poor Interest of England; believing that their Army and their King would have marched to London without any interruption;—it being told us (we know not how truly) by a prisoner we took the night before the fight, That their King was very suddenly to come amongst them, with those English they allowed to be about him. But in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them.

The Enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having those advantages; we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages; having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us stand: That because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were

[1] A disgraceful summons of caption to us: 'exigent' is a law-writ issued against a fugitive,—such as we knew long since, in our young days, about Lincoln's Inn!

[2] Essex's Army seven years ago, in Autumn 1644, when the King had impounded it among the Hills there (see antea, vol. i. p. 259).

in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen; and that He would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us:—and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes.

Upon Monday evening,—the Enemy's whole numbers were very great; about Six-thousand horse, as we heard, and Sixteen-thousand foot at least; ours drawn down, as to sound men, to about Seven-thousand five-hundred foot, and Three-thousand five-hundred horse, —'upon Monday evening,' the Enemy drew down to the right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse. To the right wing; shogging also their foot and train much to the right; causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not well imagine but that the Enemy intended to attempt upon us, or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. The Major-General and myself coming to the Earl Roxburgh's House, and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the Enemy. To which he immediately replied, That he had thought to have said the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts, at the same instant. We called for Colonel Monk, and shewed him the thing: and coming to our quarters at night, and demonstrating our apprehensions to some of the Colonels, they also cheerfully concurred.

We resolved therefore to put our business into this posture: That six regiments of horse, and three regiments and a half of foot should march in the van; and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the

horse, and the Commissary-General,[1] and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business; and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining two regiments of horse should bring up the cannon and rear. The time of falling-on to be by break of day:—but through some delays it proved not to be so; 'not' till six o'clock in the morning.

The Enemy's word was, *The Covenant;* which it had been for divers days. Ours, *The Lord of Hosts.* The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary-General Whalley, and Colonel Twistleton, gave the onset; the Enemy being in a very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse. Before our foot could come up, the Enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the Enemy), received some repulse, which they soon recovered. For my own regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe and my Major, White, did come seasonably in; and, at the push of pike, did repel the stoutest regiment the Enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give. Which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot; this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the meantime did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all oppositions; charging through the bodies of the Enemy's horse, and of their foot; who were, after

[1] Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley.

the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords.—Indeed, I believe I may speak it without partiality: both your chief Commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also, were acted[1] with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this War. I know they look not to be named; and therefore I forbear particulars.

The best of the Enemy's horse being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole Army being put into confusion, it became a total rout; our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles. We believe that upon the place and near about it were about Three-thousand slain. Prisoners taken: of their officers, you have this enclosed List; of private soldiers near Ten-thousand. The whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder and bullet; all their artillery, great and small, —thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less than Fifteen-thousand arms. I have already brought in to me near Two-hundred colours, which I herewith send you.[2] What officers of theirs of quality are killed, we yet cannot learn; but yet surely divers are: and many men of quality are mortally wounded, as Colonel Lumsden, the Lord Libberton and others. And, that which is no small addition,

[1] 'actuated,' as we now write it.

[2] They hung long in Westminster Hall; beside the Preston ones, and still others that came. Colonel Pride has been heard to wish, and almost to hope, That the Lawyers' gowns might all be hung up beside the Scots colours yet,—and the Lawyers themselves, except some very small and most select needful remnant, be ordered peremptorily to disappear from those localities, and seek an honest trade elsewhere! (Walker's *History of Independency*.)

I do not believe we have lost twenty men. Not one Commission Officer slain as I hear of, save one Cornet; and Major Rooksby, since dead of his wounds; and not many mortally wounded:—Colonel Whalley only cut in the handwrist, and his horse (twice shot) killed under him; but he well recovered another horse, and went on in the chase.

Thus you have the prospect of one of the most signal mercies God hath done for England and His people, this War:—and now may it please you to give me the leave of a few words. It is easy to say, The Lord hath done this. It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot to go up and down making their boast of God. But, Sir, it's in your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts it more into your hands, To give glory to Him; to improve your power, and His blessings, to His praise. We that serve you beg of you not to own us,—but God alone. We pray you own His people more and more; for they are the 'chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves;—but own your Authority; and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences soever. Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England. Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions:—and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich,[1] that suits not a Commonwealth. If He that

[1] 'Many of them had a *peek* at Lawyers generally' (says learned Bulstrode in these months,—appealing to posterity, almost with tears in his big dull eyes!).

strengthens your servants to fight, please to give you hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory, and the glory of your Commonwealth,—'then' besides the benefit England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other Nations, who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn in to the like!

These are our desires. And that you may have liberty and opportunity to do these things, and not be hindered, we have been and shall be (by God's assistance) willing to venture our lives;—and 'will' not desire you should be precipitated by importunities, from your care of safety and preservation; but that the doing of these good things may have their place amongst those which concern wellbeing,[1] and so be wrought in their time and order.

Since we came in Scotland, it hath been our desire and longing to have avoided blood in this business; by reason that God hath a people here fearing His name, though deceived. And to that end have we offered much love unto such, in the bowels of Christ; and concerning the truth of our hearts therein, have we appealed unto the Lord. The Ministers of Scotland have hindered the passage of these things to the hearts of those to whom we intended them. And now we hear, that not only the deceived people, but some of the Ministers are also fallen in this Battle. This is the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take into their hands the instruments

[1] We as yet struggle for *being*; which is preliminary, and still more essential.

of a foolish shepherd,—to wit, meddling with worldly policies, and mixtures of earthly power, to set up that which they call the Kingdom of Christ, which is neither it, nor, if it were it, would such means be found effectual to that end,—and neglect, or trust not to, the Word of God, the sword of the Spirit; which is alone powerful and able for the setting up of that Kingdom; and, when trusted to, will be found effectually able to that end, and will also do it! This is humbly offered for their sakes who have lately too much turned aside: that they might return again to preach Jesus Christ, according to the simplicity of the Gospel;—and then no doubt they will discern and find your protection and encouragement.

Beseeching you to pardon this length, I humbly take leave; and rest,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Industrious dull Bulstrode, coming home from the Council of State towards Chelsea on Saturday afternoon, is accosted on the streets, 'near Charing Cross,' by a dusty individual, who declares himself bearer of this Letter from my Lord General; and imparts a rapid outline of the probable contents to Bulstrode's mind, which naturally kindles with a certain slow solid satisfaction on receipt thereof.[1]

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 87-91).

[1] Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 470 (7 Sept.).

LETTER CXLI.

LETTER CXXXIX., for Sir Arthur, did not go on Monday night; and finds now an unexpected conveyance!—Brand, Historian of Newcastle, got sight of that Letter, and of this new one enclosing it, in the hands of an old Steward of the Haselrigs, grandfather of the present possessor of those Documents, some half-century ago; and happily took copies. Letter CXXXIX. was autograph, 'folded up hastily before the ink was quite dry;—sealed with red wax:' of this there is nothing autograph but the signature; and the sealing-wax is black.

For the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig, at Newcastle or elsewhere: These. Haste, haste.

SIR, Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

You will see by my Enclosed, of the 2d of this month, which was the evening before the Fight, the condition we were in at that time. Which I thought fit on purpose to send you, that you might see how great and how seasonable our deliverance and mercy is, by such aggravation.

Having said my thoughts thereupon to the Parliament, I shall only give you the narrative of this exceeding mercy;[1] believing the Lord will enlarge your heart to a thankful consideration thereupon. The least of this mercy lies not in the advantageous consequences which I hope it may produce; of glory to God and good to

[1] Means *the bare statement.* In the next sentence, 'The least lies not,' is for *The not least lies.*

His People, in the prosecution of that which remains; unto which this great work hath opened so fair a way. We have no cause to doubt but, if it shall please the Lord to prosper our endeavours, we may find opportunities both upon Edinburgh and Leith,—Stirling-Bridge, and other such places as the Lord shall lead unto. Even far above our thoughts; as this late and other experiences gives good encouragement.

Wherefore, that we may not be wanting, I desire you, with such forces as you have, Immediately to march to me to Dunbar; leaving behind you such of your new Levies as will prevent lesser incursions:—for surely their rout and ruin is so total that they will not be provided for any thing that is very considerable. — — Or rather, which I more incline unto, That you would send Thomlinson with the Forces you have ready, and this with all possible expedition; and that *you* will go on with the remainder of the Reserve,—which, upon better thoughts, I do not think can well be done without you.

Sir, let no time nor opportunity be lost. Surely it's probable the Kirk has done their do.[1] I believe their King will set up upon his own score now; wherein he will find many friends. Taking opportunity offered,—it's our great advantage, through God. I need say no more to you on this behalf; but rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to your good Lady.—I think it will be very fit that you bake Hard-bread again, considering you

[1] 'doo' *in orig.*

increase our numbers. I pray you do so.—Sir, I desire you to procure about Three or Four score Masons, and ship them to us with all speed: for we expect that God will suddenly put some places into our hands, which we shall have occasion to fortify.**

LETTER CXLII.

To the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

My Lord, Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

I have sent the Major-General, with six regiments of horse and one of foot, towards Edinburgh; purposing (God willing) to follow after, tomorrow, with what convenience I may.

We are put to exceeding trouble, though it be an effect of abundant mercy, with the numerousness of our Prisoners; having so few hands, so many of our men sick;—so little conveniency of disposing of them;[1] and not, by attendance thereupon, to omit the seasonableness of the prosecution of this mercy as Providence shall direct. We have been constrained, even out of Christianity, humanity, and the forementioned necessity, to dismiss between four and five thousand Prisoners, almost starved, sick and wounded; the remainder, which are

** Brand's History of Newcastle, ii. 489. In Brand's Book there follow Excerpts from two other Letters to Sir Arthur; of which, on inquiry, the present Baronet of Nosely Hall unluckily knows nothing farther. The Excerpts, with their dates, shall be given presently.

[1] The Prisoners:—sentence ungrammatical, but intelligible.

the like, or a greater number, I am fain to send by a convoy of four troops of Colonel Hacker's, to Berwick, and so on to Newcastle, southwards.[1]

I think fit to acquaint your Lordship with two or three observations. Some of the honestest in the Army amongst the Scots did profess before the fight, That they did not believe their King in his Declaration;[2] and it's most evident he did sign it with as much reluctancy and so much against his heart as could be: and yet they venture their lives for him upon this account; and publish this 'Declaration' to the world, to be believed as the act of a person converted, when in their hearts they know he abhorred the doing of it, and meant it not.'

I hear, when the Enemy marched last up to us, the Ministers pressed their Army to interpose between us and home; the chief Officers desiring rather that we might have way made, though it were by a golden bridge,

[1] Here are Brand's Excerpts from the two other Letters to Sir Arthur, spoken of in the former Note: '*Dunbar*, 5 *Sept.* 1650.———After 'much deliberation, we can find no way how to dispose of these Prisoners 'that will be consisting with these two ends: to wit, the not losing them 'and the not starving them, neither of which would we willingly incur,— 'but by sending them into England.' (Brand, ii. 481).——'*Edinburgh*, '9 *Sept.* 1650.———I hope your Northern Guests are come to you by 'this time. I pray you let humanity be exercised towards them: I am 'persuaded it will be comely. Let the Officers be kept at Newcastle, 'some sent to Lynn, some to Chester.' (*Ib.* p. 480).——(*Note to Third Edition*). Letters complete, Appendix, No. 13.

A frightful account of what became of these poor 'Northern Guests' as they proceeded 'southwards;' how, for sheer hunger, they ate raw-cabbages in the 'walled garden at Morpeth,' and lay in unspeakable imprisonment in Durham Cathedral, and died as of swift pestilence there: In *Sir Arthur Haselrig's Letter to the Council of State* (reprinted, from the old Pamphlets, in Parliamentary History, xix. 417).

[2] Open Testimony against the sins of his Father, see *antea*, p. 32.

But the Clergy's counsel prevailed,—to their no great comfort, through the goodness of God.

The Enemy took a gentleman of Major Brown's troop prisoner, that night we came to Haddington; and he had quarter through Lieutenant-General David Lesley's means; who, finding him a man of courage and parts, laboured with him to take up arms. But the man expressing constancy and resolution to this side, the Lieutenant-General caused him to be mounted, and with two troopers to ride about to view their gallant Army; using that as an argument to persuade him to their side; and, when this was done, dismissed him to us in a bravery. And indeed the day before we fought, they did express so much insolency and contempt of us, to some soldiers they took, as was beyond apprehension.

Your Lordship's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

WHICH high officialities being ended, here are certain glad domestic Letters of the same date.

LETTER CXLIII.

For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.

MY DEAREST, Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 91).

writest to me, That I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice.

The Lord hath shewed us an exceeding mercy:—who can tell how great it is! My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported;—though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. I rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXLIV.

For my loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

DEAR BROTHER, Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

Having so good an occasion as the imparting so great a mercy as the Lord has vouchsafed us in Scotland, I would not omit the imparting thereof to you, though I be full of business.

* Copied from the Original by John Hare, Esq., Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. Collated with the old Copy in British Museum, Cole MSS., no. 5834, p. 38. 'The Original was purchased at Strawberry-Hill Sale' (Horace Walpole's), '30th April, 1842, for Twenty-one guineas.'

Upon Wednesday[1] we fought the Scottish Armies. They were in number, according to all computation, above Twenty-thousand; we hardly Eleven-thousand, having great sickness upon our Army. After much appealing to God, the Fight lasted above an hour. We killed (as most think) Three-thousand; took near Ten-thousand prisoners, all their train, about thirty guns great and small, besides bullet, match and powder, very considerable Officers, about two-hundred colours, above ten-thousand arms;—lost not thirty men. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Good Sir, give God all the glory; stir up all yours, and all about you, to do so. Pray for

Your affectionate brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my love may be presented to my dear Sister, and to all your Family. I pray tell Doll I do not forget her nor her little Brat. She writes very cunningly and complimentally to me; I expect a Letter of plain dealing from her. She is too modest to tell me whether she breeds or not. I wish a blessing upon her and her Husband. The Lord make them fruitful in all that's good. They are at leisure to write often;—but indeed they are both idle, and worthy of blame.*

[1] 'Wedensd.' in the Original. A curious proof of the haste and confusion Cromwell was in. The Battle was on *Tuesday*,—yesterday, 3d September, 1650; indisputably Tuesday; and he is now writing on Wednesday!—

* Harris, p. 513; one of the Pusey stock, the last now but three.

LETTER CXLV.

A PIOUS Word, shot off to Ireland, for Son Ireton and the 'dear Friends' fighting for the same Cause there. That they may rejoice with us, as we have done with them: none knows but they may have 'need' again 'of mutual experiences for refreshment.'

'To Lieutenant-General Ireton, Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland: These.'

SIR, Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

Though I hear not often from you, yet I know you forget me not. Think so of me 'too;' for I often remember you at the Throne of Grace.—I heard of the Lord's good hand with you in reducing Waterford, Duncannon, and Catherlogh:[1] His Name be praised.

We have been engaged upon a Service the fullest of trial ever poor creatures were upon. We made great professions of love; knowing we were to deal with many who were Godly, and 'who' pretended to be stumbled at our Invasion:—indeed, our bowels were pierced again and again; the Lord helped us to sweet words, and insincerity to mean them. We were rejected again and again; yet still we begged to be believed that we loved them as our own souls; they often returned evil for

[1] 'Catherlogh' is Carlow: Narrative of these captures (10 August, 1650) in a Letter from Ireton to the Speaker (Parliamentary History, xix. 334-7).

good. We prayed for security:[1] they would not hear or answer a word to that. We made often appeals to God; they appealed also. We were near engagements three or four times, but they lay upon advantages. A heavy flux fell upon our Army; brought it very low, —from Fourteen to Eleven thousand: Three-thousand five-hundred horse, and Seven-thousand five-hundred foot. The Enemy Sixteen-thousand foot, and Six-thousand horse.

The Enemy prosecuted the advantage. We were necessitated; and upon September[2] the 3d, by six in the morning, we attempted their Army:—after a hot dispute for about an hour, we routed their whole Army; killed near Three-thousand; and took, as the Marshal informs me, Ten-thousand prisoners; their whole Train, being about thirty pieces, great and small; good store of powder, match and bullet; near two hundred Colours. I am persuaded near Fifteen-thousand Arms left upon the ground. And I believe, though many of ours be wounded, we lost not above Thirty men. Before the Fight, our condition was made very sad, the Enemy greatly insulted and menaced 'us;' but the Lord upheld us with comfort in Himself, beyond ordinary experience.

I knowing the acquainting you with this great handi-work of the Lord would stir up your minds to praise and rejoicing; and not knowing but your condition may require mutual experiences for refreshment; and knowing also that the news we had of your successes was matter of help to our faith in our distress, and matter

[1] Begged of them some security against Charles Stuart's designs upon England.

[2] '7ber' he writes.

of praise also,—I thought fit (though in the midst of much business) to give you this account of the unspeakable goodness of the Lord, who hath thus appeared, to the glory of His great Name, and the refreshment of His Saints.

The Lord bless you, and us, to return praises; to *live* them all our days. Salute all our dear Friends with you, as if I named them. I have no more;—but rest,

Your loving father and true friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

We observe there are no regards to Bridget Ireton, no news or notice of her, in this Letter. Bridget Ireton is at London, safe from these wild scenes; far from her Husband, far from her Father;—will never see her brave Husband more.

LETTER CXLVI.

DUBITATING Wharton must not let 'success' too much sway him; yet it were fit he took notice of these things: he, and idle Norton whom we know, and Montague of Hinchinbrook, and others. The Lord General, for his own share, has a better ground than 'success;' has the direct insight of his own soul, such as suffices him,—such as all souls to which 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding,' are or may be capable of, one would think!

* Russell's Life of Cromwell (Edinburgh, 1829; forming vols. 46, 47 of *Constable's Miscellany*), ii. 317-19. Does not say whence;—Letter undoubtedly genuine.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

MY DEAR LORD, Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

Ay, poor I, love you! Love you the Lord: take heed of disputing!—I was untoward when I spake last with you in St. James's Park. I spake cross in stating 'my' grounds: I spake to *my judgings* of you; which were: That you,—shall I name others?—Henry Lawrence, Robert Hammond, &c., had ensnared yourselves with disputes.

I believe you desired to be satisfied; and had tried and doubted your 'own' sincerities. It was well. But uprightness, if it be not *purely* of God, may be, nay commonly is, deceived. The Lord persuade you, and all my dear Friends!

The results of your thoughts concerning late Transactions I know to be mistakes of yours, by a better argument than *success*. Let not your engaging too far upon your own judgments be your temptation or snare: much less 'let' success,—lest you should be thought to return upon less noble arguments.[1] It is in my heart to write the same things to Norton, Montague and others: I pray you read or communicate these foolish lines to them. I have known my folly do good, when affection has overcome[2] my reason. I pray you judge me sincere,—lest a prejudice should be put upon after advantages.

[1] Decide as the essence of the matter *is*; neither persist nor 'return' upon fallacious, superficial, or external considerations.

[2] outrun.

How gracious has the Lord been in this great Business! Lord, hide not Thy mercies from our eyes!—

My service to the dear Lady. I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL

* Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1814), lxxxiv. 419. Does not say whence or how.

LETTERS CXLVII.—CXLIX.

Of these Letters, the first Two, with their Replies and Adjuncts, Six Missives in all, form a Pamphlet published at Edinburgh in 1650, with the Title: *Several Letters and Passages between his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell and the Governor of Edinburgh Castle.* They have been reprinted in various quarters: we copy the Cromwell part of them from *Thurloe;* and fancy they will not much need any preface. Here are some words, written elsewhere on the occasion, some time ago.

'These Letters of Cromwell to the Edinburgh Clergy, treating of obsolete theologies and polities, are very dull to modern men: but they deserve a steady perusal by all such as will understand the strange meaning (for the present, alas, as good as obsolete in all forms of it) that possessed the mind of Cromwell in these hazardous operations of his. Dryasdust, carrying his learned eye over these and the like Letters, finds them, of course, full of "hypocrisy," &c. &c.—Unfortunate Dryasdust, they are coruscations, terrible as lightning, and beautiful as lightning, from the innermost temple of the Human Soul;—intimations, still credible, of what a Human Soul does mean when it *believes* in the Highest; a thing poor Dryasdust never did nor will do.' The hapless generation that now reads these words ought to hold its peace when it has read them, and sink into unutterable reflections,—not

'unmixed with tears, and some substitute for "sackcloth and 'ashes," if it liked. In its poor canting sniffing flimsy voca- 'bulary there is no word that can make any response to them. 'This man has a living god-inspired soul in him, not an en- 'chanted artificial "substitute for salt," as our fashion is. 'They that have human eyes can look upon him; they that 'have only owl-eyes need not.'

Here also are some sentences on a favourite topic, *lightning* and *light*. 'As lightning is to light, so is a Cromwell to a 'Shakspeare. The light is beautifuller. Ah, yes; but until, 'by lightning and other fierce labour, your foul Chaos has 'become a World, you cannot have any light, or the smallest 'chance for any! Honour the Amphion whose music makes 'the stones, rocks, and big blocks, dance into figures, into 'domed cities, with temples and habitations:—yet know him 'too; how, as Volker's in the old *Nibelungen*, oftentimes his '"fiddlebow" has to be of "sharp steel," and to play a tune 'very rough to rebellious ears! The melodious Speaker is 'great, but the melodious Worker is greater than he. "Our 'Time," says a certain author, "cannot speak at all, but only 'cant and sneer, and argumentatively jargon, and recite the 'multiplication-table. Neither as yet can it work, except at 'mere railroads and cotton-spinning. It will, apparently, re- 'turn to Chaos soon; and then more lightnings will be needed, 'lightning enough, to which Cromwell's was but a mild mat- 'ter;—to be followed by light, we may hope!"

The following Letter from Whalley, with the Answer to it, will introduce this series. The date is Monday; the Lord General observing yesterday that the poor Edinburgh people were sadly short of Sermon, has ordered the Commissary-General to communicate as follows:

"*For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh.*

"Edinburgh, 9th September, 1650.

"SIR,—I received command from my Lord General to "desire you to let the Ministers of Edinburgh, now in the "Castle with you, know, That they have free liberty granted "them, if they please to take the pains, to preach in their "several Churches; and that my Lord hath given special "command both to officers and soldiers that they shall not "in the least be molested. Sir, I am, your most humble "servant,

"EDWARD WHALLEY."

To which straightway there is this Answer from Governor Dundas:

"'*To Commissary-General Whalley.*'

"'Edinburgh Castle,' 9th September, 1650.

"SIR,—I have communicated the desire of your Letter "to such of the Ministers of Edinburgh as are with me; who "have desired me to return this for Answer:

"That though they are ready to be spent in their Master's "service, and to refuse no suffering so they may fulfil their "ministry with joy; yet perceiving the persecution to be "personal, by the practice of your Party[1] upon the Ministers "of Christ in England and Ireland, and in the Kingdom of "Scotland since your unjust Invasion thereof; and finding "nothing expressed in yours whereupon to build any secu- "rity for their persons while they are there, and for their "return hither;—they are resolved to reserve themselves

[1] Sectarian Party, of Independents.

"for better times, and to wait upon Him who hath hidden "His face for a while from the sons of Jacob.

"This is all I have to say, but that I am, Sir, your most "humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

To which somewhat sulky response, Oliver makes Answer in this notable manner:

LETTER CXLVII.

For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 9th September, 1650.

The kindness offered to the Ministers with you was done with ingenuity;[1] thinking it might have met with the like: but I am satisfied to tell those with you, That if their Master's service (as they call it) were chiefly in their eye, imagination of suffering[2] would not have caused such a return; much less 'would' the practice of our Party, as they are pleased to say, upon the Ministers of Christ in England, have been an argument of personal persecution.

The Ministers in England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospel; though not to rail, nor, under pretence thereof,[3] to overtop the Civil Power, or debase it as they please. No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the Gospel; nor

[1] Means always *ingenuously*.
[2] Fear of personal damage.
[3] Of preaching the Gospel.

has any Minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the Army hither. The speaking truth becomes the Ministers of Christ.

When Ministers pretend to a glorious Reformation; and lay the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power; and can make worldly mixtures to accomplish the same, such as their late Agreement with their King; and hope by him to carry on their design, 'they' may know that the Sion promised will not be built with such untempered mortar.

As for the unjust Invasion they mention, time was[1] when an Army of Scotland came into England, not called by the Supreme Authority. We have said, in our Papers, with what hearts, and upon what account, we came; and the Lord hath heard us,[2] though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.

And although they seem to comfort themselves with being sons of Jacob, from whom (they say) God hath hid His face for a time; yet it's no wonder when the Lord hath lifted up His hand so eminently against a Family as He hath done so often against this,[3] and men will not see His hand,—'it's no wonder' if the Lord hide His face from such; putting them to shame both for it and their hatred of His people, as it is this day. When they purely trust to the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, which is powerful to bring down strongholds and every imagination that exalts

[1] 1648, Duke Hamilton's time; to say nothing of 1640 and other times.

[2] At Dunbar, six days ago.

[3] Of the Stuarts.

itself,—which alone is able to square and fit the stones for the new Jerusalem;—then and not before, and by that means and no other, shall Jerusalem, the City of the Lord, which is to be the praise of the whole Earth, be built; the Sion of the Holy One of Israel.

I have nothing to say to you but that I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Scotch Clergy never got such a reprimand since they first took ordination! A very dangerous radiance blazes through these eyes of my Lord General's,—destructive to the owl-dominion, in Edinburgh Castle and elsewhere!

Let Dundas and Company reflect on it. Here is their ready Answer; still of the same day.

"'*To the Right Honourable the Lord Cromwell, Commander-in-Chief of the English Army.*'

"'Edinburgh Castle,' 9th September, 1650.

"MY LORD,—Yours I have communicated to those with "me whom it concerned; who desire me to return this "Answer:

"That their ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the "Covenant, according to their vocation and place, and in "adhering to their first principles, is well known; and one "of their greatest regrets is that they have not been met with "the like. That when Ministers of the Gospel have been im- "prisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestrated, forced "to flee from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for

* Thurloe, i. 189; Pamphlet at Edinburgh.

"their faithful declaring the will of God against the godless "and wicked proceedings of men,—it cannot be accounted "'an imaginary fear of suffering' in such as are resolved to "follow the like freedom and faithfulness in discharge of "their Master's message. That it savours not of 'ingenuity' "to promise liberty of preaching the Gospel, and to limit the "Preachers thereof, that they must not speak against the "sins and enormities of Civil Powers; since their commission "carrieth them to speak the Word of the Lord unto, and to "reprove the sins of, persons of all ranks, from the highest "to the lowest. That to impose the name of 'railing' upon "such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants, "against the Ministers of the Gospel, who laid open to people "the wickedness of their ways, lest men should be ensnared "thereby.

"That their consciences bear them record, and all their "hearers do know, that they meddle not with Civil Affairs, "farther than to hold forth the rule of the Word, by which "the straightness and crookedness of men's actions are made "evident. But they are sorry they have such cause to regret "that men of mere Civil place and employment should usurp "the calling and employment of the Ministry:[1] to the scandal "of the Reformed Kirks; and, particularly in Scotland, con- "trary to the government and discipline therein established, "—to the maintenance whereof you are bound, by the Solemn "League and Covenant.

"Thus far they have thought fit to vindicate their return "to the offer in Colonel Whalley's Letter. The other part of "yours, which concerns the Public as well as them, they con- "ceive hath all been answered sufficiently in the public Papers "of the State and Kirk. Only to that of the success upon

[1] Certain of our Soldiers and Officers preach; very many of them can preach,—and greatly to the purpose too!

"your 'solemn appeal,' they say again, what was said to it "before, That they have not so learned Christ as to hang the "equity of their Cause upon events; but desire to have their "hearts established in the love of the Truth, in all the tribu- "lations that befall them.

"I only do add that I am, my Lord, your most humble "servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

On Thursday follows Oliver's Answer,—'very inferior in composition,' says Dryasdust;—composition not being quite the trade of Oliver! In other respects, sufficiently superior.

LETTER CXLVIII.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 12th September, 1650.

Because I am at some reasonable good leisure, I cannot let such gross mistakes and inconsequential reasonings pass without some notice taken of them.

And first, their ingenuity in relation to the Covenant, for which they commend themselves, doth no more justify their want of ingenuity in answer to Colonel Whalley's Christian offer, concerning which my Letter charged them with guiltiness 'and' deficiency, than their bearing witness to themselves of their adhering to their first principles, and ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, justifies them so to have done merely because they say so. They must give more leave henceforwards; for Christ will have it so, nill they, will they.

And they must have patience to have the truth of their doctrines and sayings tried by the sure touchstone of the Word of God. And if there be a liberty and duty of trial, there is a liberty of judgment also for them that may and ought to try: which being[1] so, they must give others leave to think and say that they can appeal to equal judges, Who have been the truest fulfillers of the most real and equitable ends of the Covenant?

But if these Gentlemen do[2] assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant, as they do too much to their auditories 'to be the infallible expositors of the Scriptures 'also,' counting a different sense and judgment from theirs Breach of Covenant and Heresy,—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at Ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences, whether any 'person' trying their doctrines, and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of Sectary? And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the Infallible Chair? What doth he whom we would not be likened unto[3] do more than this?

In the second place, it is affirmed that the "Ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestered, forced to fly from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring of the will of God;" that they have been limited that they might not "speak against the sins and enormities of the Civil Powers;" that to "impose the name of railing upon

[1] 'if' in the original. [2] 'which do' in the original; *dele* 'which.'
[3] The Pope.

such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants against the Preachers of the Gospel," &c.—'Now' if the Civil Authority, or that part of it which continued faithful to their trust,[1] 'and' true to the ends of the Covenant, did, in answer to their consciences, turn out a Tyrant, in a way which the Christians in after-times will mention with honour, and all Tyrants in the world look at with fear; and 'if' while many thousands of saints in England rejoice to think of it, and have received from the hand of God a liberty from the fear of like usurpations, and have cast off him[2] who trod in his Father's steps, doing mischief as far as he was able (whom you have received like fire into your bosom,—of which God will, I trust, in time make you sensible): if, 'I say,' Ministers railing at the Civil Power, and calling them murderers and the like for doing these things, have been dealt with as you mention,—will this be found a "personal persecution?" Or is sin so, because they say so?[3] They that acted this great Business[4] have given a reason of their faith in the action; and some here[5] are ready further to do it against all gainsayers.

But it will be found that these reprovers do not only make themselves the judges and determiners of sin, that so they may reprove; but they also took liberty[6] to stir up the people to blood and arms; and would have brought a war upon England, as hath been upon Scotland, had not God prevented it. And if such severity as hath been expressed towards them be worthy of the

[1] When Pride purged them.
[2] Your Charles II. as you call him.
[3] Because you call it so.
[4] Of judging Charles First.
[5] I for one.
[6] In 1648.

name of "personal persecution," let all uninterested men judge: 'and' whether the calling of the practice "railing" be to be paralleled with the Malignants' imputation upon the Ministers for speaking against the Popish Innovations in the Prelates' times,[1] and the 'other' tyrannical and wicked practices then on foot, let your own consciences mind you! The Roman Emperors, in Christ's and his Apostles' times, were usurpers and intruders upon the Jewish State: yet what footstep[2] have ye either of our blessed Saviour's so much as willingness to the dividing of an inheritance, or their[3] 'ever' meddling in that kind? This was not practised by the Church since our Saviour's time, till Antichrist, assuming the Infallible Chair, and all that he called Church to be under him, practised this authoritatively over Civil Governors. The way to fulfil your Ministry with joy is to preach the Gospel; which I wish some who take pleasure in reproofs at a venture, do not forget too much to do!

Thirdly, you say, You have just cause to regret that men of Civil employments should usurp the calling and employment of the Ministry; to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks.—Are you troubled that Christ is preached? Is preaching so exclusively your function?[4] Doth it scandalise the Reformed Kirks, and Scotland in particular? Is it against the Covenant? Away with the Co-

[1] O Oliver, my Lord General, the Lindley-Murray composition here is dreadful; the meaning struggling, like a strong swimmer, in an element very viscous!

[2] Vestige. [3] The Apostles'.

[4] 'so inclusive in your function,' means that.

venant, if this be so! I thought, the Covenant and these 'professors of it' could have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ: if not, it is no Covenant of God's approving; nor are these Kirks you mention insomuch[1] the Spouse of Christ. Where do you find in the Scripture a ground to warrant such an assertion, That Preaching is exclusively your function? Though an Approbation from men hath order in it, and may do well; yet he that hath no better warrant than that, hath none at all. I hope He that ascended up on high may give His gifts to whom He pleases: and if those gifts be the seal of Mission, be not 'you' envious though Eldad and Medad prophesy. You know who bids us *covet earnestly the best gifts*, but chiefly *that we may prophesy*; which the Apostle explains there to be a speaking to instruction and edification and comfort,—which speaking, the instructed, the edified and comforted can best tell the energy and effect of, 'and say whether it is genuine.' If such evidence be, I say again, Take heed you envy not for your own sakes; lest you be guilty of a greater fault than Moses reproved in Joshua for envying for his sake.

Indeed you err through mistaking of the Scriptures. Approbation[2] is an act of conveniency in respect of order; not of necessity, to give faculty to preach the Gospel. Your pretended fear lest Error should step in, is like the man who would keep all the wine out the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his na-

[1] So far as their notion of the Covenant goes.

[2] Or say 'Ordination,' Solemn Approbation and Appointment by men.

tural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge. If a man speak foolishly, ye suffer him gladly[1] because ye are wise; if erroneously, the truth more appears by your conviction 'of him.' Stop such a man's mouth by sound words which cannot be gainsayed. If he speak blasphemously, or to the disturbance of the public peace, let the Civil Magistrate punish him: if truly, rejoice in the truth. And if you will call our speakings together since we came into Scotland,—to provoke one another to love and good works, to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and repentance from dead works; 'and' to charity and love towards you, to pray and mourn for you, and for your bitter returns to 'our love of you,' and your incredulity of our professions of love to you, of the truth of which we have made our solemn and humble appeals to the Lord our God, which He hath heard and borne witness to: if you will call things scandalous to the Kirk, and against the Covenant, because done by men of Civil callings,—we rejoice in them, notwithstanding what you say.

For a conclusion: In answer to the witness of God upon our solemn Appeal,[2] you say you have not so learned Christ 'as' to hang the equity of your Cause upon events. We, 'for our part,' could wish blindness have not been upon your eyes to all those marvellous dispensations which God hath lately wrought in England. But did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the Great God

[1] With a patient victorious feeling. [2] At Dunbar.

in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an "event!"[1] Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way He would manifest Himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations and solemn appeals, call these bare "events?" The Lord pity you.

Surely we, 'for our part,' fear; because it hath been a merciful and gracious deliverance to us. I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, search after the mind of the Lord in it towards you; and we shall help you by our prayers; that you may find it out: for yet (if we know our hearts at all) our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the Godly in Scotland. We know there are stumbling-blocks which hinder you: the personal prejudices you have taken up against us[2] and our ways, wherein we cannot but think some occasion has been given,[3] and for which we mourn: the apprehension you have that we have hindered the glorious Reformation you think you were upon: — I am persuaded these and such like bind you up from an understanding, and yielding to, the mind of God, in this great day of His power and visitation. And, if I be rightly informed, the late Blow you received is attributed to profane counsels and conduct, and mixtures[4] in your Army, and such like.

[1] 'but can slightly call it an event,' *in orig.*

[2] Me, Oliver Cromwell.

[3] I have often, in Parliament and elsewhere, been crabbed towards your hidebound Presbyterian Formula; and given it many a fillip, not thinking sufficiently what good withal was in it.

[4] Admission of Engagers and ungodly people.

'The natural man will not find out the cause. Look up to the Lord, that He may tell it you. Which that He would do, shall be the fervent prayer of,

Your loving friend and servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' These 'following' Queries are sent not to reproach you, but in the love of Christ laying them before you; we being persuaded in the Lord that there is a truth in them. Which we earnestly desire may not be laid aside unsought after, from any prejudice either against the things themselves, or the unworthiness or weakness of the person that offers them. If you turn at the Lord's reproofs, He will pour out His Spirit upon you; and you shall understand His words; and they will guide you to a blessed Reformation indeed,[1] —even to one according to the Word, and such as the people of God wait for: wherein you will find us and all saints ready to rejoice, and serve you to the utmost in our places and callings.*

ENCLOSED is the Paper of Queries; to which this Editor, anxious to bring out my Lord General's sense, will take the great liberty to intercalate a word or two of Commentary as we read.

[1] 'glorious Reformation,' 'blessed Reformation,' &c. are phrases loud and current everywhere, especially among the Scotch, for ten years past.

* Thurloe, i. 158-162.

QUERIES.

1. Whether the Lord's controversy be not both against the Ministers in Scotland and in England, for their wresting and straining 'of the Covenant,' and employing[1] the Covenant against the Godly and Saints in England (of the same faith with them in every fundamental) even to a bitter persecution; and so making that which, in the main intention, was Spiritual, to serve Politics and Carnal ends,—even in that part especially which was Spiritual, and did look to the glory of God, and the comfort of His People?

The meaning of your Covenant was, that God's glory should be promoted: and yet how many zealous Preachers, unpresbyterian but real Promoters of God's glory, have you, by wresting and straining of the verbal phrases of the Covenant, found means to menace, eject, afflict and in every way discourage!—

2. Whether the Lord's controversy be not for your and the Ministers in England's sullenness at 'God's great providences,' and 'your' darkening and not beholding the glory of God's wonderful dispensations in this series of His providences in England, Scotland and Ireland, both now and formerly,—through envy at instruments, and because the things did not work forth your Platform, and the Great God did not come down to your minds and thoughts.

This is well worth your attention. Perhaps the Great God means something other and farther than you yet imagine.

[1] 'improving' in the original.

Perhaps, in His infinite Thought, and Scheme that reaches through Eternities, there may be elements which the Westminster Assembly has not jotted down? Perhaps these reverend learned persons, debating at Four shillings and sixpence a day, did not get to the bottom of the Bottomless, after all? Perhaps this Universe was not entirely built according to the Westminster Shorter Catechism, but by other ground-plans withal, not yet entirely brought to paper anywhere, in Westminster or out of it, that I hear of? O my reverend Scotch friends!—

3. Whether your carrying on a Reformation, so much by you spoken of, have not probably been subject to some mistakes in your own judgments about some parts of the same,—laying so much stress thereupon as hath been a temptation to you even to break the Law of Love, 'the greatest of all laws,' towards your brethren, and those 'whom' Christ hath regenerated; even to the reviling and persecuting of them, and to stirring up of wicked men to do the same, for your Form's sake, or but 'for' some parts of it.

A helpless lumbering sentence, but with a noble meaning in it.

4. Whether if your Reformation be so perfect and so spiritual, be indeed the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus, it will need such carnal policies, such fleshly mixtures, such unsincere actings as 'some of these are?' To pretend to cry down all Malignants; and yet to receive and set up the Head of them 'all,' and to act for the King-

'dom of Christ in his name,[1] and upon advantage thereof? And to publish so false a Paper,[2] so full of special pretences to piety, as the fruit and effect of his "repentance,"—to deceive the minds of all the Godly in England, Ireland and Scotland; you, in your own consciences, knowing with what regret he did it, and with what importunities and threats he was brought to do it, and how much to this very day he is against it? And whether this be not a high provocation of the Lord, in so grossly dissembling with Him and His people?*

Yes, you can consider that, my Friends; and think, on the whole, what kind of course you are probably getting into; steering towards a Kingdom of Jesus Christ with Charles Stuart and Mrs. Barlow at the helm!

The Scotch Clergy reply, through Governor Dundas, still in a sulky unrepentant manner, that they stick by their old opinions; that the Lord General's arguments, which would not be hard to answer a second time, have already been answered amply, by anticipation, in the public Manifestos of the Scottish Nation and Kirk;—that, in short, he hath a longer sword than they for the present, and the Scripture says, "There is one event to the righteous and the wicked," which may probably account for Dunbar, and some other phenomena. Here the correspondence closes; his Excellency on the morrow morning (Friday 13th September, 1650) finding no 'reasonable good leisure' to unfold himself farther, in the way of paper and ink, to these men. There remain other

[1] Charles Stuart's: a very questionable 'name' for any Kingdom of Christ to act upon!

[2] The *Declaration*, or testimony against his Father's sins.

* Thurloe, i. 158-162.

ways; the way of cannon-batteries, and Derbyshire miners. It is likely his Excellency will subdue the bodies of these men; and the unconquerable mind will then follow if it can.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS it hath pleased God, by His gracious providence and goodness, to put the City of Edinburgh and the Town of Leith under my power: And although I have put forth several Proclamations, since my coming into this Country, to the like effect with this present: Yet for further satisfaction to all those whom it may concern, I do hereby again publish and declare,

That all the Inhabitants of the country, not now being or continuing in arms, shall have free leave and liberty to come to the Army, and to the City and Town aforesaid, with their cattle, corn, horse, or other commodities or goods whatsoever; and shall there have free and open markets for the same; and shall be protected in their persons and goods, in coming and returning as aforesaid, from any injury or violence of the Soldiery under my command; and shall also be protected in their respective houses. And the Citizens and Inhabitants of the said City and Town shall and hereby likewise have[1] free leave to vend and sell their wares and commodities; and shall be protected from the plunder and violence of the Soldiers.

And I do hereby require all Officers and Soldiers of

[1] Grammar irremediable!

the Army under my command, To take due notice hereof, and to yield obedience hereto. As they will answer the contrary at their utmost peril.

Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 14th of September, 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

To be proclaimed in Leith and Edinburgh, by sound of trumpet and beat of drum.*

Listen and be reassured, ye ancient Populations, though your Clergy sit obstinate on their Castle-rock, and your Stuart King has vanished!—While this comfortable *Oyez-oyez* goes sounding through the ancient streets, my Lord General is himself just getting on march again; as the next Letter will testify.

LETTER CXLIX.

THE Lord General, leaving the Clergy to meditate his Queries in the seclusion of their Castle-rock, sets off westward, on the second day after, to see whether he cannot at once dislodge the Governing Committee-men and Covenanted King; and get possession of Stirling, where they are busily endeavouring to rally. This, he finds, will not answer, for the moment.

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 479, art. 16 ('The Lord-General Cromwell his march to Stirling: being a Diary of' &c. 'Published by Authority').

'To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.'

Edinburgh, 25th September, 1650.

On Saturday the 14th instant, we marched six miles towards Stirling; and, by reason of the badness of the ways, were forced to send back two pieces of our greatest artillery. The day following, we marched to Linlithgow, not being able to go farther by reason of much rain that fell that day. On the 16th, we marched to Falkirk; and the next day following, within cannon-shot of Stirling;—where, upon Wednesday the 18th, our Army was drawn forth, and all things in readiness to storm the Town.

But finding the work very difficult; they having in the Town Two-thousand horse and more foot; and the place standing upon a river not navigable for shipping to relieve the same, 'so that' we could not, with safety, make it a Garrison, if God should have given it into our hands:—upon this, and other considerations, it was not thought a fit time to storm. But such was the unanimous resolution and courage both of our Officers and Soldiers, that greater could not be (as to outward appearance) in men.

On Thursday the 19th, we returned from thence to Linlithgow; and at night we were informed that, at Stirling, they shot off their great guns for joy their King was come thither. On Friday the 20th, three Irish soldiers came from them to us; to whom we gave entertainment in the Army; they say, Great fears pos-

sessed the soldiers when they expected us to storm. That they know not whether old Leven be their General or not, the report being various; but that Sir John Browne, a Colonel of their Army, was laid aside. That they are endeavouring to raise all the Forces they can, in the North; that many of the soldiers, since our victory, are offended at their Ministers; that Colonel Gilbert Ker and Colonel Strahan are gone with shattered forces to Glasgow, to levy soldiers there. As yet we hear not of any of the old Cavaliers being entertained as Officers among them; 'the expectation of' which occasions differences betwixt their Ministers and the Officers of the Army.

The same day, we came to Edinburgh 'again.' Where we abide without disturbance; saving that about ten at night, and before day in the morning, they sometimes fire three or four great guns at us; and if any of our men come within musket-shot, they fire at them from the Castle. But, blessed be God, they have done us no harm, except one soldier shot (but not to the danger of his life), that I can be informed of. There are some few of the inhabitants of Edinburgh returned home; who, perceiving our civility, and 'our' paying for what we receive of them, repent their departure; open their shops, and bring provisions to the market. It's reported they have in the Castle provisions for fifteen months; some say, for a longer time. Generally the poor acknowledge that our carriage to them is better than that of their own Army; and 'that' had they who are gone away known so much, they would have stayed at home. They say, one chief reason wherefore so many

are gone was, They feared we would have imposed upon them some oath wherewith they could not have dispensed.

I am in great hopes, through God's mercy, we shall be able this Winter to give the People such an understanding of the justness of our Cause, and our desires for the just liberties of the People, that the better sort of them will be satisfied therewith; although, I must confess, hitherto they continue obstinate. I thought I should have found in Scotland a conscientious People, and a barren country: about Edinburgh, it is as fertile for corn as any part of England; but the People generally 'are so' given to the most impudent lying, and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed.

I rest,

'Your Lordship's most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

What to do with Scotland, in these mixed circumstances, is a question. We have friends among them, a distinct coincidence with them in the great heart of their National Purpose, could they understand us aright; and we have all degrees of enemies among them, up to the bitterest figure of Malignancy itself. What to do? For one thing, Edinburgh Castle ought to be reduced. 'We have put forces into Linlithgow, and 'our Train is lodged in Leith,' Lesley's old citadel there; 'the 'wet being so great that we cannot march with our Train.' Do we try Edinburgh Castle with a few responsive shots from the Calton Hill; or from what point? My Scotch Antiqua-

* Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix. 404).

nian friends have not informed me. We decide on reducing it by mines.

'*Sunday, 29th September*, 1650. Resolution being taken 'for the springing of mines in order to the reducing of Edin- 'burgh Castle; and our men beginning their galleries last 'night, the Enemy fired five pieces of ordnance, with several 'volleys of shot, from the Castle; but did no execution. We 'hope this work will take effect; notwithstanding the height, 'rockiness, and strength of the place.—His Excellency with 'his Officers met this day in the High Church of Edinburgh, 'forenoon and afternoon; where was a great concourse of 'people.' Mr. Stapylton, who did the Hursley Marriage-treaty, and is otherwise transiently known to mankind,—he, as was above intimated, occupies the pulpit there; the Scots Clergy still sitting sulky in their Castle, with Derby miners now operating on them. 'Many Scots expressed much affec- 'tion at the Doctrine preached by Mr. Stapylton, in their usual 'way of groans,'—Hum-m-mrrh!—'and it's hoped a good 'work is wrought in some of their hearts.'[1] I am sure I hope so. But to think of brother worshippers, partakers in a Gospel of this kind, cutting one another's throats for a Covenanted Charles Stuart,—Hum-m-mrrh!

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 92).

LETTERS CL.—CLXI.

HASTE and other considerations forbid us to do more than glance, timidly from the brink, into that sea of confusions in which the poor Scotch people have involved themselves by soldering Christ's Crown to Charles Stuart's! Poor men, they have got a Covenanted King; but he is, so to speak, a Solecism Incarnate: good cannot come of him, or of those that follow him in this course; only inextricability, futility, disaster and discomfiture can come. There is nothing sadder than to see such a Purpose of a Nation led on by such a set of persons; staggering into ever deeper confusion, down, down, till it fall prostrate into utter wreck. Were not Oliver here to gather up the fragments of it, the Cause of Scotland might now die; Oliver, little as the Scots dream of it, is Scotland's Friend too, as he was Ireland's: what would become of Scotch Puritanism, the one great feat hitherto achieved by Scotland, if Oliver were not now there! Oliver's Letters out of Scotland, what will elucidate Oliver's footsteps and utterances there, shall alone concern us at present. For sufficing which object, the main features of these Scotch confusions may become conceivable without much detail of ours.

The first Scotch Army, now annihilated at Dunbar, had been sedulously cleared of all Hamilton *Engagers* and other Malignant or Quasi-Malignant Persons, according to a scheme painfully laid down in what was called the *Act of Classes*,—a General-Assembly Act, defining and *class*ifying such men as shall not be allowed to fight on this occasion, lest a curse

overtake the Cause on their account. Something other than a blessing has overtaken the Cause:—and now, on rallying at Stirling with unbroken purpose of struggle, there arise in the Committee of Estates and Kirk, and over the Nation generally, earnest considerations as to the methods of farther struggle; huge discrepancies as to the ground and figure it ought henceforth to take. As was natural to the case, Three Parties now develop themselves: a middle one, and two extremes. The Official Party, Argyle and the Official Persons, especially the secular portion of them, think that the old ground should as much as possible be adhered to. Let us fill up our old ranks with new men, and fight and resist with the Covenanted Charles Stuart at the head of us, as we did before. This is the middle or Official opinion.

No, answers an extreme Party, Let us have no more to do with your covenanting pedantries; let us sign your Covenant one good time for all, and have done with it; but prosecute the King's Interest, and call on all men to join us in that. An almost openly declared Malignant Party this; at the head of which Lieutenant-General Middleton, the Marquis of Huntly and other Royalist Persons are raising forces, publishing manifestos, in the Highlands near by. Against whom David Lesley himself at last has to march. This is the one extreme; the Malignant or Royalist extreme. The amount of whose exploits was this: They invited the poor King to run off from Perth and his Church-and-State Officials, and join them; which he did,—rode out as if to hawk, one afternoon, softly across the South Inch of Perth, then galloped some forty miles; found the appointed place; a villanous hut among the Grampian Hills, without soldiers, resources, or accommodations, 'with nothing but a turf pillow to sleep on:' and was easily persuaded back, the day after;[1] making his peace by a few

[1] 4-6 October, Balfour, iv. 113-15.

more—what shall we call them?—poetic figments; which the Official Persons, with an effort, swallowed. Shortly after, by official persuasion and military coercion, this first extreme Party was suppressed, reunited to the main body; and need not concern us farther.

But now, quite opposite to this, there is another extreme Party; which has its seat in 'the Western Shires,' from Renfrew down to Dumfries;—which is, in fact, I think, the old *Whiggamore Raid* of 1648 under a new figure; these Western Shires being always given that way. They have now got a 'Western Army,' with Colonel Ker and Colonel Strahan to command it; and most of the Earls, Lairds, and Ministers in those parts have joined. Very strong for the Covenant; very strong against all shams of the Covenant. Colonel Ker is the 'famed Commander Gibby Carre,' who came to commune with us in the Burrow-moor, when we lay on Pentland Hills: Colonel Strahan is likewise a famed Commander, who was thought to be slain at Musselburgh once, but is alive here still; an old acquaintance of my Lord General Cromwell's, and always suspected of a leaning to Sectarian courses. These Colonels and Gentry having, by sanction of the Committee of Estates, raised a Western Army of some Five-thousand, and had much consideration with themselves; and seen, especially by the flight into the Grampians, what way his Majesty's real inclinations are tending,—decide, or threaten to decide, that they will not serve under his Majesty or his General Lesley with their Army, till they see new light; that in fact they dare not; being apprehensive he is no genuine Covenanted King, but only the sham of one, whom it is terribly dangerous to follow! On this Party Cromwell has his eye; and they on him. What becomes of them we shall, before long, learn.

Meanwhile here is a Letter to the Official Authorities; which, however, produces small effect upon them.

29609

LETTER CL.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of Scotland, at Stirling, or elsewhere: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Linlithgow, 9th October, 1650.

The grounds and ends of the Army's entering Scotland have been heretofore, often and clearly, made known unto you; and how much we have desired the same might be accomplished without blood. But, according to what returns we have received, it is evident your hearts had not that love to us as we can truly say we had towards you. And we are persuaded those difficulties in which you have involved yourselves,—by espousing your King's interest, and taking into your bosom that Person, in whom (notwithstanding what hath 'been' or may be said to the contrary) that which is really Malignancy and all Malignants do centre; against whose Family the Lord hath so eminently witnessed for bloodguiltiness, not to be done away by such hypocritical and formal shews of repentance as are expressed in his late *Declaration;* and your strange prejudices against us as men of heretical opinions (which, through the great goodness of God to us, have been *unjustly* charged upon us),—have occasioned your rejecting these Overtures which, with a Christian affection, were offered to you before any blood was spilt, or your People had suffered damage by us.

The daily sense we have of the calamity of War lying upon the poor People of this Nation, and the sad

consequences of blood and famine likely to come upon them; the advantage given to the Malignant, Profane, and Popish party by this War; and that reality of affection which we have so often professed to you,—and concerning the truth of which we have so solemnly appealed,—do again constrain us to send unto you, to let you know, That if the contending for that Person be not by you preferred to the peace and welfare of your Country, the blood of your Peoples, the love of men of the same faith with you, and (in this above all) the honour of that God we serve,—Then give the State of England that satisfaction and security for their peaceable and quiet living beside you, which may in justice be demanded from a Nation giving so just ground to ask the same,—from those who have, as you, taken their enemy into their bosom, whilst he was in hostility against them: 'Do this;' and it will be made good to you, That you may have a lasting and durable Peace with them, and the wish of a blessing upon you in all religious and civil things.

If this be refused by you, we are persuaded that God, who hath once borne His testimony, will do it again on the behalf of us His poor servants, who do appeal to Him whether their desires flow from sincerity of heart or not. I rest,

Your Lordships' humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Committee of Estates at Stirling or elsewhere debated about an Answer to this Letter; but sent none, except of

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 93).

civility merely, and after considerable delays. A copy of the Letter was likewise forwarded to Colonels Ker and Strahan and their Western Army, by whom it was taken into consideration; and some Correspondence, Cromwell's part of which is not yet altogether lost, followed upon it there; and indeed Cromwell, as we dimly discover in the old Books, set forth towards Glasgow directly on the back of it, in hopes of a closer communication with these Western Colonels and their Party.

While Ker and Strahan are busy 'at Dumfries,' says Baillie, 'Cromwell with the whole body of his Army and cannon 'comes peaceably by way of Kilsyth to Glasgow.' It is Friday evening, 18th October, 1650. 'The Ministers and Magis-'trates flee all away. I got to the Isle of Cumbrae with my 'Lady Montgomery; but left all my family and goods to 'Cromwell's courtesy,—which indeed was great; for he took 'such a course with his soldiers that they did less displeasure 'at Glasgow than if they had been in London; though Mr. 'Zachary Boyd,' a fantastic old gentleman still known in Glasgow and Scotland, 'railed on them all, to their very face, in 'the High Church;'[1] calling them Sectaries and Blasphemers, the fantastic old gentleman! 'Glasgow, though not so big or 'rich as Edinburgh, is a much sweeter place; the completest 'town we have yet seen here, and one of their choicest Uni-'versities.' The people were much afraid of us till they saw how we treated them. 'Captain Covel of the Lord General's 'regiment of horse was cashiered here, for holding some blas-'phemous opinions.'[2]—This is Cromwell's first visit to Glasgow: he made two others, of which on occasion notice shall be taken. In *Pinkerton's Correspondence* are certain 'anecdotes of Cromwell at Glasgow;' which, like many others on

[1] Baillie, iii. 119; Whitlocke, p. 459.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 459; Cromwelliana, pp. 92, 3.

Cromwell, need not be repeated anywhere except in the nursery.

Cromwell entered Glasgow on Friday evening; over Sunday, was patient with Zachary Boyd: but got no result out of Ker and Strahan. Ker and Strahan, at Dumfries on the Thursday, have perfected and signed their *Remonstrance* of the Western Army;[1] a Document of much fame in the old Scotch Books. 'Expressing many sad truths,' says the Kirk Committee. Expressing, in fact, the apprehension of Ker and Strahan that the Covenanted King may probably be a Solecism Incarnate, under whom it will not be good to fight longer for the Cause of Christ and Scotland;—expressing meanwhile considerable reluctancy as to the English Sectaries; and deciding on the whole to fight them still, though on a footing of our own. Not a very hopeful enterprise! Of which we shall see the issue by and by. Meanwhile news come that this Western Army is aiming towards Edinburgh, to get hold of the Castle there. Whereupon Cromwell, in all haste, on Monday, sets off thitherward; 'lodges the first night in a poor cottage fourteen miles from Glasgow;' arrives safe, to prevent all alarms. His first visit to Glasgow was but of two days.

LETTER CLI.

THE Western Colonels have given-in their Remonstrance to the Committee of Estates; and sat in deliberation on their copy of Cromwell's Expostulatory Letter to that Body, the Letter we have just read;—in which these two words, 'security' and 'satisfaction,' are somewhat abstruse to the Western

[1] Dated 17 October; given in Balfour, iv. 141-60.

Colonels. They decide that it will not be convenient to return any public Answer; but they have forwarded a private Letter of acknowledgment with 'Six Queries:' Letter lost to us; Six Queries still surviving. To which, directly after his return to Edinburgh, here is Cromwell's Answer. The Six Queries, being very brief, may be transcribed; the Letter of acknowledgment can be conceived without transcribing:

'*Query* 1. Why is "satisfaction" demanded? 2. What is 'the satisfaction demanded? 3. For what is the "security" 'demanded? 4. What is the security ye would have? 5. 'From whom is the security required? 6. To whom is the 'security to be given?'[1]—Queries which, I think, do not much look like real despatch-of-business in the present intricate conjuncture!

This Letter, it appears, is, if not accompanied, directly followed by 'Mr. Alexander Jaffray' Provost of Aberdeen, and a 'Reverend Mr. Carstairs' of Glasgow, two Prisoners of Oliver's ever since Dunbar Drove, who are to 'agent' the same.[2]

'*To Colonel Strahan, with the Western Army: These.*'

SIR, Edinburgh, 25th October, 1650.

I have considered of the Letter and the Queries; and, having advised with some Christian friends about the same, think fit to return an Answer as followeth:

'That' we bear unto the Godly of Scotland the same Christian affection we have all along professed in our Papers; being ready, through the grace of God, upon all occasions, to give such proof and testimony thereof

[1] Balfour, iv. 135. [2] Baillie, iii. 120.

as the Divine Providence shall minister opportunity to us to do. That nothing would be more acceptable to us to see than the Lord removing offences, and inclining the hearts of His People in Scotland to meet us with the same affection. That we do verily apprehend, with much comfort, that there is some stirring of your bowels by the Lord; giving some hope of His good pleasure tending hereunto: which we are most willing to comply with, and not to be wanting in anything on our part which may further the same.

And having seen the heads of two Remonstrances, the one of the Ministers of Glasgow, and the other of the Officers and Gentlemen of the West,[1] we do from thence hope that the Lord hath cleared unto you some things that were formerly hidden, and which we hope may lead to a better understanding. Nevertheless, we cannot but take notice, that from some expressions in the same Papers, we have too much cause to note that there is still so great a difference betwixt us as we are looked upon and accounted as Enemies.

And although we hope that the Six Queries, sent by you to us to be answered, were intended to clear doubts and remove the remaining obstructions; which we shall be most ready to do: yet, considering the many misconstructions which may arise from the clearest pen (where men are not all of one mind), and the difficulties at this distance to resolve doubts and rectify mistakes, we conceive our Answer in Writing may not so effectu-

[1] Remonstrance of the Western Army is this latter; the other, very conceivable as a kind of codicil to this, is not known to me except at second-hand, from Baillie's eager, earnest, very headlong and perplexed account of that Business (iv. 120, 122, *et seqq.*).

ally reach that end, as a friendly and Christian Conference by equal persons 'might.'

And we doubt not we can, with ingenuity and clearness, give a satisfactory account of those general things held forth in the Letter sent by us to the Committee of Estates,[1] and in our former Declarations and Papers; which we shall be ready to do by a Friendly Debate,—when and where our answer to these particulars may probably tend to the better and more clear understanding betwixt the Godly Party of both Nations.

To speak plainly in a few words: If those who sincerely love and fear the Lord amongst you are sensible that matters have been and are carried by your State so as that therewith God is not well pleased, but the Interest of His People 'is' hazarded, in Scotland and England, to Malignants, to Papists, and to the Profane, —we can, through Grace, be willing to lay our bones in the dust for your sakes; and can, as heretofore we have 'said,' still continue to say, That, not to impose upon you in Religious or Civil Interests, not dominion nor any worldly advantage, 'not these,' but the obtaining of a just security to ourselves,[2] were the motives, and satisfactions to our consciences, in this Undertaking. 'A just security;' which we believe by this time you may think we had cause to be sensible was more than endangered by the carriage of affairs with your King. And it is not success, and more visible clearness to our consciences arising out of the discoveries God hath made of the hypocrisies of men, that hath altered, 'or

1 Letter CL. 2 'securing ourselves' *in orig.*

can alter,' our principles or demands. But we take from thence humble encouragement to follow the Lord's providence in serving His Cause and People; not doubting but He will give such an issue to this Business as will be to His glory and your comfort.

I rest,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'There followed no 'Friendly Debate' upon this Letter; nothing followed upon it except new noise in the Western Army, and a straitlaced case of conscience more perplexing than ever. Jaffray and Carstairs had to come back on parole again; Strahan at length withdrew from the concern: the Western Army went its own separate middle road,—to what issue we shall see.

Here is another trait of the old time; not without illumination for us. 'One Watt, a tenant of the Earl of Tweedale's, 'being sore oppressed by the English, took to himself some of 'his own degree; and, by daily incursions and infalls on the 'English Garrisons and Parties in Lothian, killed and took 'of them above Four-hundred,' or say the half or quarter of so many, 'and enriched himself by their spoils.' The like 'did one Augustin, a High-German,' not a Dutchman, 'being 'purged out of the Army before Dunbar Drove,'—of whom we shall hear farther. In fact, the class called Mosstroopers begins to abound; the only class that can flourish in such a state of affairs. Whereupon comes out this

* Clarendon State-Papers (Oxford, 1773), ii. 551-2.

PROCLAMATION.

I FINDING that divers of the Army under my command are not only spoiled and robbed, but also sometimes barbarously and inhumanly butchered and slain, by a sort of Outlaws and Robbers, not under the discipline of any Army; and finding that all our tenderness to the Country produceth no other effect than their compliance with, and protection of, such persons; and considering that it is in the power of the Country to detect and discover them (many of them being inhabitants of those places where commonly the outrage is committed); and perceiving that their motion is ordinarily by the invitation, and according to intelligence given them by Countrymen:

I do therefore declare, that wheresoever any under my command shall be hereafter robbed or spoiled by such parties, I will require life for life, and a plenary satisfaction for their goods, of those Parishes and Places where the fact shall be committed; unless they shall discover and produce the offender. And this I wish all persons to take notice of, that none may plead ignorance.

Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 5th of November, 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CLII.

ONE nest of Mosstroopers, not far off, in the Dalkeith region, ought specially to be abated.

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 94).

To the Governor of Borthwick Castle: These.

SIR,] Edinburgh, 18th November, 1650.

I thought fit to send this Trumpet to you, to let you know, That if you please to walk away with your company, and deliver the House to such as I shall send to receive it, you shall have liberty to carry off your arms and goods, and such other necessaries as you have.

You have harboured such parties in your House as have basely and inhumanly murdered our men: if you necessitate me to bend my cannon against you, you may expect what I doubt you will not be pleased with. I expect your present Answer; and rest

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor of Borthwick Castle, Lord Borthwick of that Ilk, did as he was bidden; 'walked away,' with movable goods, with wife and child, and had 'fifteen days' allowed him to pack: whereby the Dalkeith region and Carlisle Road is a little quieter henceforth.

LETTER CLIII.

COLONELS Ker and Strahan with their *Remonstrance* have filled all Scotland with a fresh figure of dissension. The Kirk finds 'many sad truths' in it; knows not what to do with it.

* Russell's Life of Cromwell, ii. 95 (from *Statistical Account of Scotland*).

In the Estates themselves there is division of opinion. Men of worship, the Minister in Kirkcaldy among others, are heard to say strange things: "That a Hypocrite," or Solecism Incarnate, "ought not to reign over us; that we should treat with "Cromwell; and give him assurance not to trouble England "with a King; that whosoever mars such a Treaty, the blood "of the slain shall be on his head!" 'Which are strange words,' says Baillie, 'if true.' Scotland is in a hopeful way. The extreme party of Malignants in the North is not yet quite extinct; and here is another extreme party of Remonstrants in the West,—to whom all the conscientious rash men of Scotland, in Kirkcaldy and elsewhere, seem as if they would join themselves! Nothing but remonstrating, protesting, treatying and mistreatying from sea to sea.

To have taken up such a Remonstrance at first, and stood by it, before the War began, had been very wise: but to take it up now, and attempt not to make a Peace by it, but to continue the War with it, looks mad enough! Such nevertheless is Colonel Gibby Ker's project,—not Strahan's, it would seem: men's projects strangely cross one another in this time of bewilderment; and only perhaps in doing *nothing* could a man in such a scene act wisely. Lambert, however, is gone into the West with Three-thousand horse to deal with Ker and his projects; the Lord General has himself been in the West: the end of Ker's projects is succinctly shadowed forth in the following Letter. From Baillie[1] we learn that Ker, with his Western Army, was lying at a place called Carmunnock, when he made this infall upon Lambert; that the time of it was 'four in the morning of Sunday 1st December, 1650;' and the scene of it Hamilton Town, and the streets and ditches thereabouts: a dark sad business, of an ancient Winter morning;—sufficiently luminous for our purpose with it here.

[1] iii. 125.

The 'treaties among the Enemy' means Ker and Strahan's confused remonstratings and treatyings; the 'result,' or general upshot, of which is this scene in the ditches at four in the morning

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 4th December, 1650.

I have now sent you the results of some Treaties amongst the Enemy, which came to my hand this day.

The Major-General and Commissary-General Whalley marched a few days ago towards Glasgow. The Enemy attempted his quarters in Hamilton; were entered the Town: but by the blessing of God, by a very gracious hand of Providence, without the loss of six men as I hear of, he beat them out; killed about an Hundred; took also about the same number, amongst whom are some prisoners of quality; and near an Hundred horse,—as I am informed. The Major-General is still in the chase of them; to whom also I have since sent the addition of a fresh party. Colonel Ker (as my Messenger, this night, tells me) is taken; his Lieutenant-Colonel; and one that was sometimes Major to Colonel Strahan; and Ker's Captain-Lieutenant. The whole Party is shattered. And give me leave to say it, If God had not brought them upon us, we might have marched Three-thousand horse to death, and not have lighted on them. And truly it was a strange Providence brought

[1] See also Whitlocke, 16 December, 1650.

them upon him. For I marched from Edinburgh on the north side of Clyde; 'and had' appointed the Major-General to march from Peebles to Hamilton on the south side of Clyde. I came thither by the time expected; tarried the remainder of the day, and until near seven o'clock the next morning,—apprehending 'then that' the Major-General would not come, by reason of the waters. I being retreated, the Enemy took encouragement; marched all that night; and came upon the Major-General's quarters about two hours before day; where it pleased the Lord to order as you have heard.

The Major-General and Commissary-General (as he sent me word) were still gone on in the prosecution of them; and 'he' saith that, except an Hundred-and-fifty horse in one body, he hears they are fled, by sixteen or eighteen in a company, all the country over. Robin Montgomery was come out of Stirling, with four or five regiments of horse and dragoons,[1] but was put to a stand when he heard of the issue of this business. Strahan and some other Officers had quitted some three weeks or a month before this business; so that Ker commanded this whole party in chief.

It is given out that the Malignants will be almost all received, and rise unanimously and expeditiously. I can assure you, that those that serve you here find more

[1] For the purpose of rallying to him these Western forces, or such of them as would follow the official Authorities and him; and leading them to Stirling, to the main Army (Baillie, *ubi supra*). Poor Ker thought it might be useful to do a feat on his own footing first: and here is the conclusion of him! Colonel 'Robin Montgomery' is the Earl of Eglinton's Son, whom we have repeatedly seen before.

satisfaction in having to deal with men of this stamp than 'with' others; and it is our comfort that the Lord hath hitherto made it the matter of our prayers, and of our endeavours (if it might have been the will of God), To have had a Christian understanding between those that fear God in this land and ourselves. And yet we hope it hath not been carried on with a willing failing of our duty to those that trust us:—and I am persuaded the Lord hath looked favourably upon our sincerity herein; and will still do so; and upon you also, whilst you make the Interest of God's People yours.

Those religious People of Scotland that fall in this Cause, we cannot but pity and mourn for them; and we pray that all good men may do so too. Indeed there is at this time a very great distraction, and mighty workings of God upon the hearts of divers, both Ministers and People; much of it tending to the justification of your Cause. And although some are as bitter and as bad as ever; making it their business to shuffle hypocritically with their consciences and the Covenant, to make it 'seem' lawful to join with Malignants, which now they do,—as well they might long before, having taken in the Head 'Malignant' of them: yet truly others are startled at it; and some have been constrained by the work of God upon their consciences, to make sad and solemn accusations of themselves, and lamentations in the face of their Supreme Authority; charging themselves as guilty of the blood shed in this War, by having a hand in the Treaty at Breda, and by bringing the King in amongst them. This lately did a Lord of the Session; and withdrew 'from the Committee of Estates.' And

lately Mr. James Livingston, a man as highly esteemed as any for piety and learning, who was a Commissioner for the Kirk at the said Treaty,—charged himself with the guilt of the blood of this War, before their Assembly; and withdrew from them, and is retired to his own house.

It will be very necessary, to encourage victuallers to come to us, that you take off Customs and Excise from all things brought hither for the use of the Army.

I beg your prayers; and rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

This then is the end of Ker's fighting project; a very mad one, at this state of the business. The *Remonstrance* continued long to be the symbol of the Extreme-Covenant or Whiggamore Party among the Scots; but its practical operation ceased here. Ker lies lamed, dangerously wounded; and, I think, will fight no more.[1] Strahan and some others, voted traitorous by the native Authorities, went openly over to Cromwell;—Strahan soon after died. As for the Western Army, it straightway dispersed itself; part towards Stirling and the Authorities; the much greater part to their civil callings again, wishing they had never quitted them. 'This miscarriage of 'affairs in the West by a few unhappy men,' says Baillie, 'put 'us all under the foot of the Enemy. They presently ran 'over all the country; destroying cattle and crops; putting 'Glasgow and all other places under grievous contributions. 'This makes me,' for my part, 'stick at Perth; not daring to

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 94, 5).

[1] Other notice of him, and of his unsubduable stiffness of neck, in Thurloe, iv. 480 (Dec. 1655), &c.

'go where the Enemy is master, as he now is of all Scotland 'south of the Forth.'[1]

It only remains to be added, that the two Extreme Parties being broken, the Middle or Official one rose supreme, and widened its borders by the admission, as Oliver anticipated, 'of the Malignants almost all;' a set of 'Public Resolutions' so-called being passed in the Scotch Parliament to that end, and ultimately got carried through the Kirk Assembly too. Official majority of 'Resolutioners,' with a zealous party of 'Remonstrants,' who are also called 'Protesters:' in Kirk and State, these long continue to afflict and worry one another, sad fruit of a Covenanted Charles Stuart; but shall not farther concern us here. It is a great comfort to the Lord General that he has now mainly real Malignants for enemies in this country; and so can smite without reluctance. Unhappy 'Resolutioners,' if they *could* subdue Cromwell, what would become of them at the hands of their own Malignants! They have admitted the Chief Malignant, 'in whom all Malignity does centre,' into their bosom; and have an Incarnate Solecism presiding over them. Satisfactorily descended from Elizabeth Muir of Caldwell, but in all other respects most unsatisfactory! —

The 'Lord of the Session,' who felt startled at this condition of things, and 'withdrew' from it, I take to have been Sir James Hope of Craighall,[2] of whom, and whose scruples, and the censures they got, there is frequent mention in these months. But the Laird of Swinton, another of the same, went still farther in the same course; and indeed, soon after this defeat of Ker, went openly over to Cromwell. 'There is 'very great distraction, there are mighty workings upon the 'hearts of divers.' 'Mr. James Livingston,' the Minister of

[1] iii. 125 (date, 2 January, 1650-1).

[2] Balfour, iv. 173, 235.

Anerum, has left a curious *Life* of himself:—he is still represented by a distinguished family in America.

LETTER CLIV.

THE next affair is that of Edinburgh Castle. Our Derbyshire miners found the rock very hard, and made small way in it: but now the Lord General has got his batteries ready; and, on Thursday 12th December, after three months blockade, salutes the place with his 'guns and mortars,' and the following set of Summonses; which prove effectual.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 12th December, 1650.

We being now resolved, by God's assistance, to make use of such means as He hath put into our hands towards the reducing of Edinburgh Castle, I thought fit to send you this Summons.

What the grounds of our proceedings have been, and what our desires and aims in relation to the glory of God and the common Interest of His People, we have often expressed in our Papers tendered to public view. To which though credit hitherto hath not been given by men, yet the Lord hath been pleased to bear a gracious and favourable testimony; and hath not only kept us constant to our profession, and in our affections to such as fear the Lord in this Nation, but hath unmasked others from their pretences,—as appears by the

present transactions at St. Johnston.[1] Let the Lord dispose your resolutions as seemeth good to Him: my sense of duty presseth me, for the ends aforesaid, and to avoid the effusion of more blood, To demand the rendering of this place to me upon fit conditions.

To which expecting your answer this day, I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Answer to my Lord General's Letter is this:

"*For his Excellency the General of the English Forces.*

"Edinburgh, 12th December, 1650.

"MY LORD,—I am intrusted by the Estates of Scotland "with this place; and being sworn not to deliver it to any "without their warrant, I have no power to dispose thereof "by myself. I do therefore desire the space of ten days, "wherein I may conveniently acquaint the said Estates, and "receive their answer. And for this effect, your safe-conduct "for them employed in the message. Upon the receipt of "their answer, you shall have the resolution of,—my Lord, "your most humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply to Governor Walter Dundas:

[1] Readmission 'of the Malignants almost all;' Earl of Calendar, Duke of Hamilton, &c. (Balfour, iv. 179-203); by the Parliament at Perth,—at 'St. Johnston,' as the old name is.

LETTER CLV.

For the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh.

SIR, Edinburgh, 12th December, 1650.

It concerns not me to know your obligations to those that trust you. I make no question of the apprehensions you have of your abilities to resist those impressions which shall be made upon you,[1] are the natural and equitable rules of all men's judgments and consciences in your condition;—except you had taken an oath beyond a possibility. I leave that to your consideration; and shall not seek to contest with your thoughts: only I think it may become me to let you know, You may have honourable terms for yourself and those with you; and both yourself and soldiers have satisfaction to all your reasonable desires; and those that have other employments, liberty and protection in the exercise of them.

But to deal plainly with you, I will not give liberty to you to consult your Committee of Estates; because I hear, those that are honest amongst them enjoy not satisfaction, and the rest are now discovered to seek another Interest than they have formerly pretended to. And if you desire to be informed of this, you may, by them you dare trust, at a nearer distance than St. Johnston.

Expecting your present answer, I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] By my cannons and mortars.

The Governor's Reply, No. 2, arrives on the morrow, Friday:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General of the English Forces in Scotland.*

"Edinburgh Castle, 13th December, 1650.

"My Lord,—It much concerneth me (considering my "obligations) to be found faithful in the trust committed to "me. And therefore, in the fear of the living God, and of "His great Name called upon in the accepting of my trust, I "do again press the liberty of acquainting the Estates. The "time is but short; and I do expect it as answerable to your "profession of affection to those that fear the Lord. In the "meantime I am willing to hear information of late proceed-"ings from such as he dare trust who is,—my Lord, your "humble servant,

"W. Dundas."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 2:

LETTER CLVI.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Sir, Edinburgh, 13th December, 1650.

Because of your strict and solemn adjuration of me, in the fear and Name of the living God, That I give you time to send to the Committee of Estates, to whom you undertook the keeping of this place under the obligation of an oath, as you affirm,—I cannot but hope that it is your conscience, and not policy, carrying you to that desire. The granting of which, if it be prejudicial to our affairs,—I am as much obliged

in conscience not to do it, as you can pretend cause for your conscience' sake to desire it.

Now considering 'that' our merciful and wise God binds not His People to actions too cross one to another; but that our bands may be,[1] as I am persuaded they are, through our mistakes and darkness,—not only in the question about the surrendering this Castle, but also in all the present differences:—I have much reason to believe that, by a Conference, you may be well satisfied, in point of fact, of your Estates (to whom you say you are obliged) carrying on an Interest destructive and contrary to what they professed when they committed that trust to you,—having made to depart from them many honest men through fear of their own safety,[2] and making way for the reception of professed Malignants, both in their Parliament and Army;—and also 'that you' may have laid before you such grounds of our ends and aims to the preservation of the interest of honest men in Scotland as well as England, as will (if God vouchsafe to appear in them) give your conscience satisfaction. Which if you refuse, I hope you will not have cause to say that we are either unmindful of the great Name of the Lord which you have mentioned, nor that we are wanting to answer our profession of affection to those that fear the Lord.

I am willing to cease hostility, for some hours, or convenient time, to so good an end as information of judgment, and satisfaction of conscience;—although I may not give liberty for the time desired, to send to

[1] our perplexities are caused.

[2] Swinton, Strahan, Hope of Craighall, &c.

the Committee of Estates; or at all stay the prosecution of my attempt.

Expecting your sudden answer, I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Governor's Reply, No. 3, comes out on Saturday:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General of the English Forces in Scotland: These.*

"Edinburgh Castle, 14th December, 1650.

"MY LORD,—What I pressed, in my last, proceeded from "conscience and not from policy: and I conceived that the "few days desired could not be of such prejudice to your "affairs, as to bar the desired expressions of professed affec- "tion towards those that fear the Lord. And I expected that "a small delay of our own[1] affairs should not have prepon- "derated the satisfaction of a desire pressed in so serious and "solemn a manner for satisfying conscience.

"But if you will needs persist in denial, I shall desire to "hear the information of late proceedings from such as I dare "trust, and 'as' have had occasion to know the certainty of "things. Such I hope you will permit to come alongst at the "first convenience, and during that time all acts of hostility, "and prosecution of attempts, be forborne on both sides. I "am, my Lord, your humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 3:

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 97).

[1] 'our own,' *one's own.*

LETTER CLVII.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 14th December, 1650.

You will give me leave to be sensible of delays out of conscience of duty 'too.'

If you please to name any you would speak with 'who are' now in Town, they shall have liberty to come and speak with you for one hour, if they will; provided you send presently. I expect there be no loss of time. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Governor Dundas applies hereupon for Mr. Alexander Jaffray and the Reverend John Carstairs to be sent to him: two official persons, whom we saw made captive in Dunbar Drove, who have ever since been Prisoners-on-parole with his Excellency; doing now and then an occasional message for him; much meditating on him and his ways. Who very naturally decline to be concerned with so delicate an operation as this now on hand,—in the following characteristic Note, enclosed in his Excellency's Reply, No. 4:

LETTER CLVIII.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 14th December, 1650.

Having acquainted the Gentlemen with your desire to speak with them, and they making some

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 97).

difficulty of it, 'they' have desired me to send you this enclosed. I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.'

Here is 'this enclosed:'

"*For the Right Honourable the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.*

"Edinburgh, 14th December, 1650.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—We now hearing that you was "desirous to speak with us for your information of the pos- "ture of affairs, we would be glad, and we think you make "no doubt of it, to be refreshing or useful to you in anything; "but the matter is of so high concernment, especially since "it may be you will lean somewhat upon our information in "managing that important trust put upon you, that we dare "not take upon us to meddle: ye may therefore do as ye find "yourselves clear and in capacity; and the Lord be with you: "We are, Sir, your honour's humble servants, wellwishers in "the Lord,

"AL. JAFFRAY.

"JO. CARSTAIRS."

So that, for this Saturday, nothing can be done. On Sunday, we suppose, Mr. Stapylton, in black, teaches in St. Giles's; and other qualified persons, some of them in red with belts, teach in other Kirks; the Scots, much taken with the doctrine, 'answering in their usual way of groans,' Hum-m-m-rrh!—and on Monday, it is like, the cannons and mortar-pieces begin to teach again, or indicate that they can at once begin. Wherefore, on Wednesday, here is a new Note from

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98).

Governor Dundas; which we shall call Reply No. 4, from that much-straitened Gentleman:

"Edinburgh Castle, 18th December, 1650.

"My Lord,—I expected that conscience, which you pre- "tended to be your motive that did induce you to summon "this house before you did attempt anything against it, should "also have moved you to have expected my Answer to your "Demand of the house; which I could not, out of conscience, "suddenly give without mature deliberation; it being a busi- "ness of such high importance. You having refused that "little time, which I did demand to the effect I might receive "the commands of them that did intrust me with this place; "and" I "yet not daring to fulfil your desire,—I do demand "such a competent time as may be condescended upon betwixt "us, within which if no relief come, I shall surrender this "place upon such honourable conditions as can be agreed "upon by capitulation; and during which time all acts of "hostility and prosecution of attempts on both sides may be "forborne. I am, my Lord, your humble servant,

"W. Dundas."*

The Lord General's Reply, No. 5:

LETTER CLIX.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Sir, Edinburgh, 18th December, 1650.

All that I have to say is shortly this: That if you will send out Commissioners by eleven o'clock this night, thoroughly instructed and authorised

to treat and conclude, you may have terms, honourable and safe to you, and 'to' those whose interests are concerned in the things that are with you. I shall give a safe-conduct to such whose names you shall send within the time limited, and order to forbear shooting at their coming forth and going in.

To this I expect your answer within one hour, and rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Reply, No. 5:

"Edinburgh Castle, 18th December, 1650.

"MY LORD,—I have thought upon these two Gentlemen "whose names are here mentioned; to wit, Major Andrew "Abernethy and Captain Robert Henderson; whom I pur- "pose to send out instructed, in order to the carrying-on "the Capitulation. Therefore expecting a safe-conduct for "them with this bearer,—I rest, my Lord, your humble ser- "vant,

"W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 6:

LETTER CLX.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 18th December, 1650.

I have, here enclosed, sent you a safe-conduct for the coming forth and return of the Gentle-

Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98).

men you desire; and have appointed and authorised Colonel Monk and Lieutenant-Colonel White to meet with your Commissioners, at the house in the safe-conduct mentioned: there to treat and conclude of the Capitulation on my part. I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Here is his Excellency's Pass or safe-conduct for them:

PASS.

To all Officers and Soldiers under my Command.

YOU are on sight hereof to suffer Major Andrew Abernethy and Captain Robert Henderson to come forth of Edinburgh Castle, to the house of Mr. Wallace in Edinburgh, and to return back into the said Castle, without any trouble or molestation.

Given under my hand, this 18th December, 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

By tomorrow morning, in Mr. Wallace's House, Colonel Monk and the other Three have agreed upon handsome terms; of which, except what indicates itself in the following Proclamation, published by beat of drum the same day, we need say nothing. All was handsome, just and honourable, as the case permitted; my Lord General being extremely anxious to gain this place, and conciliate the Godly People of the Nation. By one of the conditions, the Public Registers, now deposited in the Castle, are to be accurately bundled up by authorised

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98). † Ibid. p. 99.

persons, and carried to Stirling, or whither the Authorities please; concerning which some question afterwards accidentally rises.

PROCLAMATION.

To be proclaimed by the Marshal-general, by beat of drum, in Edinburgh and Leith.

WHEREAS there is an agreement of articles by treaty concluded betwixt myself and Colonel Walter Dundas, Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, which doth give free liberty to all Inhabitants adjacent, and all other persons who have any goods in the said Castle, to fetch forth the same from thence:

These are therefore to declare, That all such people before mentioned who have any goods in the Castle, as is before expressed, shall have free liberty between this present Thursday the 19th instant and Tuesday the 24th, To repair to the Castle, and to fetch away their goods, without let or molestation. And I do hereby further declare and require all Officers and Soldiers of this Army, That they take strict care, that no violation be done to any person or persons fetching away their goods, and carrying them to such place or places as to them seemeth fit. And if it shall so fall out that any Soldier shall be found willingly or wilfully to do anything contrary hereunto, he shall suffer death for the same. And if it shall appear that any Officer shall, either through connivance or otherwise, do or suffer 'to be done' anything contrary to and against the said Pro-

clamation, wherein it might lie in his power to prevent or hinder the same, he the said Officer shall likewise suffer death.

Given under my hand the 19th of December, 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'It is now Thursday: we gain admittance to the Castle on the Tuesday following, and the Scotch forces march away,—in a somewhat confused manner, I conceive. For Governor Dundas and the other parties implicated are considered little better than traitors, at Stirling: in fact, they are, openly or secretly, of the Remonstrant or Protester species; and may as well come over to Cromwell;—which at once or gradually the most of them do. What became of the Clergy, let us not inquire: Remonstrants or Resolutioners, confused times await them! Of which here and there a glimpse may turn up as we proceed. The Lord General has now done with Scotch Treaties; the Malignants and Quasi-Malignants are ranked in one definite body; and he may smite without reluctance. Here is his Letter to the Speaker on this business. After which, we may hope, the rest of his Scotch Letters may be given in a mass; sufficiently legible without commentary of ours.

LETTER CLXI.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Edinburgh, 24th Dec. 1650.

It hath pleased God to cause this Castle of Edinburgh to be surrendered into our

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 99).

hands, this day about eleven o'clock. I thought fit to give you such account thereof as I could, and 'as' the shortness of time would permit.

I sent a Summons to the Castle upon the 12th instant; which occasioned several Exchanges and Replies, which, for their unusualness, I also thought fit humbly to present to you.[1] Indeed the mercy is very great, and seasonable. I think, I need to say little of the strength of the place; which, if it had not come in as it did, would have cost very much blood to have attained, if at all to be attained; and did tie up your Army to that inconvenience, That little or nothing could have been attempted whilst this was in design; or little fruit had of any thing brought into your power by your Army hitherto, without it. I must needs say, not any skill or wisdom of ours, but the good hand of God hath given you this place.

I believe all Scotland hath not in it so much brass ordnance as this place. I send you here enclosed a List thereof,[2] and of the arms and ammunition, so well as they could be taken on a sudden. Not having more at present to trouble you with, I take leave, and rest,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[3]

[1] We have already read them.

[2] Drakes, minions, murderers, monkeys, of brass and iron,—not interesting to us, except it be 'the great iron murderer called *Muckle-Meg*,' already in existence, and still held in some confused remembrance in those Northern parts.

[3] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 99).

LETTERS CLXII.—CLXXXI.

THE Lord General is now settled at Edinburgh till the season for campaigning return. Tradition still reports him as lodged, as in 1648, in that same spacious and sumptuous 'Earl of Murrie's House in the Cannigate;' credibly enough; though Tradition does not in this instance produce any written voucher hitherto. The Lord General, as we shall find by and by, falls dangerously sick here; worn down by over-work and the rugged climate.

The Scots lie entrenched at Stirling, diligently raising new levies; parliamenting and committee-ing diligently at Perth;—crown their King at Scone Kirk, on the First of January,[1] in token that they have now all 'complied' with him. The Lord General is virtually master of all Scotland south of the Forth;—fortifies, before long, a Garrison as far west as 'Newark,'[2] which we now call Port Glasgow, on the Clyde. How his forces had to occupy themselves, reducing detached Castles; coercing Mosstroopers; and, in detail, bringing the Country to obedience, the old Books at great length say, and the reader here shall fancy in his mind. Take the following two little traits from Whitlocke, and spread them out to the due expansion and reduplication:

'*February* 3*d*, 1650. Letters that Colonel Fenwick summoned Hume Castle to be surrendered to General Cromwell. 'The Governor answered, "I know not Cromwell; and as for

[1] Minute description of the ceremony, in Somers Tracts, vi. 117.

[2] Milton State-Papers, p. 84.

'my Castle, it is built on a rock." Whereupon Colonel Fen-'wick played upon him' a little 'with the great guns.' But the Gover[illegible]or still would not yield; nay sent a Letter couched in these singular terms:

> "I, William of the Wastle,
> Am now in my Castle;
> And aw the dogs in the town
> Shanna gar[1] me gang down."

So that there remained nothing but opening the mortars upon this William of the Wastle; which did gar him gang down,—more fool than he went up.

We also read how Colonel Hacker and others rooted out bodies of Mosstroopers from Strength after Strength; and 'took much oatmeal,' which must have been very useful there. But this little Entry, a few days subsequent to that of Willie Wastle, affected us most: 'Letters that the Scots in a Village 'called Geddard rose, and armed themselves; and set upon 'Captain Dawson as he returned from pursuing some Moss-'troopers;—killed his guide and trumpet; and took Dawson 'and eight of his party, and after having given them quarter, 'killed them all in cold blood.'[2] In which 'Village called Geddard,' do not some readers recognise a known place, *Jeddart* or *Jedburgh*, friendly enough to Mosstroopers? and in the transaction itself, a notable example of what is called 'Jeddart Justice,'—killing a man whom you have a pique at; killing him first, to make sure, and then judging him!—However there come Letters too, 'That the English soldiers married divers of the Scots Women;' which was an excellent movement on their part;—and may serve as the concluding feature here.

[1] 'Shand garre' is Whitlocke's reading.

[2] 14 Feb. 1650 (Whitlocke, p. 464).

LETTER CLXII.

THE 'Empson' of this Letter, who is now to have a Company in Hacker's regiment, was transiently visible to us once already, as 'Lieutenant Empson of my regiment,' in the Skirmish at Musselburgh, four months ago.[1] Hacker is the well-known Colonel Francis Hacker, who attended the King on the scaffold; having a signed Warrant, which we have read, addressed to him and two other Officers to that effect. The most conspicuous, but by no means the most approved, of his military services to this Country! For which one indeed, in overbalance to many others, he was rewarded with death after the Restoration. A Rutlandshire man; a Captain from the beginning of the War; and rather favourably visible, from time to time, all along. Of whom a kind of continuous Outline of a Biography, considerably different from Caulfield's and other inane Accounts of him,[2] might still be gathered, did it much concern us here. To all appearance, a somewhat taciturn, somewhat indignant, very swift, resolute and valiant man. He died for his share in the Regicide; but did not profess to repent of it; intimated, in his taciturn way, that he was willing to accept the results of it, and answer for it in a much higher Court than the Westminster one. We are indeed to understand generally, in spite of the light phrase which Cromwell reprimands in this Letter, that Hacker was a religious man; and in his regicides and other operations, did not act without some warrant that was very satisfactory to him. For the present he has much to do with Mosstroopers; very active upon them;—for which 'Peebles' is a good locality. He continues

[1] Letter CXXXV., antea, p. 19.

[2] Caulfield's High Court of Justice, pp. 83-7; Trials of the Regicides, &c.

visible as a Republican to the last; is appointed 'to raise a regiment' for the expiring Cause in 1659,—in which, what a little concerns us, this same 'Hubbert' here in question is to be his Major.[1]

To the Honourable Colonel Hacker, at Peebles or elsewhere: These.

SIR, 'Edinburgh,' 25th December, 1650.

I have 'used' the best consideration I can, for the present, in this business; and although I believe Captain Hubbert is a worthy man, and hear so much, yet, as the case stands, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself and some others, revoke the Commission I had given to Captain Empson, without offence to them, and reflection upon my own judgment.

I pray let Captain Hubbert know I shall not be unmindful of him, and that no disrespect is intended to him. But indeed I was not satisfied with your last speech to me about Empson, That he was a better preacher than fighter or soldier,—or words to that effect. Truly I think he that prays and preaches best will fight best. I know nothing 'that' will give like courage and confidence as the knowledge of God in Christ will; and I bless God to see any in this Army able and willing to impart the knowledge they have, for the good of others. And I expect it be encouraged, by all the Chief Officers in this Army especially; and I hope you will do so. I pray receive Captain

[1] Commons Journals, vii. 669, 675, 824.

Empson lovingly; I dare assure you he is a good man and a good officer; I would we had no worse. I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CLXIII.

LETTER Hundred-and-sixty-third relates to the exchange of three Prisoners whom we saw taken in Dunbar Drove, and have had an occasional glimpse of since. Before reading it, let us read another Letter, which is quite unconnected with this; but which lies, as we may see, on the Lord General's table in Moray House in the Canongate while he writes this;—and indeed is a unique of its kind: A Letter from the Lord General's Wife.

'My Lord Chief Justice' is Oliver St. John, known to us this long while; 'President' is Bradshaw; 'Speaker' is Lenthall: high official persons; to whom it were better if the Lord General took his Wife's advice, and wrote occasionally.

"The Lady Elizabeth Cromwell to her Husband the Lord General at Edinburgh.

"'Cockpit, London,' 27th December, 1650.

"MY DEAREST,—I wonder you should blame me for "writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one: I can- "not but think they are miscarried. Truly if I know my own

* Harris, p. 516; Lansdowne MSS., 1236, fol. 99, contains the *address*, which Harris has omitted.

"heart, I should as soon neglect myself as to 'omit'[1] the least "thought towards you, who in doing it, I must do it to my- "self. But when I do write, my Dear, I seldom have any "satisfactory answer; which makes me think my writing is "slighted; as well it may: but I cannot but think your love "covers my weakness and infirmities.

"I should rejoice to hear your desire in seeing me; but "I desire to submit to the Providence of God; hoping the "Lord, who hath separated us, and hath often brought us "together again, will in His good time bring us again, to the "praise of His name. Truly my life is but half a life in your "absence, did not the Lord make it up in Himself, which I "must acknowledge to the praise of His grace.

"I would you would think to write sometimes to your "dear friend, my Lord Chief Justice, of whom I have often "put you in mind. And truly, my Dear, if you would think "of what I put you in mind of some, it might be to as much "purpose as others;[2] writing sometimes a Letter to the Pre- "sident, and sometimes to the Speaker. Indeed, my Dear, "you cannot think the wrong you do yourself in the want of "a Letter, though it were but seldom. I pray think on;[3] and "so rest,—yours in all faithfulness,

"ELIZABETH CROMWELL."[4]

This Letter, in the original, is frightfully spelt; but other- wise exactly as here: the only Letter extant of this Heroine; and not unworthy of a glance from us. It is given in *Harris* too, and in *Noble* very incorrectly.

[1] Word torn out.

[2] The grammar bad; the meaning evident or discoverable,—and the bad grammar a part of that!

[3] 'think *of*' is the Lady's old phrase.

[4] Milton State-Papers, p. 40.

And now for the Letter concerning Provost Jaffray and his two fellow prisoners from Dunbar Drove.

For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General David Lesley: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 17th January, 1650.

I perceive by your last Letter you had not met with Mr. Carstairs[1] and Mr. Waugh, who were to apply themselves to you about Provost Jaffray's and their release, 'in exchange' for the Seamen and Officers. But I understood, by a Paper since shewn me by them under your hand, that you were contented to release the said Seamen and Officers for those three Persons,—who have had their discharges accordingly.

I am contented also to discharge the Lieutenant, 'in exchange' for the Four Troopers at Stirling, who hath solicited me to that purpose.

I have, here enclosed, sent you a Letter,[2] which I desire you to cause to be conveyed to the Committee of Estates; and that such return shall be sent back to me as they shall please to give.

I remain, Sir,
Your humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Here is a notice from Balfour:[3] At Perth, '22d November 1650 (*Rege præsente*,' the King being present, as usually after that Flight to the Grampian Hills he is allowed to be), 'the

[1] Custaires. [2] The next Letter.
* Thurloe, i. 172. Laigh Parliament House. [3] iv. 168.

'Committee of Estates remits to the Committee of Quarterings 'the exchange of Prisoners anent Mr. Alexander Jaffray and 'Mr. John Carstairs, Minister, with some English Prisoners 'in the Castle of Dunbarton.' Nevertheless, at this date, six or seven weeks after, the business is not yet perfected.

Alexander Jaffray, as we know already, is Provost of Aberdeen; a leading man for the Covenant from of old; and generally the Member for his Burgh in the Scotch Parliaments of these years. In particular, he sits as Commissioner for Aberdeen in the Parliament that met 4th January, 1649;[1] under which this disastrous Quarrel with the English began. He was famed afterwards (infamous it then meant) as among the first of the Scotch Quakers; he, with Barclay of Urie, and other lesser Fallen-Stars. Personal intercourse with Cromwell, the Sectary and Blasphemer, had much altered the notions of Mr. Alexander Jaffray. Baillie informed us, three months ago, he and Carstairs, then Prisoners-on-parole, were sent Westward by Cromwell 'to agent the Remonstrance,'—to guide towards some good issue the Ker-and-Strahan Negotiation; which, alas, could only be guided headlong into the ditches at Hamilton before daybreak, as we saw!—Jaffray sat afterwards in the Little Parliament; was an official person in Scotland,[2] and one of Cromwell's leading men there.

Carstairs, we have to say or repeat, is one of the Ministers of Glasgow: deep in the confused Remonstrant-Resolutioner Controversies of that day; though on which side precisely one does not altogether know, perhaps he himself hardly altogether knew. From Baillie, who has frequent notices of him, it is clear he tends strongly towards the Cromwell view in many

[1] Balfour, iii. 382.

[2] Ousted our friend Scotstarvet,—most unjustly, thinks he of the *Staggering State* (p. 181). There wanted only that to make the Homily on Life's Nothingness complete!

things; yet with repugnancies, anti-sectary and other, difficult for frail human nature. How he managed his life-pilotage in these circumstances shall concern himself mainly. His Son, I believe, is the 'Principal Carstairs,'[1] who became very celebrated among the Scotch Whigs in King William's time. He gets home to Glasgow now, where perhaps we shall see some glimpses of him again.

John Waugh (whom they spell *Vauch* and *Wauch*, and otherwise distort) was the painful Minister of Borrowstounness, in the Shire of Linlithgow. A man of many troubles, now and afterwards. Captive in the Dunbar Drove; still deaf he to the temptings of Sectary Cromwell; deafer than ever. In this month of January 1651, we perceive he gets his deliverance; returns with painfully increased experience, but little change of view derived from it, to his painful Ministry; where new tribulations await him. From Baillie[2] I gather that the painful Waugh's invincible tendency was to the Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side; and too strong withal;—no level sailing, or smooth pilotage, possible for poor Waugh! For as the Remonstrant, Protester, or Ker-and-Strahan Party, having joined itself to the Cromwellean, came ultimately to be dominant in Scotland, there ensued for straitlaced clerical individuals who would cling too desperately to the opposite Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side, very bad times. There ensued in the first place, very naturally, this, That the straitlaced individual, who would not cease to pray publicly *against* the now Governing Powers, was put out of his living: this; and if he grew still more desperate, worse than this.

Of both which destinies our poor straitlaced Waugh may serve to us as an emblem here. Some three years hence we find that the Cromwellean Government has, in Waugh's, as in various other cases, ejected the straitlaced Resolutioner, and

[1] Biog. Britann. *in voce*; somewhat indistinct. [2] iii. 248.

inducted a *loose*-laced Protester into his Kirk;—leaving poor Waugh the straitlaced to preach 'in a barn hard by.' And though the looselaced 'have but fifteen,' and the straitlaced 'all the Parish,' it matters not; the stipend and the Kirk go with him whose lacing is loose: one has nothing but one's barn left, and sad reflections. Nay in Waugh's case, the very barn, proving as is likely an arena of too vehement discourse, was taken away from him; and he, Waugh, was lodged in Prison, in the Castle of Edinburgh.[1] For Waugh 'named the King in his prayers,' he and 'Mr. Robert Knox' even went that length! In Baillie, under date 11th November, 1653, is a most doleful inflexible Letter from Waugh's own hand: "brought to the top of this rock," as his ultimate lodging-place; "having my habitation among the owls of the desert, "because of my very great uselessness and fruitlessness among "the sons of men." Yet he is right well satisfied, conscience yielding him a good &c. &c.—Poor Waugh, I wish he would reconsider himself. Whether it be absolutely indispensable to Christ's Kirk to have a Nell-Gwynn Defender set over it, even though descended from Elizabeth Muir; and if no other, not the bravest and devoutest of all British men, will do for that? O Waugh, it is a strange camera-obscura the head of man!—

LETTER CLXIV.

We have heard of many Mosstroopers: we heard once of a certain Watt, a Tenant of the Earl of Tweedale's, who being ruined out by the War, distinguished himself in this new course; and contemporary with him, of 'one Augustin a

[1] Baillie, iii. 248, 253, 228.

High-German.' To which latter some more special momentary notice now falls due.

Read Balfour's record, and then Cromwell's Letter. 'One 'Augustin, a High-German, being purged out of the Army 'before Dunbar Drove, but a stout and resolute young man, 'and lover of the Scots Nation,—imitating Watt,—in October 'or November this year, annoyed the Enemy very much; 'killing many of his stragglers; and made nightly infalls 'upon their quarters, taking and killing sometimes twenty, 'sometimes thirty, and more or less of them: whereby he 'both enriched himself and his followers, and greatly damni-'fied the Enemy. His chief abode was about and in the 'Mountains of Pentland and Soutra.'—And again, from Perth, 19th December, 1650: '*Memorandum*, That Augustin de-'parted from Fife with a party of Six-score horse; crossed 'at Blackness on Friday 13th December; forced Cromwell's 'guards; killed eighty men to the Enemy; put-in thirty-six 'men to Edinburgh Castle, with all sorts of spices, and some 'other things; took thirty-five horses and five prisoners, which 'he sent to Perth the 14th of this instant.' Which feat, with the spices and thirty-six men, could not indeed save Edinburgh Castle from surrendering, as we saw, next week; but did procure Captain Augustin 'thanks from the Lord Chancellor and Parliament in his Majesty's name,' and good outlooks for promotion in that quarter.[1]

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

MY LORDS, Edinburgh, 17th January, 1650.

Having been informed of divers barbarous murders and inhuman acts, perpetrated upon

[1] Balfour, iv. 166, 210, 214.

our men by one Augustin a German in employ under you, and one Ross a Lieutenant, I did send to Lieutenant-General David Lesley, desiring justice against the said persons. And to the end I might make good the fact upon them, I was willing either by commissioners on both parts, or in any other equal way, to have the charge proved.

The Lieutenant-General was pleased to allege a want of power from Public Authority to enable him herein: which occasions me to desire your Lordships that this business may be put into such a way as may give satisfaction;—whereby I may understand what rules your Lordships will hold during this sad Contest between the two Nations; 'rules' which may evidence the War to stand upon other pretences at least than the allowing of such actions will suppose.

Desiring your Lordships' answer, I rest,

My Lords,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

No effect whatever seems to have been produced by this Letter. The Scotch Quasi-Malignant Authorities have 'thanked' Augustin, and are determined to have all the benefit they can of him,—which cannot be much, one would think! In the following June accordingly we find him become '*Colonel* Augustin,' probably Major or Lieutenant-Colonel; quartered with Robin Montgomery 'at Dumfries;' giving 'an alarm to Carlisle,' but by no means taking it;—'falling in,' on another occasion, 'with Two-hundred picked men,' but very glad to

* Thurloe, i. 173. Laigh Parliament House.

fall out again, 'nearly all cut off.' In strong practical *Remonstrance* against which, the learned Bulstrode has Letters in November, vague but satisfactory, 'That the Scots themselves 'rose against Augustin, killed some of his men, and drove 'away the rest;' entirely disapproving of such courses and personages. And then finally in January following, 'Letters 'that Augustin the great robber in Scotland,—upon disband-'ing of the Marquis of Huntly's forces,' the last remnant of Scotch Malignancy for the present,—'went into the Orcades, 'and there took ship for Norway.'[1] Fair wind and full sea to him!—

LETTER CLXV.

An Official Medallist has arrived from London to take the Effigies of the Lord General, for a Medal commemorative of the Victory at Dunbar. The Effigies, Portrait, or 'Statue' as they sometimes call it, of the Lord General appears to be in a state of forwardness; but he would fain waive such a piece of vanity. The 'Gratuity to the Army' is a solid thing: but this of the Effigies, or Stamp of my poor transient unbeautiful Face—?—However, the Authorities, as we may surmise, have made up their mind.

For the Honourable the Committee of the Army, 'at London:' These.

Gentlemen, Edinburgh, 4th February, 1650.

It was not a little wonder to me to see that you should send Mr. Symonds so great a jour-

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 104); Whitlocke, 23 November, 1651; ib. 14 January, 1651-2.

ney, about a business importing so little, as far as it relates to me; whereas, if my poor opinion may not be rejected by you, I have to offer to that[1] which I think the most noble end, to wit, The Commemoration of that great Mercy at Dunbar, and the Gratuity to the Army. Which might be better expressed upon the Medal, by engraving, as on the one side the Parliament, which I hear was intended and will do singularly well, so on the other side an Army, with this Inscription over the head of it, *The Lord of Hosts*, which was our Word that day. Wherefore, if I may beg it as a favour from you, I most earnestly beseech you, if I may do it without offence, that it may be so. And if you think not fit to have it as I offer, you may alter it as you see cause; only I do think I may truly say, it will be very thankfully acknowledged by me, if you will spare the having my Effigies in it.

The Gentleman's pains and trouble hither have been very great; and I shall make it my second suit unto you that you will please to confer upon him that Employment which Nicholas Briot had before him: indeed the man is ingenious, and worthy of encouragement. I may not presume much; but if, at my request, and for my sake, he may obtain this favour, I shall put it upon the account of my obligations, which are not few; and, I hope, shall be found ready to acknowledge 'it,' and to approve myself,

Gentlemen,

Your most real servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL

[1] I should vote exclusively for that.

[*] Harris, p. 519.

Of 'Nicholas Briot' and 'Mr. Symonds,' since they have the honour of a passing relation to the Lord General, and still enjoy, or suffer, a kind of ghost-existence in the Dilettante memory, we may subjoin, rather than cancel, the following authentic particulars. In the Commons Journals of 20th August, 1642, it is: '*Ordered*, That the Earl of Warwick,' now Admiral of our Fleet, 'be desired that Monsieur Bryatt may have delivery 'of his wearing apparel; and all his other goods stayed at 'Scarborough, not belonging to Minting and Coining of 'Moneys.'—This Nicholas Bryatt, or Briot, then, must have been Chief Engraver for the Mint at the beginning of the Civil Wars. We perceive, he has gone to the King northward; but is here stopt at Scarborough, with all his baggage, by Warwick the Lord High Admiral: and is to get away. What became of him afterwards, or what was his history before, no man and hardly any Dilettante knows.

Symonds, Symons, or as the moderns call him, Simon, is still known as an approved Medal-maker. In the Commons Journals of 17th December, 1651, we find: '*Ordered*, That it 'be referred to the Council of State to take order that the 'sum of 300*l.* be paid unto Thomas Symons, which was agreed 'by the Committee appointed for that purpose to be paid unto 'him, for the Two Great Seals made by him, and the materials 'thereof: And that the said Council do take consideration of 'what farther recompense is fit to be given unto him for his 'extraordinary pains therein; and give order for the payment 'of such sum of money as they shall think fit in respect 'thereof.'

An earlier entry, which still more concerns us here, is an Order, in favour of one whose name has not reached the Clerk, and is now indicated only by stars, That the Council of State shall pay him for 'making the Statue of the General,'—doubtless this Medal or Effigies of the General; the name indicated

by stars being again that of Symonds. The Order, we observe, has the same date as the present Letter.[1] The Medal of Cromwell, executed on this occasion, still exists, and is said to be a good likeness.[2] The Committee-men had not taken my Lord General's advice about the Parliament, about the Army with the Lord of Hosts, and the total omitting of his own Effigies. Vertue published Engravings of all these Medals of Simon (as he spells him) in the year 1753.

The 'Two Great Seals,' mentioned in the Excerpt above, are also worth a word from us. There had a good few Great Seals to be made in the course of this War; all by Symonds: of whom, with reference thereto, we find, in authentic quarters, various notices, of years long prior and posterior to this. The *first* of all the 'new Great Seals' was the one made, after infinite debates and hesitations, in 1643, when Lord Keeper Lyttleton ran away with the original: Symonds was the maker of this, as other entries of the same Rhadamanthine Commons Journals instruct us: On the 11th July, 1643, Henry Marten is to bring 'the man' that will make the new Great Seal, and let us see him 'tomorrow;' which man it turns out, at sight of him, not 'tomorrow,' but a week after, on the 19th July, is 'Mr. Simonds,'[3]—who, we find farther, is to have' 100*l.* for his work; 40*l.* in hand, 30*l.* so soon as his work is done, and the other 30*l.* one knows not when. Symonds made the Seal duly; but as for his payment, we fear it was not very duly made. Of course when the Commonwealth and Council of State began, a couple of new Great Seals were needed; and these too, as we see above, Symonds made; and is *to be* paid for them, and for the General's Statue;—which we hope he was, but are not sure!

Other new Seals, Great and Not-so-great, in the subsequent

[1] Commons Journals, 4 February, 1650-1. [2] Harris, p. 513.
[3] Commons Journals, iii. 162, 174.

mutations, were needed; and assiduous Symonds made them all. Nevertheless, in 1659, when the Protectorate under Richard was staggering towards ruin, we find 'Mr. Thomas Symonds Chief Graver of the Mint and Seals,' repeatedly turning up with new Seals, new *order* for payment, and new indication that the order was but incompletely complied with.[1] May 14th, 1659, he has made a new and newest Great Seal; he is to be paid for that, and 'for the former, for which he yet remains unsatisfied.' Also on the 24th May, 1659,[2] the Council of State get a new Seal from him. Then on the 22d August, on the Rump Parliament's re-assembling, he makes a 'new Parliament Seal;' and presents a modest Petition to have his money paid him: *order* is granted very promptly to that end; 'his debt to be paid for this Seal, and for all former work 'done by him;'—we *hope*, with complete effect.[3]

The Restoration soon followed, and Symonds continued still in the Mint under Charles II.; when it is not very likely his claims were much better attended to; the brave Hollar, and other brave Artists, having their own difficulties to get life kept-in, during those rare times, Mr. Rigmarole!—Symonds, we see, did get the place of Nicholas Briot; and found it, like other brave men's places, full of hard work and short rations. Enough now of Symonds and the Seals and Effigies.

LETTER CLXVI.

ALONG with Symonds, various English strangers, we perceive, are arriving or arrived, on miscellaneous business with the

[1] Commons Journals, vii. 654.
[2] Ibid. vii. 663.
[3] Ibid. vii. 654, 663, 765.

Lord General in his Winter-quarters. Part of the Oxford Caput is here in Edinburgh, with 'a very high testimony of respect;' whom, in those same hours, the Lord General dismisses honourably with their Answer.

We are to premise that Oxford University, which at the end of the First Civil War had been found in a most broken, Malignant, altogether waste and ruinous condition, was afterwards, not without difficulty, and immense patience on the part of the Parliament Commissioners, radically reformed. Philip Earl of Pembroke, he of the loud voice, who dined once with Bulstrode in the Guildhall;[1] he, as Chancellor of the University, had at last to go down in person, in the Spring of 1648;—put the intemperate Dr. Fell, incorrigible otherwise, under lock and key; left the incorrigible Mrs. Dr. Fell, 'whom the soldiers had to carry out in her chair,' 'sitting in the quadrangle;' appointed a new Vice-Chancellor, new Heads where needful,—and, on the whole, swept the University clean of much loud Nonsense, and left some Piety and Sense, the best he could meet with, at work there in its stead.[2] At work, with earnest diligence and good success, as it has since continued actually to be,—for the contemporary clamours and *Querelas* about Vandalism, Destruction of Learning, and so forth, prove on examination to be mere agonised shrieks, and unmelodious hysterical wind, forgettable by all creatures. Not easily before or since could the Two Universities give such account of them-

[1] Antea, vol. ii. p. 163.

[2] Act and Visitors' names in Scobell, i. 116 (1 May, 1647); see Commons Journals, v. 83-142 (10 February—15 April, 1647): 8 March, 1647-8, Chancellor Pembroke is to go (Neal, ii. 307; Walker, i. 133); makes report, and is thanked, 21 April, 1648 (Commons Journals, v. 538). Copious history of the proceedings, from the Puritan side, in Neal, ii. 290-314; and from the Royalist side, in Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, i. 124-142, which latter, amid its tempestuous froth, has many entertaining traits.

selves to mankind, under all categories, human and divine, as during those Puritan years.

But now Philip of Pembroke, the loud-voiced Chancellor of Oxford, is dead; and the reformed University, after due consultation, has elected the Lord General in his stead; to which 'high testimony' here is his response.—'Dr. Greenwood,' who I think has some cast about his eyes, is otherwise a most recommendable man: 'Bachelor, then Doctor of Divinity, 'sometimes Fellow of Brasenose College,' says Royalist Anthony,[1] 'and lately made Principal of the said College by the 'Committee and Parliamentary Visitors; a severe and good 'Governor, as well in his Vice-Chancellorship as Principality; 'continued till the King's return, and then'—

To the Reverend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and other Members of the Convocation.

HONOURED GENTLEMEN, Edinburgh, 4th Feb. 1650.

I have received, by the hands of those worthy Persons of your University sent by you into Scotland, a Testimony of very high respect and honour, in 'your' choosing me to be your Chancellor. Which deserves a fuller return, of deep resentment, value and acknowledgment, than I am any ways able to make. Only give me leave a little to expostulate, on your and my own behalf. I confess it was in your freedom to elect, and it would be very uningenious in me to reflect upon your action; only (though somewhat late) let me advise you of my unfitness to answer the ends of so

[1] Wood's Fasti, ii. 157 (in Athenæ, iv.), of July, 1649.

great a Service and Obligation, with some things very obvious.

I suppose a principal aim in such elections hath not only respected abilities and interest to serve you, but freedom 'as' to opportunities of time and place. As the first may not be well supposed, so the want of the latter may well become me to represent to you. You know where Providence hath placed me for the present; and to what I am related if this call were off,[1]—I being tied to attendance in another Land as much out of the way of serving you as this, for some certain time yet to come appointed by the Parliament. The known esteem and honour of this place is such, that I should wrong it and your favour very much, and your freedom in choosing me, if, either by pretended modesty or in any unbenign way, I should dispute the acceptance of it. Only I hope it will not be imputed to me as a neglect towards you, that I cannot serve you in the measure I desire.

I offer these exceptions with all candour and clearness to you, as 'leaving you' most free to mend your choice in case you think them reasonable; and shall not reckon myself the less obliged to do all good offices for the University. But if these prevail not, and that I must continue this honour,—until I can personally serve you, you shall not want my prayers That that seed and stock of Piety and Learning, so marvellously springing up amongst you, may be useful to that great and glorious Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ; of

[1] Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 'for three years to come' (Commons Journals, vi. 239), 22 June, 1649.

the approach of which so plentiful an effusion of the Spirit upon those hopeful plants is one of the best presages.* And in all other things I shall, by the Divine assistance, improve my poor abilities and interests in manifesting myself, to the University and yourselves,

Your most cordial friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On the same Tuesday, 4th February, 1650-1, while the Lord General is writing this and the former Letter, his Army, issuing from its Leith Citadel and other Winter-quarters, has marched westward towards Stirling; he himself follows on the morrow. His Army on Tuesday got to Linlithgow; the Lord General overtook them at Falkirk on Wednesday. Two such days of wind, hail, snow and rain as made our soldiers very uncomfortable indeed. On Friday, the morning proving fair, we set out again; got to Kilsyth;—but the hail-reservoirs also opened on us again: we found it impossible to get along; and so returned, by the road we came; back to Edinburgh on Saturday,[1]—coated with white sleet, but endeavouring not to be discouraged. We hope we much terrified the Scots at Stirling; but the hail-reservoirs proved friendly to them.

LETTER CLXVII.

THE Oxford Convocation has received the foregoing Letter, 'canting Letter sent thereunto,' as crabbed Anthony desig-

* From the Archives of Oxford University; communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

[1] Perfect Diurnal (in Cromwelliana, p. 100).

nates it, 'dated at Edinburgh on the 4th of February,' and now at length made public in print; they have 'read it in 'Convocation,' continues Anthony, 'whereat the Members made 'the House resound with their cheerful acclamations;'[1]—and the Lord General is and continues their Chancellor; encouraging and helping forward them and their work, in many ways, amid his weighty affairs, in a really faithful manner. As begins to be credible without much proof of ours, and might still be abundantly proved if needful.

'Here however, in the first blush of the business, comes Mr. Waterhouse, with a small recommendation from the Lord General; 'John Waterhouse of Great Greenford in Middlesex, son of Francis Waterhouse by Bridget his wife,' if anybody want to know him better;[2]—'a student heretofore for eighteen years in Trinity College, Cambridge,' a meritorious Man and Healer since; whom one may well decorate with a Degree, or decorate a Degree with, by the next opportunity.

To my very worthy Friend, Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

SIR, Edinburgh, 14th February, 1650.

This Gentleman, Mr. Waterhouse, went over into Ireland as Physician to the Army there; of whose diligence, fidelity and abilities I had much experience. Whilst I was there, he constantly attended the Army: and having, to my own knowledge, done very much good to the Officers and Soldiers, by his

[1] Fasti, ii. 159.

[2] Ibid. 163: 'created Doctor of Physic by virtue of the Letters of Oliver Cromwell, General' (12 March, 1650-1).

skill and industry;—and being upon urgent occasion lately come into England, 'he' hath desired me to recommend him for the obtaining of the degree of Doctor in that Science. Wherefore I earnestly desire you that, when he shall repair to you, you[1] will give him your best assistance for the obtaining of the said Degree; he being shortly to return back to his charge in Ireland.

By doing whereof, as you will encourage one who is willing and ready to serve the Public, so you will also lay a very great obligation upon,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

LETTER CLXVIII.

COLONEL ROBERT LILBURN, a stout impetuous soldier, as both his Brothers were, and steady to his side as neither of them was, had the honour, at a critical time, in the summer of 1648, while Duke Hamilton and his Scots were about invading us, to do the State good service, as we transiently saw;[2] —to beat down, namely, and quite suppress, in Lancashire a certain Sir Richard Tempest and his hot levyings of '1000 horse,' and indeed thereby to suppress all such levyings on behalf of the said Duke, in those Northern parts. An important, and at the time most welcome service. Letter of

[1] 'that you' in the hasty original.

[*] From the Archives of Oxford University; communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

[2] Antea, vol. ii. p. 12.

thanks, in consequence; reward of 1000*l.* in consequence,—reward voted, never yet paid, nor, as would seem, likely soon to be. Colonel Robert will take Delinquents' lands for his 1000*l.*; will buy Bear Park, with it and with other debentures or moneys: Bear Park, once *Beaurepaire*, a pleasant manor near native Durham, belongs to the Cathedral land; and might answer both parties, would the Committee of Obstructions move.

To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 8th March, 1650.

I am informed that Colonel Robert Lilburn is like to be damnified very much, in relation to his purchase of the Manor of Bear Park in the County of Durham, by being employed in the service of the Commonwealth in[1] Scotland:—which business (as I understand), upon his Petition to the Parliament, was referred to the Committee of Obstructions, and a Report thereof hath lain ready in the hands of Mr. John Corbet, a long time, unreported.

I do therefore humbly desire that the House may be moved to take the said Report into speedy consideration, that so Colonel Lilburn may have redress therein, according as you think fit; and that his readiness and willingness to return to his charge here, and leave his own affairs to serve the Public, may not turn to his disadvantage. I doubt not but those services he hath

[1] 'of' *in orig.*

done in England and here will be a sufficient motive to gratify him herein; which shall be acknowledged by,

Sir,
Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

Committee of Obstructions, 'a Committee for *removing* Obstructions to the Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands,' does accordingly bestir itself; and on Tuesday 18th March, the due order is given.[1] To which, we doubt not, as the matter then drops, effect was given,—till the Restoration came, and ousted Colonel Robert and some others. Whether the Colonel personally ever lived at Bear Park, or has left any trace of his presence there, the County Histories and other accessible records are silent.

LETTER CLXIX.

HERE next, from another quarter, is a new University matter, —Project of a College at Durham; emerging incidentally like a green fruitful islet from amid the dim storms of War; agreeably arresting the eye for a moment.

Concerning which read in the Commons Journals of May last: 'A Letter from the Sheriff and Gentlemen of the County 'of *Duresme*, dated 24th April, 1650; with a Paper' or Petition of the same date, '"delivered-in by the Grand Jury at the 'Sessions of the Peace holden at Duresme the 24th of April, '1650, To be presented to the Honourable Parliament of this

[1] Baker MSS. (Trin. Coll. Cambridge), xxxv. 79.

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 492 (7 November, 1650), his 'Petition,' referred to in this Letter; *ib.* 549 (18 March, 1650), due 'redress' to him.

'Nation,"—were this day read. *Ordered*, That it be referred to 'the Committee of Obstructions for Sale of Dean-and-Chapter 'Lands, to consider these Desires of the Gentlemen and others 'of that County, touching the converting some of the Build-'ings at Duresme called the "College," which were the Houses 'of the late Dean and Chapter, into some College or School 'of Literature; to state the business, to'[1]—in short, to get on with it if possible.

This was some ten months ago, but still there is no visible way made; and now in the wild Spring weather here has been, I suppose, some Deputation of the Northern Gentry riding through the wild mountains, with humane intent, to represent the matter to the Lord General at Edinburgh; from whom, if he pleased to help it forward, a word might be very furthersome. The Lord General is prompt with his word;—writes this Letter, as I find, this and the foregoing, in some interval of a painful fit of sickness he has been labouring under.

To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These.

SIR, Edinburgh, 11th March, 1650.

Having received information from the Mayor and Citizens of Durham, and some Gentlemen of the Northern Counties, That upon their Petition to the Parliament, "that the Houses of the late Dean and Chapter in the City of Durham might be converted into a College or School of Literature," the Parliament was pleased in May last to refer the same to the Committee

[1] Commons Journals, vi. 410 (8 May, 1650).

for Removing Obstructions in the sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands, "to consider thereon, and to report their opinion therein to the House:"[1] Which said Committee, as I am also informed, have so far approved thereof as that they are of an opinion That the said Houses will be a fit place to erect a College or School for all the Sciences and Literature, and that it will be a pious and laudable work and of great use to the Northern parts; and have ordered Sir Arthur Haselrig to make report thereof to the House accordingly: And the said Citizens and Gentlemen having made some address to me to contribute my assistance to them therein:

To which, in so good and pious a work, I could not but willingly and heartily concur. And not knowing wherein I might better serve them, or answer their desires, than by recommending the same to the Parliament by, Sir, yourself their Speaker,—I do therefore make it my humble and earnest request that the House may be moved, as speedily as conveniently may be, To hear the Report of the said Committee concerning the said Business, from Sir Arthur Haselrig; that so the House, taking the same into consideration, may do therein what shall seem meet for the good of those poor Countries.

Truly it seems to me a matter of great concernment and importance; as that which, by the blessing of God, may much conduce to the promoting of learning and piety in those poor rude and ignorant parts;—there being also many concurring advantages to this Place, as

[1] Commons Journals, *ubi supra*.

pleasantness and aptness of situation, healthful air, and plenty of provisions, which seem to favour and plead for their desires therein. And besides the good, so obvious to us, 'which' those Northern Counties may reap thereby, who knows but the setting on foot this work at this time may suit with God's present dispensations; and may,—if due care and circumspection be used in the right constituting and carrying on the same,—tend to, and by the blessing of God produce, such happy and glorious fruits as are scarce thought on or foreseen!

Sir, not doubting of your readiness and zeal to promote so good and public a work, I crave pardon for this boldness; and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Whereupon the Committee for Removing Obstructions does bestir itself; manages, in three months hence (for we do nothing rashly), to report[1] by 'Sir Arthur Haselrig, touching 'Duresme College-Buildings to be converted to a College or 'School for all the Sciences of Literature: That'—that—And, in brief, History itself has to report that the pious Project, thanks mainly to furtherance by the Lord General, whose power to further it increased by and by, did actually, some seven years hence, take effect;[2]—actually began giving Lessons

* Baker MSS. xxviii. 455: printed also in Hutchinson's *History of Durham*; and elsewhere.

[1] Commons Journals (vi. 589), 18 June, 1651.

[2] Protector's *Letters-Patent* of 15 May, 1657, following up his *Ordinance in Council* of the previous Year: Hutchinson's History of the County Palatine of Durham (Newcastle, 1785), i. 514-30. See Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, iii. 473 (Cambridge Petition against it: 18 April, 1659). 'Throwe apace,' says Hutchinson, 'till' &c.

of human Grammar, human Geography, Geometry, and other divine Knowledge, to the vacant human mind,—in those once sleepy Edifices, dark heretofore, or illuminated mainly by Dr. Cosins's Papistical waxlights or the like: and so continued, in spite of opposition, till the Blessed Restoration put a stop to it, and to some other things. In late years there is again some kind of Durham College giving Lessons,—I hope, with good success.

LETTER CLXX.

By that tempestuous sleety expedition in the beginning of February, my Lord General caught a dangerous illness, which hung about him, reappearing in three successive relapses, till June next; and greatly alarmed the Commonwealth and the Authorities. As this to Bradshaw, and various other Letters still indicate.

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

My Lord, Edinburgh, 24th March, 1650.

I do with all humble thankfulness acknowledge your high favour, and tender respect of me, expressed in your Letter, and the Express sent therewith to inquire after one so unworthy as myself.

Indeed, my Lord, your service needs not me: I am a poor creature; and have been a dry bone; and am still an unprofitable servant to my Master and you. I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness; but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise. But truly, my

Lord, I desire not to live, unless I may obtain mercy from the Lord to approve my heart and life to Him in more faithfulness and thankfulness, and 'to' those I serve in more profitableness and diligence. And I pray God, your Lordship, and all in public trust, may improve all those unparalleled experiences of the Lord's wonderful Workings in your sight, with singleness of heart to His glory, and the refreshment of His People; who are to Him as the apple of His eye; and upon whom your enemies, both former and latter, who have fallen before you, did split themselves.

This shall be the unfeigned prayer of,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

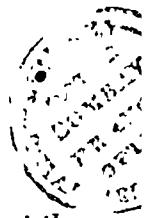
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

From Edinburgh, of date 18th March, by special Express we have this comfortable intelligence: 'The Lord General is 'now well recovered: he was in his dining-room today with 'his Officers, and was very cheerful and pleasant.' And the symptoms, we see, continue good and better on the 24th. 'So 'that there is not any fear, by the blessing of God, but our 'General will be enabled to take the field when the Provisions 'arrive.' 'Dr. Goddard' is attending him.[1] Before the end of the month he is on foot again; sieging Blackness, sieging the Island of Inchgarvie, or giving Colonel Monk directions to that end.

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 101).

[1] Ibid. pp. 100, 1.

LETTER CLXXI.



THE following Letter brings its own commentary:

For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.

MY DEAREST, 'Edinburgh,' 12th April, 1651.

I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man: But that will not satisfy me except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better; and get more of the light of His countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions:—in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee, and the dear Family; and God Almighty bless you all with His spiritual blessings.

Mind poor Betty of the Lord's great mercy. Oh, I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord; and to keep close to Him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them,—knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the Adversary is, and what way the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations. The Lord give them

truth of heart to Him. Let them seek Him in truth, and they shall find Him.

My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their Letters; let me have them often.

Beware of my Lord Herbert's resort to your house. If he do so, it may occasion scandal, as if I were bargaining with him. Indeed, be wise,—you know my meaning. Mind Sir Henry Vane of the business of my Estate. Mr. Floyd knows my whole mind in that matter.

If Dick Cromwell and his Wife be with you, my dear love to them. I pray for them; they shall, God willing, hear from me. I love them very dearly.—Truly I am not able as yet to write much. I am weary; and rest,

Thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Betty' and 'he' are Elizabeth Claypole and her Husband; of whom, for the curious, there is a longwinded intricate account by Noble,[1] but very little discoverable in it. They lived at Norborough, which is near Market Deeping, but in Northamptonshire; where, as already intimated, the Lady Protectress, Widow Elizabeth Cromwell, after the Restoration, found a retreat. 'They had at least three sons and daughters.' Claypole became 'Master of the Horse' to Oliver; sat in Parliament; made an elegant appearance in the world:—but dwindled sadly after his widowership; his second marriage ending in 'separation,' in a third *quasi-marriage*, and other

* Cole MSS. xxxiii. 37: a Copy; Copies are frequent.

[1] ii. 375, &c.

confusions, poor man! But as yet the Lady Claypole lives; bright and brave. 'Truly they are dear to me, very dear.'

'Dick Cromwell and his Wife' seem to be up in Town on a visit;—living much at their ease in the Cockpit, they. Brother Henry, in these same days, is out 'in the King's County' in Ireland; doing hard duty at 'Ballybawn,' and elsewhere,[1]—the distinguished Colonel Cromwell. And Deputy Ireton, with his labours, is wearing himself to death. In the same house, one works, another goes idle.

'The Lord Herbert' is Henry Somerset, eldest son of the now Marquis of Worcester,—of the Lord Glamorgan whom we knew slightly at Ragland, in underhand 'Irish Treaties' and such like; whose *Century of Inventions* is still slightly known to here and there a reader of Old Books. 'This Lord 'Herbert,' it seems, 'became Duke of Beaufort after the Re-'storation.' For obvious reasons, you are to 'beware of his 'resort to your house at present.' A kind of professed Protestant he, but come of rank Papists and Malignants; which may give rise to commentaries. One stupid Annotator on a certain Copy of this Letter says, 'His Lordship had an intrigue with Mrs. Claypole;'—which is evidently downright stupor and falsehood, like so much else.

LETTER CLXXII.

UPON the Surrender of Edinburgh Castle, due provision had been made for conveyance of the Public Writs and Registers to what quarter the Scotch Authorities might direct; and 'Passes,' under the Lord General's hand, duly granted for that

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).

end. Archibald Johnston, Lord Register, we conclude, had superintended the operation; had, after much labour, bundled the Public Writs properly together into masses, packages; and put them on shipboard, considering this the eligiblest mode of transport towards Stirling and the Scotch head-quarters at present. But now it has fallen out, in the middle of last month, that the said ship has been taken, as many ships and shallops on both sides now are; and the Public Writs are in jeopardy: whereupon ensues correspondence; and this fair Answer from my Lord General.

'*To the Honourable Archibald Johnston, Lord Register of Scotland: These.*'

MY LORD, Edinburgh, 12th April, 1651.

Upon the perusal of the Passes formerly given for the safe passing of the Public Writs and Registers of the Kingdom of Scotland, I do think they[1] ought to be restored: and they shall be so, to such persons as you shall appoint to receive them; with passes for persons and vessels, to carry them to such place as shall be appointed:—so that it be done within one month next following.

I herewith send you a Pass for your Servant to go into Fife, and to return with the other Clerks; and rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[1] The Writs and Registers.

* Thurloe, i. 117. Records of the Laigh Parliament House.

Warriston's answer, written on Monday, the 12th being Saturday, is given also in *Thurloe*. The Lord General's phrase, 'perusal of the Passes,' we now find is prospective, and means 'reperusal,' new sight of them by the Lord General; which, Archibald earnestly urges, is impossible; the original Passes being now far off in the hands of the Authorities, and the Writs in a state of imminent danger, lying in a ship at Leith, as Archibald obscurely intimates, which the English Governor has got his claws over, and keeps shut up in dock; with a considerable leak in her, too; very bad stowage for such goods.[1] Which obscure intimation of Archibald's becomes lucid to us, as to the Lord General it already was, when we read this sentence of Bulstrode's, under date 22d March, 1650-1: 'Letters that the Books and Goods be-'longing to the' Scotch 'King and Register were taken by 'the Parliament's ships; and another ship, laden with oats, 'meal, and other provisions, going to Fife: twenty-two pri-'soners.'[2] For captures and small sea-surprisals abound in the Frith at present; the Parliament-ships busy on one hand; and the 'Captain of the Bass,' the 'Shippers of Wemyss,' and the like active persons doing their duty on the other,—whereby infinite 'biscuit,' and such small ware, is from time to time realised.[3]

Without doubt the Public Writs were all redelivered, according to the justice of the case; and the term of 'one month' which Archibald pleads hard to get lengthened, was made into two, or the necessary time. Archibald's tone towards the Lord General is anxiously respectful, nay submissive and subject. In fact, Archibald belongs, if not by profession, yet by invincible tendency, to the Remonstrant Ker-and-Strahan Party; and looks dimly forward to a near time when

[1] Thurloe, ibid. [2] Whitlocke, p. 490.
[3] Balfour, iv. 204, 241, 251, &c.

there will be no refuge for him, and the like of him, but Cromwell. Strahan, in the month of January last, is already 'excommunicated, and solemnly delivered to the Devil, in the 'Church of Perth.'[1] This is what you have to look for, from a Quasi-Malignant set of men!

This Archibald, as is well known, sat afterwards in Cromwell's Parliaments; became 'one of Cromwell's Lords;' and ultimately lost his life for these dangerous services. Archibald Johnston of Warriston; loose-flowing Bishop Burnet's uncle by the Mother's side: a Lord Register of whom all the world has heard. Redactor of the Covenanters' protests, in 1637, and onwards; redactor perhaps of the Covenant itself; canny lynx-eyed Lawyer, and austere Presbyterian Zealot; full of fire, of heavy energy and gloom: in fact, a very notable character;—of whom our Scotch friends might do well to give us farther elucidations. Certain of his Letters edited by Lord Hailes,[2] a man of fine intelligence, though at that time ignorant of this subject, have proved well worth their paper and ink. Many more, it appears, still lie in the Edinburgh Archives. A good selection and edition of them were desirable. But, alas, will any human soul ever again *love* poor Warriston, and take pious pains with him, in this world? Properly it turns all upon that; and the chance seems rather dubious!—

SECOND VISIT TO GLASGOW.

THAT Note to Warriston, and the Letter to Elizabeth Cromwell, as may have been observed, are written on the same day,

[1] Balfour, iv. 240.

[2] Memorials and Letters in the reign of Charles I. (Glasgow, 1766).

Saturday 12th April, 1651. Directly after which, on Wednesday the 16th, there is a grand Muster of the Army on Musselburgh Links; preparatory to new operations. Blackness Fort has surrendered; Inchgarvie Island is beset by gunboats: Colonel Monk, we perceive, who has charge of these services, is to be made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance: and now there is to be an attack on Burntisland with gunboats, which also, one hopes, may succeed. As for the Army, it is to go westward this same afternoon; try whether cautious Lesley, straitened or assaulted from both west and east, will not come out of his Stirling fastness, so that some good may be done upon him. The Muster is held on Musselburgh Links; whereat the Lord General, making his appearance, is received 'with shouts and acclamations,' the sight of him infinitely comfortable to us.[1] The Lord General's health is somewhat re-established, though he has had relapses, and still tends a little towards ague. 'About three in the af-'ternoon' all is on march towards Hamilton; quarters 'mostly 'in the field there.' Where the Lord General himself arrives, on Friday night, late; and on the morrow afternoon we see Glasgow again.

Concerning which here are two notices from opposite points of the compass, curiously corroborative of one another; which we must not withhold. Face-to-face glimpses into the old dead actualities; worth rescuing with Cromwell in the centre of them.

The first is from Baillie;[2] shews us a glance of our old friend Carstairs withal. Read this fraction of a Letter: "Re-"verend and dear brother,—For preventing of mistakes," lest you should think us loose-laced, Remonstrant, sectarian individuals, "we have thought meet to advertise you that Crom-

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).

[2] (Glasgow, 22 April, 1651) iii. 165.

"well having come to Hamilton on Friday late, and to Glas-
"gow on Saturday with a body of his Army, sooner than we
"could well with safety have retired ourselves,"—there was nothing for it but to stay and abide him here! "On Sunday
"forenoon he came unexpectedly to the High Inner Kirk;
"where quietly he heard Mr. Robert Ramsay," unknown to common readers, "preach a very honest sermon, pertinent to
"his" Cromwell's "case. In the afternoon he came, as unex-
"pectedly, to the High Outer Kirk; where he heard Mr. John
"Carstairs," our old friend, "lecture, and" a "Mr. James
"Durham preach,—graciously, and well to the times as could
"have been desired." So that you see we are not of the loose-laced species, we! "And generally all who preached
"that day in the Town gave a fair enough testimony against
"the Sectaries."—Whereupon, next day, Cromwell sent for us to confer with him in a friendly manner. "All of us did
"meet to advise," for the case was grave: however, we have decided to go; nay are just going;—but, most unfortunately, do not write any record of our interview! Nothing, except some transient assertion elsewhere that "we had no disadvantage in the thing."[1]—So that now, from the opposite point of the compass, the old London Newspaper must come in; curiously confirmatory:

"Sir,—We came hither" to Glasgow "on Saturday last,
"April 19th. The Ministers and Townsmen generally stayed
"at home, and did not quit their habitations as formerly.
"The Ministers here have mostly deserted from the proceed-
"ings beyond the Water," at Perth,—and are in fact given to Remonstrant ways, though Mr. Baillie denies it: "yet they
"are equally dissatisfied with us. But though they preach
"against us in the pulpit to our faces, yet we permit them
"without disturbance, as willing to gain them by love.

[1] Baillie, iii. 168.

"My Lord General sent to them to give us a friendly "Christian meeting, To discourse of those things which they "rail against us for; that so, if possible, all misunderstand- "ings between us might be taken away. Which accordingly "they gave us on Wednesday last. There was no bitterness "nor passion vented on either side; all was with modera- "tion and tenderness. My Lord General and Major-General "Lambert, for the most part, maintained the discourse; and, "on their part, Mr. James Guthry and Mr. Patrick Gillespie.[1] "We know not what satisfaction they have received. Sure I "am, there was no such weight in their arguments as might "in the least discourage us from what we have undertaken; "the chief thing on which they insisted being our Invasion "into Scotland."[2]

The Army quitted Glasgow after some ten days; rather hastily, on Wednesday 30th April; pressing news, some false alarm of movements about Stirling, having arrived by express from the East. They marched again for Edinburgh; —quenched some foolish Town Riot, which had broken out among the Glasgow Baillies themselves, on some quarrel of their own; and was now tugging and wriggling, in a most unseemly manner, on the open streets, and likely to enlist the population generally, had not Cromwell's soldiers charitably scattered it asunder before they went.[3] In three days they were in Edinburgh again.

When a luminous body, such as Oliver Cromwell, happens

[1] 'Gelaspy' the Sectarian spells; in all particulars of facts he coincides with Baillie. Guthry and Gillespie, noted men in that time, published a 'Sum' of this Interview (Baillie, iii. 168), but nobody now knows it.

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).

[3] Ane Information concerning the late Tumult in Glasgow, Wednesday, April 30, at the very time of Cromwell's Removal (in Baillie, iii. 161).

to be crossing a dark Country, a dark Century, who knows what lie will not disclose to us! For example: On the Western edge of Lanarkshire, in the desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts, there dwelt at that time a worshipful Family of Scotch Lairds, of the name of Stewart, at a House called Allertoun,—a lean turreted angry-looking old Stone House, I take it; standing in some green place, in the alluvial hollows of the Auchter Burn or its tributaries: most obscure; standing lean and grim, like a thousand such; entirely unnoticeable by History,—had not Oliver chanced to pass in that direction, and make a call there! Here is an account of that event: unfortunately very vague, not written till the second generation after; indeed, palpably incorrect in some of its details; but indubitable as to the main fact; and too curious to be omitted here. The date, not given or hinted at in the original, seems to fix itself as Thursday, 1st May, 1651. On that day Auchter Burn, rushing idly on as usual, the grim old turreted Stone House, and rigorous Presbyterian inmates, and desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts in general,—saw Cromwell's face, and have become memorable to us. Here is the record given as we find it.[1]

'There was a fifth Son' of Sir Walter Stewart, Laird of Allertoun: 'James; who in his younger years was called "the 'Captain of Allertoun,"—from this incident: Oliver Crom-'well, Captain-General of the English Sectarian Army, after 'taking Edinburgh Castle, was making a Progress through the 'West of Scotland; and came down towards the River Clyde 'near Lanark, and was on his march back, against King Charles 'the Second's Army, then with the King at Stirling. Being 'informed of a near way through Auchtermuir, he came with 'some General Officers to reconnoitre; and had a Guide along.

[1] Coltness Collections, published by the Maitland Club (Glasgow, 1842), p. 9.

'Sir Walter, being a Royalist and Covenanter, had absconded. 'As he' Cromwell 'passed, he called in at Allertoun for a 'further Guide; but no men were to be found, save one vale-'tudinary Gentleman, Sir Walter's Son,'—properly a poor valetudinary Boy, as appears, who of course could do nothing for him.

'He found the road not practicable for carriages; and 'upon his return he called in at Sir Walter's House. There 'was none to entertain him but the Lady and Sir Walter's 'sickly Son. The good Woman was as much for the King 'and Royal Family as her Husband: but she offered the 'General the civilities of her House; and a glass of canary was 'presented. The General observed the forms of these times '(I have it from good authority), and he asked a blessing in 'a long pathetic grace before the cup went round;—he drank 'his good wishes[1] for the family, and asked for Sir Walter; 'and was pleased to say, His Mother was a Stewart's Daughter, 'and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy; and 'our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to han-'dle the hilt of one of the swords: upon which Oliver stroked 'his head, saying, "You are my little Captain;" and this was 'all the Commission our Captain of Allertoun ever had.

'The General called for some of his own wines for himself 'and other Officers,[2] and would have the Lady try his wine; 'and was so humane, When he saw the young Gentleman so 'maigre and indisposed, he said, Changing the climate might 'do good, and the South of France, Montpellier, was the place.

'Amidst all this humanity and politeness he omitted not, 'in person, to return thanks to God in a pointed grace after 'his repast; and after this hasted on his return to join the 'Army. The Lady had been a strenuous Royalist, and her 'Son a Captain in command at Dunbar; yet upon this inter-

[1] Certainly incorrect. [2] Imaginary.

'view with the General she abated much of her zeal. She 'said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and 'had that fear in him, and the true interest of Religion at 'heart.' A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has 'some small connexion with the Family concerns, and shews 'some little of the genius of these distracted times.'—And so we leave it; vague, but indubitable; standing on such basis as it has.

LETTER CLXXIII.

'For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.'

MY DEAREST, Edinburgh, 3d May, 1651.

I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write; yet indeed I love to write to my Dear, who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth: the Lord increase His favours to thee more and more. The great good thy soul can wish is, That the Lord lift upon thee the light of His countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good counsel and example to all those about thee, and hear all thy prayers, and accept thee always.

I am glad to hear thy Son and Daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some good opportunity of good advice to him. Present my duty to my Mother, my love to all the Family. Still pray for

Thine,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Harris, p. 517.

Written the day after his return to Edinburgh. 'Thy Son and Daughter' are, to all appearance, Richard and his Wife, who prolong their visit at the Cockpit. The good old 'Mother' is still spared with us, to have 'my duty' presented to her. A pale venerable Figure; who has lived to see strange things in this world;—can piously, in her good old tremulous heart, rejoice in such a Son.

Precisely in these days, a small ship driven by stress of weather into Ayr Harbour, and seized and searched by Cromwell's Garrison there, discloses a matter highly interesting to the Commonwealth. A Plot, namely, on the part of the English Presbyterian-Royalists, English Royalists Proper, and all manner of Malignant Interests in England, to unite with the Scots and their King: in which certain of the London Presbyterian Clergy, Christopher Love among others, are deeply involved. The little ship was bound for the Isle of Man, with tidings to the Earl of Derby concerning the affair; and now we have caught her within the Bars of Ayr; and the whole matter is made manifest![1] Reverend Christopher Love is laid hold of, 7th May; he and others: and the Council of State is busy. It is the same Christopher who preached at Uxbridge Treaty long since, That 'Heaven might as well think of uniting with Hell.' Were a new High Court of Justice once constituted, it will go hard with Christopher.

As for the Lord General, this march to Glasgow has thrown him into a new relapse, which his Doctor counts as the third since March last. The disease is now ague; comes and goes, till, in the end of this month the Council of State, as ordered by Parliament, requests him to return, in the meanwhile, to England for milder air;[2] and despatches two London Doctors

[1] Bates: History of the late Troubles in England (Translation of the *Elenchus Motuum*; London, 1685), Part ii. 115.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 476; Commons Journals (vi. 579), 27 May, 1651.

to him; whom the Lord Fairfax is kind enough to 'send in 'his own coach;' who arrive in Edinburgh on the 30th of May, 'and are affectionately entertained by my Lord.'[1] The two Doctors are Bates and Wright. Bates, in his loose-tongued *History of the Troubles*, redacted in after times, observes strict silence as to this Visit. Here is the Lord General's Answer; indicating with much thankfulness that he will not now need to return.

LETTER CLXXIV.

'*To the Lord President of the Council of State: These.*'

MY LORD, Edinburgh, 3d June, 1651.

I have received yours of the 27th of May; with an Order from the Parliament for my Liberty to return into England for change of air, that thereby I might the better recover my health. All which came unto me whilst Dr. Wright and Dr. Bates, whom your Lordship sent down, were with me.

I shall not need to recite the extremity of my last sickness: it was so violent that indeed my nature was not able to bear the weight thereof. But the Lord was pleased to deliver me, beyond expectation; and to give me cause to say once more, "He hath plucked me out of the grave!"[2]—My Lord, the indulgence of the Parliament expressed by their Order is a very high and

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 103).

[2] Psalm xxx. 3: 'hast brought up my soul from the grave;' or, lxxxvi. 3: 'delivered my soul from:' but 'plucked' is not in any of the texts.

undeserved favour: of which although it be fit I keep a thankful remembrance, yet I judge it would be too much presumption in me to[1] return a particular acknowledgment. I beseech you give me the boldness to return my humble thankfulness to the Council for sending two such worthy Persons, so great a journey, to visit me. From whom I have received much encouragement, and good directions for recovery of health and strength,—which I find 'now,' by the goodness of God, growing to such a state as may yet, if it be His good will, render me useful according to my poor ability, in the station wherein He hath set me.

I wish more steadiness in your Affairs here than to depend, in the least degree, upon so frail a thing as I am. Indeed they do not,—nor own any instrument. This Cause is of God, and it must prosper. Oh, that all that have any hand therein, being *so* persuaded, would gird up the loins of their mind, and endeavour in all things to walk worthy of the Lord! So prays,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Lord General's case was somewhat grave; at one time, it seemed hopeless for this summer. 'My Lord is not sensible that he is grown an old man.' The Officers were to proceed without him; directed by him from the distance. Here, however, is an improvement; and two days after, on the 5th

[1] 'not to' *in orig.*; — *dele* 'not.'

* Kimber's (anonymous) Life of Oliver Cromwell (London, 1724), p. 201; — does not say whence derived.

of June, the Lord General is seen abroad in his coach again; shakes his ailments and infirmities of age away, and takes the field in person once more. The Campaign is now vigorously begun; though as yet no great result follows from it.

On the 25th of June, the Army from all quarters reassembled 'in its old Camp on the Pentland Hills;' marched westward; left Linlithgow, July 2d, ever westward, with a view to force the Enemy from his strong ground about Stirling. Much pickeering, vapouring, and transient skirmishing ensues; but the Enemy, strongly entrenched at Torwood, secured by bogs and brooks, cannot be forced out. We take Calendar House, and do other insults, before their eyes; they will not come out. Cannonadings there are, 'from opposite Hills;' but not till it please the Enemy can there be any battle. David Lesley, second in rank, but real leader of the operations, is at his old trade again. The Problem is becoming difficult. We decide to get across into Fife; to take them in flank, and at least cut off an important part of their supplies.

Here is the Lord General's Letter on the result of that enterprise. Farther details of the Battle, which is briefly spoken of here,—still remembered in those parts as the *Battle of Inverkeithing*,—may be found in Lambert's own Letter concerning it.[1] 'Sir John Browne, their Major-General,' was once a zealous Parliamenteer; 'Governor of Abingdon' and much else; but the King gained him, growls Ludlow, 'by the gift of a pair of silk stockings,'—poor wretch! Besides Browne, there are Massey, and various Englishmen of mark with this Malignant Army. Massey's Brother, a subaltern person in London, is one of the conspirators with Christopher Love.—The Lord General has in the interim made his Third Visit to Glasgow; concerning which there are no details worth

[1] North Ferry, 22 July, 1651 (Whitlocke, p. 472): the Battle was on Sunday the 20th. See also Balfour, iv. 313.

giving here.[1] Christopher Love, on the 5th of this month, was condemned to die.[2]

LETTER CLXXV.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Linlithgow, 21st July, 1651.

After our waiting upon the Lord, and not knowing what course to take, for indeed we know nothing but what God pleaseth to teach us of His great mercy,—we were directed to send a Party to get us a landing 'on the Fife coast' by our boats, whilst we marched towards Glasgow.

On Thursday morning last, Colonel Overton, with about One-thousand four-hundred foot and some horse and dragoons, landed at the North Ferry in Fife; we with the Army lying near the Enemy (a small river parted us and them), and having consultations to attempt the Enemy within his fortifications: but the Lord was not pleased to give way to that counsel, proposing a better way for us. The Major-General 'Lambert' marched, on Thursday night, with two regiments of horse and two regiments of foot, for better securing the place; and to attempt upon the Enemy as occasion should serve. He getting over, and finding a considerable body of the Enemy there (who would probably have beaten our men

[1] Whitlocke, p. 471; Milton State-Papers, p. 84 (11 July, 1651).
[2] Wood, iii. 278, &c.

from the place if he had not come), drew out and fought them; he being about two regiments of horse, with about four-hundred of horse and dragoons more, and three regiments of foot; the Enemy five regiments of foot, and about four or five of horse. They came to a close charge, and in the end totally routed the Enemy; having taken about forty or fifty colours, killed near Two-thousand, some say more; have taken Sir John Browne their Major-General, who commanded in chief,—and other Colonels and considerable Officers killed and taken, and about Five or Six Hundred prisoners. The Enemy is removed from their ground with their whole Army; but whither we do not certainly know.

This is an unspeakable mercy. I trust the Lord will follow it until He hath perfected peace and truth. We can truly say, we were gone as far as we could in our counsel and action; and we did say one to another, we knew not what to do. Wherefore it's sealed upon our hearts, that this, as all the rest, is from the Lord's goodness, and not from man. I hope it becometh me to pray, That we may walk humbly and self-denyingly before the Lord, and believingly also. That you whom we serve, as the Authority over us, may do the work committed to you, with uprightness and faithfulness,—and thoroughly, as to the Lord. That you may not suffer any thing to remain that offends the eyes of His jealousy. That common weal may more and more be sought, and justice done impartially. For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro; and as He finds out His enemies here, to be avenged on them, so will He not spare them for whom He doth good, if by His lovingkindness

they become not good. I shall take the humble boldness to represent this Engagement of David's, in the Hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm, verse Hundred-and-thirty-fourth, *Deliver me from the oppression of man, so will I keep Thy precepts.*

I take leave, and rest,

Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. The carriage of the Major-General, as in all other things so in this, is worthy of your taking notice of; as also the Colonels Okey, Overton, Daniel, West, Lydcot, Syler, and the rest of the Officers.*

Matters now speedily take another turn. At the Castle of 'Dundas' we are still on the South side of the Frith; in front of the Scotch lines, though distant: but Inchgarvie, often tried with gunboats, now surrenders; Burntisland, by force of gunboats and dispiritment, surrenders: the Lord General himself goes across into Fife. The following Letters speak for themselves.

LETTER CLXXVI.

'To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.'

MY LORD, Dundas, 24th July, 1651.

It hath pleased God to put your affairs here in some hopeful way, since the last Defeat given to the Enemy.

* Newspapers (in Parl. Hist. xix. 494; and Cromwelliana, p. 105).

I marched with the Army very near to Stirling, hoping thereby to get the Pass; and went myself with General Dean, and some others, up to Bannockburn; hearing that the Enemy were marched on the other side towards our forces in Fife. Indeed they went four or five miles on towards them; but hearing of my advance, in all haste they retreated back, and possessed the Park, and their other works. Which we viewed; and finding them not advisable to attempt, resolved to march to Queensferry, and there to ship over so much of the Army as might hopefully be master of the field in Fife. Which accordingly we have almost perfected; and have left, on this side, somewhat better than four regiments of horse, and as many of foot.

I hear now the Enemy's great expectation is to supply themselves in the West with recruits of men, and what victual they can get: for they may expect none out of the North, when once our Army shall interpose between them and St. Johnston. To prevent their prevalency in the West, and making incursions into the Borders of England, * * *[1]

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

LETTER CLXXVII.

OF this Letter Sir Harry Vane and the Council of State judge it improper to publish anything in the Newspapers, except a

[1] Sir Harry Vane, who reads the Letter in Parliament, judges it prudent to stop here (Commons Journals, vi. 614).

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 107).

rough abstract, in words of their own, of the *first two paragraphs* and the *concluding one*. In which state it presents itself in the Old Pamphlets.[1] The Letter copied in full lies among the *Tanner Manuscripts*;—gives us a glimpse into the private wants, and old furnitures, of the Cromwell Army. 'Pots' are cavalry helmets; 'backs-and-breasts' are still seen on cuirassier regiments; 'snaphances' (German *schnapphahn*, snapcock) are a new wonderful invention, giving fire by flint-and-steel;—promising, were they not so terribly expensive, to supersede the old slow matchlock in field-service! But, I believe, they wind up like a watch before the trigger acts;[2] and come very high!—

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

My Lord, Linlithgow, 26th July, 1651.

I am able to give you no more account than what you have by my last; only we have now in Fife about Thirteen or Fourteen thousand horse and foot. The Enemy is at his old lock, and lieth in and near Stirling; where we cannot come to fight him, except he please, or we go upon too-too manifest hazards: he having very strongly laid himself, and having a very great advantage there. Whither we hear he hath lately gotten great provisions of meal, and reinforcement of his strength out of the North under Marquis Huntly. It is our business still to wait upon God, to shew us our

[1] In Parliamentary History, xix. 498.
[2] Grose's Military Antiquities.

way how to deal with this subtle Enemy; which I hope He will.

Our forces on this side the River[1] are not very many: wherefore I have sent for Colonel Rich's; and shall appoint them, with the forces under Colonel Saunders, to embody close upon the Borders,—and to be in readiness to join with those left on this side the Frith, or to be for the security of England, as occasion shall offer; there being little use of them where they lie, as we know.

Your Soldiers begin to fall sick, through the wet weather which has lately been. It is desired, therefore, that the recruits of foot determined 'on,' may rather come sooner in time than usually; and may be sure to be full in numbers, according to your appointment, whereof great failing has lately been. For the way of raising them, it is wholly submitted to your pleasure; and we hearing you rather choose to send us Volunteers than Pressed-men, shall be very glad you go that way.

Our Spades are spent to a very small number: we desire, therefore, that of the Five-thousand tools we lately sent for, at the least Three-thousand of them may be spades,—they wearing most away in our works, and being most useful. Our Horse-arms, especially our pots, are come to a very small number: it is desired we may have a Thousand backs-and-breasts, and Fifteen-hundred pots. We have left us in store but Four-hundred pair of pistols; Two-hundred saddles; Six-hundred pikes; Two-thousand and thirty muskets, whereof thirty snaphances. These are our present stores: and not knowing

[1] Means 'Frith' always.

what you have sent us by this Fleet that is coming, we desire we may be considered therein.—Our cheese and butter is our lowest store of Victual.

We were necessitated to pay the Soldiery moneys now at their going over into Fife; whereby the Treasury is much exhausted, although we desire to husband it what we can. This being the principal time of action, we desire your Lordship to take a principal care that money may be supplied us with all possible speed, and these other things herewith mentioned; your affairs so necessarily requiring the same.

The Castle of Inchgarvie, which lieth in the River, almost in the midway between the North and South Ferry, commonly called Queen's Ferry,—was delivered to us on Thursday last. They marched away with their swords and baggage only; leaving us sixteen cannon, and all their other arms and ammunition. I remain,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CLXXVIII.*

'To my very loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.'

DEAR BROTHER, 'Burntisland,' 28th July, 1651.

I was glad to receive a Letter from you; for indeed anything that comes from you is

* Tanner MSS., in Cary, ii. 288-90.

very welcome to me. I believe your expectation of my Son's coming is deferred. I wish he may see a happy delivery of his Wife first,[1] for whom I frequently pray.

I hear my Son hath exceeded his allowance, and is in debt. Truly I cannot commend him therein; wisdom requiring his living within compass, and calling for it at his hands. And in my judgment, the reputation arising from thence would have been more real honour than what is attained the other way. I believe vain men will speak well of him that does ill.

I desire to be understood that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honourable carriage of himself in them; nor is any matter of charge, like to fall to my share, a stick[2] with me. Truly I can find in my heart to allow him not only a sufficiency but more, for his good. But if pleasure and self-satisfaction be made the business of a man's life, 'and' so much cost laid out upon it, so much time spent in it, as rather answers appetite than the will of God, or is comely before His Saints,—I scruple to feed this humour; and God forbid that his being my Son should be his allowance to live not pleasingly to our Heavenly Father, who hath raised me out of the dust to be what I am!

I desire your faithfulness (he being also your concernment as well as mine) to advise him to approve himself to the Lord in his course of life; and to search His statutes for a rule of conscience, and to seek grace from Christ to enable him to walk therein. This hath life in

[1] Nobles' registers are very defective! These Letters, too, were before the poor man's eyes.

[2] stop.

it, and will come to somewhat: what is a poor creature without this? This will not abridge of lawful pleasures; but teach such a use of them as will have the peace of a good conscience going along with it. Sir, I write what is in my heart: I pray you communicate my mind herein to my Son, and be his remembrancer in these things. Truly I love him, he is dear to me; so is his Wife; and for their sakes do I thus write. They shall not want comfort nor encouragement from me, so far as I may afford it. But indeed I cannot think I do well to feed a voluptuous humour in my Son, if he should make pleasures the business of his life,—in a time when some precious Saints are bleeding, and breathing out their last, for the safety of the rest. Memorable is the speech of Uriah to David (*Second Samuel*, xi. 11).[1]

Sir, I beseech you believe I here say not this to save my purse; for I shall willingly do what is convenient to satisfy his occasions, as I have opportunity. But as I pray he may not walk in a course not pleasing to the Lord, so 'I' think it lieth upon me to give him, in love, the best counsel I may; and know not how better to convey it to him than by so good a hand as yours. Sir, I pray you acquaint him with these thoughts of mine. And remember my love to my Daughter; for whose sake I shall be induced to do any reasonable thing. I pray for her happy deliverance, frequently and earnestly.

[1] 'And Uriah said unto David, The Ark, and Israel, and Judah abide 'in tents; and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped 'in the open fields: shall I then go into mine house, to eat and to 'drink, and to lie with my wife? As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, 'I will not do this thing.'

I am sorry to hear that my Bailiff[1] in Hantshire should do to my Son as is intimated by your Letter. I assure you I shall not allow any such thing. If there be any suspicion of his abuse of the Wood, I desire it may be looked after, and inquired into; that so, if things appear true, he may be removed,—although indeed I must needs say he had the repute of a godly man, by divers that knew him when I placed him there.

Sir, I desire my hearty affection may be presented to my Sister; to my Cousin Ann, and her Husband though unknown.—I praise the Lord I have obtained much mercy in respect of my health; the Lord give me a truly thankful heart. I desire your prayers; and rest,

Your very affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

My Cousin Ann, then, is wedded! 'Her husband though unknown' is John Dunch; who, on his Father's decease, became John Dunch of Pusey;—to whom we owe this Letter, among the others.

LETTER CLXXIX.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Burntisland, 29th July, 1651.

The greatest part of the Army is in Fife; waiting what way God will farther lead us. It

[1] 'Baylye.' * Harris, p. 513.

hath pleased God to give us in Burntisland;[1] which is indeed very conducing to the carrying-on of our affairs. The Town is well seated; pretty strong; but marvellous capable of further improvement in that respect, without great charge. The Harbour, at a high spring, is near a fathom deeper than at Leith; and doth not lie commanded by any ground without the Town. We took three or four small men-of-war in it, and I believe thirty or forty guns.

Commissary-General Whalley marched along the sea-side in Fife, having some ships to go along the coast; and hath taken great store of great artillery, and divers ships. The Enemy's affairs are in some discomposure, as we hear. Surely the Lord will blow upon them.

'I rest,'

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CLXXX.

IN effect, the crisis has now arrived. The Scotch King and Army finding their supplies cut off, and their defences rendered unavailing, by this flank-movement,—break up suddenly from Stirling;[2] march direct towards England,—for a stroke at the heart of the Commonwealth itself. Their game now is,

[1] 'Brunt Island' *in orig.*

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 107).

[2] 'Last day of July' (Bates, ii. 120).

All or nothing. A desperate kind of play. Royalists, Presbyterian-Royalists and the large miscellany of Discontented Interests may perhaps join them there;—perhaps also not! They march by Biggar; enter England by Carlisle,[1] on Wednesday, 6th of August, 1651. 'At Girthhead, in the Parish of Wamphray, in Annandale,' human Tradition, very faintly indeed, indicates some Roman Stones or Mile-stones, by the wayside, as the place where his Sacred Majesty passed the Tuesday night;—which are not quite so venerable now as formerly.[2]

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Leith, 4th August, 1651.

In pursuance of the Providence of God, and that blessing lately given to your forces in Fife; and finding that the Enemy, being masters of the Pass at Stirling, could not be gotten out there except by hindering his provisions at St. Johnston,—we, by general advice, thought fit to attempt St. Johnston; knowing that that would necessitate him to quit his Pass. Wherefore, leaving with Major-General Harrison about three-thousand horse and dragoons, besides those which are with Colonel Rich, Colonel Saunders, and Colonel Barton, upon the Borders, we marched to St. Johnston;[3] and lying one day before it, we had it surrendered to us.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 474.

[2] Nicholas Carlisle's Topographical Dict. of Scotland, § Wamphray.

[3] 2 August, 1651 (Balfour, iv. 313): 'St. Johnston,' as we know, is *Perth*.

During which time we had some intelligence of the Enemy's marching southward; though with some contradictions, as if it had not been so. But doubting it might be true, we (leaving a Garrison in St. Johnston, and sending Lieutenant-General Monk with about Five or Six thousand to Stirling to reduce that place, and by it to put your affairs into a good posture in Scotland) marched, with all possible expedition, back again; and have passed our foot and many of our horse over the Frith this day; resolving to make what speed we can up to the Enemy,—who, in his desperation and fear, and out of inevitable necessity, is run to try what he can do this way.

I do apprehend that if he goes for England, being some few days march before us, it will trouble some men's thoughts; and may occasion some inconveniences; —which I hope we are as deeply sensible of, and have been, and I trust shall be, as diligent to prevent, as any. And indeed this is our comfort, That in simplicity of heart as towards God, we have done to the best of our judgments; knowing that if some issue were not put to this Business, it would occasion another Winter's war: to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the Winter difficulties of this country; and to the endless expense of the treasure of England in prosecuting this War. It may be supposed we might have kept the Enemy from this, by interposing between him and England. Which truly I believe we might: but how to remove him out of this place, without doing what we have done, unless we had had a commanding Army on both sides of the River of

Forth, is not clear to us; or how to answer the inconveniences aforementioned, we understand not.

We pray therefore that (seeing there is a possibility for the Enemy to put you to some trouble) you would, with the same courage, grounded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the great things God hath used you in hitherto,—improve, the best you can, such forces as you have in readiness, or 'as' may on the sudden be gathered together, To give the Enemy some check, until we shall be able to reach up to him; which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavour in. And indeed we have this comfortable experience from the Lord, That this Enemy is heart-smitten by God; and whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will make the desperateness of this counsel of theirs to appear, and the folly of it also. When England was much more unsteady than now; and when a much more considerable Army of theirs, unfoiled, invaded you; and we had but a weak force to make resistance at Preston,—upon deliberate advice, we chose rather to put ourselves between their Army and Scotland: and how God succeeded that, is not well to be forgotten! This 'present movement' is not out of choice on our part, but by some kind of necessity; and, it is to be hoped, will have the like issue. Together with a hopeful end of your work;—in which it's good to wait upon the Lord, upon the earnest of former experiences, and hope of His presence, which only is the life of your Cause.

Major-General Harrison, with the horse and dragoons under him, and Colonel Rich and the rest in

those parts, shall attend the motions of the Enemy; and endeavour the keeping of them together, as also to impede his march. And will be ready to be in conjunction with what forces shall gather together for this service:—to whom orders have been speeded to that purpose; as this enclosed to Major-General Harrison will shew. Major-General Lambert, this day, marched with a very considerable body of horse, up towards the Enemy's rear. With the rest of the horse, and nine regiments of foot, most of them of your old foot and horse, I am hasting up; and shall, by the Lord's help, use utmost diligence. I hope I have left a commanding force under Lieutenant-General Monk in Scotland.

This account I thought my duty to speed to you; and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Scots found no Presbyterian-Royalists, no Royalists Proper to speak of, nor any Discontented Interest in England disposed to join them in present circumstances. They marched, under rigorous discipline, weary and uncheered, south through Lancashire; had to dispute their old friend the Bridge of Warrington with Lambert and Harrison, who attended them with horse-troops on the left; Cromwell with the main Army steadily advancing behind. They carried the Bridge at Warrington; they summoned various Towns, but none yielded; proclaimed their King with all force of lungs and heraldry, but none cried, God bless him. Summoning Shrewsbury, with the usual negative response, they quitted the London road; bent southward towards Worcester, a City

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 107-8).

of slight Garrison and loyal Mayor; there to entrench themselves, and repose a little.

Poor Earl Derby, a distinguished Royalist Proper, had hastened over from the Isle of Man, to kiss his Majesty's hand in passing. He then raised some force in Lancashire, and was in hopes to kindle that country again, and go to Worcester in triumph:—but Lilburn, Colonel Robert, whom we have known here before, fell upon him at Wigan; cut his force in pieces:[1] the poor Earl had to go to Worcester in a wounded and wrecked condition. To Worcester,—and, alas, to the scaffold by and by, for that business. The Scots at Worcester have a loyal Mayor, some very few adventurous loyal Gentry in the neighbourhood; and excitable Wales, perhaps again excitable, lying in the rear: but for the present, except in their own poor Fourteen-thousand right-hands, no outlook. And Cromwell is advancing steadily; by York, by Nottingham, by Coventry and Stratford; 'raising all the County Militias,' who muster with singular alacrity;—flowing towards Worcester like the Ocean-tide; begirdling it with 'upwards of Thirty-thousand men.' His Majesty's royal summons to the Corporation of London is burnt there by the hands of the common hangman; Speaker Lenthall and the Mayor have a copy of it burnt by that functionary at the head of every regiment, at a review of the Trainbands in Moorfields.[2] London, England generally, seems to have made up its mind.

At London on the 22d of August, a rigorous thing was done: Reverend Christopher Love, eloquent zealous Minister of St. Lawrence in the Jewry, was, after repeated respites and negotiations, beheaded on Tower Hill. To the unspeakable emotion of men. Nay the very Heavens seemed to testify a

[1] Lilburn's two Letters, in Cary, ii. 338-45.

[2] Bates, ii. 122; Whitlocke, p. 492; see also Commons Journals, vii. 6 (23 August, 1651).

feeling of it,—by a thunderclap, by two thunderclaps. When the Parliament passed their vote, on the 4th of July, That he should die according to the sentence of the Court, there was then a terrible thunderclap, and darkening of daylight. And now when he actually dies, 'directly after his beheading,' arises thunderstorm that threatens the dissolution of Nature! Nature, as we see, survived it.

The old Newspaper says, It was on the 22d August, 1642, that Charles late King erected his Standard at Nottingham: and now on this same day, 22d August, 1651, Charles Pretender erects his at Worcester; and the Reverend Christopher dies. Men may make their reflections.—There goes a story, due to Carrion Heath or some such party, That Cromwell being earnestly solicited for mercy to this poor Christopher, did, while yet in Scotland, send a Letter to the Parliament, recommending it; which Letter, however, was seized by some roving outriders of the Scottish Worcester Army; who reading it, and remembering Uxbridge Sermon, tore it, saying, "No, let the villain die!"—after the manner of Heath. Which could be proved, if time and paper were of no value, to be, like a hundred other very wooden *myths* of the same Period, without truth. *Guarda e passa.* Glance at it here for the last time; and never repeat it more!—

Charles's Standard, it would seem then, was erected at Worcester on Friday the 22d, the day of poor Christopher's death. On which same Friday, about sunrise, 'our Messenger' (the Parliament's) 'left the Lord General at Mr. Pierpoint's House,'—William Pierpoint, of the Kingston Family, much his friend,—the House called Thoresby 'near Mansfield;' just starting for Nottingham, to arrive there that night. From Nottingham, by Coventry, by Stratford and Evesham, to 'the southeast side of Worcester,' rallying Country forces as we go, will take till Thursday next. Here at Stratford

on the Wednesday, eve of that, is a Letter accidentally preserved.

LETTER CLXXXI.

DUBITATING Wharton, he also might help to rally forces; his name, from 'Upper Winchington in Bucks,' or wherever he may be, might do something. Give him, at any rate, a last chance.—'Tom Westrow,' here accidentally named; once a well-known man, familiar to the Lord General and to men of worth and quality; now, as near as may be, swallowed forever in the Night-Empires;—is still visible, strangely enough, through one small chink, and recoverable into daylight as far as needful. A Kentish man, a Parliament Soldier once, named in military Kent Committees; sat in Parliament too, 'recruiter' for Hythe, though at present in abeyance owing to scruples. Above all, he was the Friend of poor George Wither, stepson of the Muses; to whom in his undeserved distresses he lent beneficent princely sums; and who, in poor splayfooted doggrel,—very poor, but very grateful, pious, true, and on the whole, noble,—preserves some adequate memory of him for the curious.[1] By this chink Tom Westrow and the ancient figure of his Life, is still recoverable if needed.

Westrow, we find by good evidence, did return to his

[1] *Westrow Revived: a Funeral Poem, without Fiction, composed by George Wither, Esq.; that God may be glorified in His Saints, and that* —&c. &c. (King's Pamphlets, 12mo, no. 390: London, 1653-4, dated with the pen '3 January'): unadulterated doggrel; but really *says* something, and even something *just;*—by no means your insupportablest 'poetic' reading, as times go!

place in Parliament;[1]—quitted it too, as Wither informs us, foreseeing the great Catastrophe; and retired to country quiet, up the River at Teddington. Westrow and the others returned: Wharton continued to dubitate;—and we shall here take leave of him. 'Poor foolish Mall,' young Mary Cromwell, one of 'my two little Wenches,' has been on a visit at Winchington, I think;—'thanks to you and the dear Lady' for her.

For my honoured Lord Wharton: These.

MY LORD, Stratford-on-Avon, 27th August, 1651.

I know I write to my Friend,—therefore give me leave to say one bold word.

In my very heart: Your Lordship, Dick Norton, Tom Westrow, Robert Hammond have, though not intentionally, helped one another to stumble at the Dispensations of God, and to reason yourselves out of His service!—

Now 'again' you have opportunity to associate with His people in His work; and to manifest your willingness, and desire to serve the Lord against His and His people's enemies. Would you be blessed out of Zion, and see the good of His people, and rejoice with His inheritance,—I advise you all in the bowels of love, Let it appear you offer yourselves willingly to His work! Wherein to be accepted, is more honour from the Lord than the world can give or hath. I am persuaded it needs you not,—save as your Lord and Master needed the Ass's Colt, to shew His humility, meekness and

[1] 'Admitted to sit;' means, readmitted after Pride's Purge: Commons Journals (vii. 27, 29), 10 October, 1651.

condescension: but you need it, to declare your submission to, and owning yourself the Lord's and His people's![1]—

If you can break through old disputes,—I shall rejoice if you help others to do so also. Do not say, You are now satisfied because it is the *old* Quarrel;—as if it had not been so, all this while!

I have no leisure; but a great deal of entire affection to you and yours, and those named 'here,'—which I thus plainly express. Thanks to you and the dear Lady, for all loves,—and for poor foolish Mall. I am in good earnest 'thankful;' and so also

Your Lordship's
Faithful friend and most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Charles's Standard has been floating over Worcester some six days; and now on Thursday, 28th of August, comes in sight Cromwell's also; from the Evesham side; with upwards of Thirty-thousand men now near him; and some say, upwards of Eighty-thousand rising in the distance to join him if need were.

[1] Grammar, in this last clause, lost in the haste: 'Ass's Colt' is 'Beast' *in orig.*

* Gentleman's Magazine (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 419.

LETTERS CLXXXII., CLXXXIII.

BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

THE Battle of Worcester was fought on the evening of Wednesday, 3d September, 1651; anniversary of that at Dunbar last year. It could well have but one issue: defeat for the Scots and their Cause;—either swift and complete; or else incomplete, ending in slow sieges, partial revolts, and much new misery and blood. The swift issue was the one appointed; and complete enough; severing the neck of the Controversy now at last, as with one effectual stroke, no need to strike a second time.

The Battle was fought on both sides of the Severn; part of Cromwell's forces having crossed to the Western bank, by Upton Bridge, some miles below Worcester, the night before. About a week ago, Massey understood himself to have ruined this Bridge at Upton; but Lambert's men 'straddled across by the parapet,'—a dangerous kind of *saddle* for such riding, I think!—and hastily repaired it; hastily got hold of Upton Church, and maintained themselves there; driving Massey back, with a bad wound in the hand. This was on Thursday night last, the very night of the Lord General's arrival in those parts; and they have held this post ever since. Fleetwood crosses here with a good part of Cromwell's Army, on the evening of Tuesday, September 2d; shall, on the morrow,

attack the Scotch posts on the Southwest, about the Suburb of St. John's, across the River; while Cromwell, in person, on this side, plies them from the Southeast. St. John's Suburb lies at some distance from Worcester; west, or southwest as we say, on the Herefordshire Road; and connects itself with the City by Severn Bridge. Southeast of the City, again, near the then and present London Road, is 'Fort Royal,' an entrenchment of the Scots: on this side Cromwell is to attempt the Enemy, and second Fleetwood, as occasion may serve. Worcester City itself is on Cromwell's side of the River; stands high, surmounted by its high Cathedral; close on the left or eastern margin of the Severn; surrounded by fruitful fields, and hedges unfit for cavalry-fighting. This is the posture of affairs on the eve of Wednesday, 3d September, 1651.

But now, for Wednesday itself, we are to remark that between Fleetwood at Upton, and the Enemy's outposts at St. John's on the west side of Severn, there runs still a River Teme; a western tributary of the Severn, into which it falls about a mile below the City. This River Teme Fleetwood hopes to cross, if not by the Bridge at Powick which the Enemy possesses, then by a Bridge of Boats which he is himself to prepare lower down, close by the mouth of Teme. At this point also, or 'within pistol-shot of it,' there is to be a Bridge of Boats laid across the Severn itself, that so both ends of the Army may communicate. Boats, boatmen, carpenters, aquatic and terrestrial artificers and implements, in great abundance, contributed by the neighbouring Towns, lie ready on the River, about Upton, for this service. Does the reader now understand the ground a little?

Fleetwood, at Upton, was astir with the dawn, September 3d. But it was towards 'three in the afternoon' before the boatmen were got up; must have been towards five before those Bridges were got built, and Fleetwood set fairly across

the Teme to begin business. The King of Scots and his Council of War, 'on the top of the Cathedral,' have been anxiously viewing him all afternoon; have seen him build his Bridges of Boats; see him now in great force got across Teme River, attacking the Scotch on the South, fighting them from hedge to hedge towards the Suburb of St. John's. In great force: for new regiments, horse and foot, now stream across the Severn Bridge of Boats to assist Fleetwood: nay, if the Scots knew it, my Lord General himself is come across, 'did lead the 'van in person, and was the first that set foot on the Enemy's 'ground.'—The Scots, obstinately struggling, are gradually beaten there; driven from hedge to hedge. But the King of Scots and his War-Council decide that most part of Cromwell's Army must now be over in that quarter, on the West side of the River, engaged among the hedges;—decide that they, for their part, will storm out, and offer him battle on their own East side, now while he is weak there. The Council of War comes down from the top of the Cathedral; their trumpets sound: Cromwell also is soon back, across the Severn Bridge of Boats again; and the deadliest tug of war begins.

Fort Royal is still known at Worcester, and Sudbury Gate at the southeast end of the City is known, and those other localities here specified; after much study of which and of the old dead Pamphlets, this Battle will at last become conceivable. Besides Cromwell's Two Letters, there are plentiful details, questionable and unquestionable, in *Bates* and elsewhere, as indicated below.[1] The fighting of the Scots was fierce and desperate. 'My Lord General did exceedingly hazard himself, 'riding up and down in the midst of the fire; riding, himself 'in person, to the Enemy's foot to offer them quarter, whereto

[1] Bates, Part ii. 124-7. King's Pamphlets; small 4to, no. 507, § 12 (given mostly in Cromwelliana, pp. 114, 15); large 4to, no. 54, §§ 15, 18. Letter from Stapylton the Chaplain, in Cromwelliana, p. 142.

'they returned no answer but shot.' The small Scotch Army, begirdled with overpowering force, and cut off from help or reasonable hope, storms forth in fiery pulses, horse and foot; charges now on this side of the River, now on that;—can on no side prevail. Cromwell recoils a little; but only to rally, and return irresistible. The small Scotch Army is, on every side, driven in again. Its fiery pulsings are but the struggles of death: agonies as of a lion coiled in the folds of a boa!

'As stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen.' But it avails not. Through Sudbury Gate, on Cromwell's side, through St. John's Suburb, and over Severn Bridge on Fleetwood's, the Scots are driven in again to Worcester Streets; desperately struggling and recoiling, are driven through Worcester Streets, to the North end of the City,—and terminate there. A distracted mass of ruin: the foot all killed or taken; the horse all scattered on flight, and their place of refuge very far! His sacred Majesty escaped, by royal oaks and other miraculous appliances well known to mankind: but Fourteen-thousand other men, sacred too after a sort though not majesties, did not escape. One could weep at such a death for brave men in such a Cause! But let us now read Cromwell's Letters.

LETTER CLXXXII.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Near Worcester, 3d September, 1651,
(10 at night).

SIR,

Being so weary, and scarce able to write, yet I thought it my duty to let you know thus much.

That upon this day, being the 3d of September (remarkable for a mercy vouchsafed to your Forces on this day twelvemonth in Scotland), we built a Bridge of Boats over Severn, between it and Teme, about half a mile from Worcester; and another over Teme, within pistol-shot of our other Bridge. Lieutenant-General Fleetwood and Major-General Dean marched from Upton on the southwest side of Severn up to Powick, a Town which was a Pass the Enemy kept. We, 'from our side of Severn,' passed over some horse and foot, and were in conjunction with the Lieutenant-General's Forces. We beat the Enemy from hedge to hedge till we beat him into Worcester.

The Enemy then drew all his Forces on the other side the Town, all but what he had lost; and made a very considerable fight with us, for three hours space: but in the end we beat him totally, and pursued him to his Royal Fort, which we took,—and indeed have beaten his whole Army. When we took this Fort, we turned his own guns upon him. The Enemy hath had great loss: and certainly is scattered, and run several ways. We are in pursuit of him, and have laid forces in several places, that we hope will gather him up.

Indeed this hath been a very glorious mercy;—and as stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen. Both your old Forces and those new-raised have behaved themselves with very great courage; and He that made them come out, made them willing to fight for you. The Lord God Almighty frame our hearts to real thankfulness for this, which is alone His doing.

I hope I shall within a day or two give you a more perfect account.

In the meantime I hope you will pardon, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On Saturday the 6th comes a farther Letter from my Lord General; 'the effect whereof speaketh thus:'

LETTER CLXXXIII.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Worcester, 4th September, 1651.

I am not able yet to give you an exact account of the great things the Lord hath wrought for this Commonwealth and for His People: and yet I am unwilling to be silent; but, according to my duty, shall represent it to you as it comes to hand.

This Battle was fought with various success for some hours, but still hopeful on your part; and in the end became an absolute victory,—and so full an one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the Enemy's Army; and a possession of the Town, our men entering at the Enemy's heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage. We took all their baggage and artillery. What the slain are, I can give you no account, because we have not taken an exact view; but they are very many:—and must needs be so; be-

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 113); Tanner MSS. (Cary, ii. 355).

cause the dispute was long and very near at hand; and often at push of pike, and from one defence to another. There are about Six or Seven thousand prisoners taken here; and many Officers and Noblemen of very great quality: Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Rothes, and divers other Noblemen,—I hear, the Earl of Lauderdale; many Officers of great quality; and some that will be fit subjects for your justice.

We have sent very considerable parties after the flying Enemy; I hear they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners, and are very close in the pursuit. Indeed, I hear the Country riseth upon them everywhere; and I believe the forces that lay, through Providence, at Bewdley, and in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and those with Colonel Lilburn, were in a condition, as if this had been foreseen, to intercept what should return.

A more particular account than this will be prepared for you as we are able. I hear they had not many more than a Thousand horse in their body that fled: and I believe you have near Four-thousand forces following, and interposing between them and home;—what fish they will catch, Time will declare.[1] Their Army was about Sixteen-thousand strong; and fought ours on the Worcester side of Severn almost with their whole, whilst we had engaged about half our Army on the other side but with parties of theirs. Indeed it was a stiff business; yet I do not think we have lost Two-hundred men. Your new-raised forces did perform singular good service; for which they deserve a very high estimation and

[1] Phrase omitted in the Newspaper.

acknowledgment; as also for their willingness thereunto,—forasmuch as the same hath added so much to the reputation of your affairs. They are all despatched home again; which I hope will be much for the ease and satisfaction of the Country; which is a great fruit of these successes.

The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. Surely, if it be not, such a one we shall have, if this provoke those that are concerned in it to thankfulness; and the Parliament to do the will of Him who hath done His will for it; and for the Nation;—whose good pleasure it is to establish the Nation and the Change of the Government, by making the People so willing to the defence thereof, and so signally blessing the endeavours of your servants in this late great work. I am bold humbly to beg, That all thoughts may tend to the promoting of His honour who hath wrought so great salvation; and that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen Nation;[1] but that the fear of the Lord, even for His mercies, may keep an Authority and a People so prospered, and blessed, and witnessed unto, humble and faithful; and that justice and righteousness, mercy and truth may flow from you, as a thankful return to our gracious God. This shall be the prayer of,

Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] 'But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked:—(and thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness:) then he forsook

Your Officers behaved themselves with much honour in this service; and the Person[1] who is the Bearer hereof was equal, in the performance of his duty, to most that served you that day.*

'On Lord's day next, by order of Parliament,' these Letters are read from all London Pulpits, amid the general thanksgiving of men. At Worcester, the while, thousands of Prisoners are getting ranked, 'penned up in the Cathedral,' with sad outlooks: carcasses of horses, corpses of men, frightful to sense and mind, encumber the streets of Worcester; 'we are 'plucking Lords, Knights and Gentlemen from their lurking-'holes,' into the unwelcome light.[2] Lords very numerous; a Peerage sore slashed. The Duke of Hamilton has got his thigh broken; dies on the fourth day. The Earl of Derby, also wounded, is caught, and tried for Treason against the State; lays down his head at Bolton, where he had once carried it too high. Lauderdale and others are put in the Tower; have to lie there, in heavy dormancy, for long years. The Earls of Cleveland and Lauderdale came to Town together, about a fortnight hence. 'As they passed along Cornhill in 'their coaches with a guard of horse, the Earl of Lauderdale's 'coach made a stand near the Conduit: where a Carman gave 'his Lordship a visit, saying, "Oh, my Lord, you are welcome 'to London! I protest, off goes your head, as round as a

'God which made him, and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation' (*Deuteronomy*, xxxii. 15).

[1] Major Cobbet, 'who makes a relation,' and gets 100*l.* (Commons Journals, vii. 12, 13).

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 113, 14); Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 359-62).

[2] Original Commission, signed 'O. Cromwell,' and dated 8 September, 1651, appointing 'Collonel John James' Governor of Worcester, is now among the MSS. of Trin. Coll. Cambridge (copy *penes me*).

'hoop!" But his Lordship passed off the fatal compliment 'only with a laughter, and so fared along to the Tower.'[1] His Lordship's big red head has yet other work to do in this world. Having, at the Ever-blessed Restoration, managed, not without difficulty, 'to get a new suit of clothes,'[2] he knelt before his now triumphant Sacred Majesty on that glorious Thirtieth of May; learned from his Majesty, that "Presbytery was no religion for a gentleman;" gave it up, not without pangs; and resolutely set himself to introduce the exploded Tulchan Apparatus into Scotland again, by thumbikins, by bootikins, by any and every method, since it was the will of his Sacred Majesty;—failed in the Tulchan Apparatus, as is well known; earned for himself new plentiful clothes-suits, Dukedoms and promotions, from the Sacred Majesty; and from the Scotch People deep-toned universal sound of curses, not yet become inaudible; and shall, in this place, and we hope elsewhere, concern us no more.

On Friday the 12th of September the Lord General arrived in Town. Four dignified Members, of whom Bulstrode was one, specially missioned by vote of Parliament,[3] had met him the day before with congratulations, on the other side Aylesbury; 'whom he received with all kindness and respect; and 'after ceremonies and salutations passed, he rode with them 'across the fields;—where Mr. Winwood the Member for 'Windsor's hawks met them; and the Lord General, with the 'other Gentlemen, went a little out of the way a-hawking. 'They came that night to Aylesbury; where they had much 'discourse; especially my Lord Chief Justice St. John,' the dark Shipmoney Lawyer, now Chief Justice, 'as they supped 'together.' To me Bulstrode, and to each of the others, he gave

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 507, § 18.

[2] Roger Coke's Detection of the Court and State of England.

[3] Commons Journals, vii. 13 (9 Sept. 1651).

a horse and two Scotch prisoners: the horse I kept for carrying me; the two Scots, unlucky gentlemen of that country, I handsomely sent home again without any ransom whatever.[1] And so on Friday we arrive in Town, in very great solemnity and triumph: Speaker and Parliament, Lord President and Council of State, Sheriffs, Mayors, and an innumerable multitude, of quality and not of quality, eagerly attending us; once more splitting the welkin with their human shoutings, and volleys of great shot and small: in the midst of which, my Lord General 'carried himself with much affability; and now 'and afterwards, in all his discourses about Worcester, would 'seldom mention anything of himself; mentioned others only; 'and gave, as was due, the glory of the Action unto God.'[2]— Hugh Peters, however, being of loose-spoken, somewhat sibylline turn of mind, discerns a certain inward exultation and irrepressible irradiation in my Lord General, and whispers to himself, "This man will be King of England yet." Which, unless Kings are entirely superfluous in England, I should think very possible, O Peters! To wooden Ludlow Mr. Peters confessed so much, long afterwards; and the wooden head drew its inferences therefrom.[3]

This, then, is the last of my Lord General's Battles and Victories, technically so called. Of course his Life, to the very end of it, continues, as from the beginning it had always been, a *battle*, and a dangerous and strenuous one, with due modicum of victory assigned now and then; but it will be with other than the steel weapons henceforth. He here sheaths his war-sword; with that, it is not his Order from the Great Captain that he fight any more.

The distracted Scheme of the Scotch Governors to accom-

[1] Whitlocke, p. 484; see also 2d edit. p. 509.
[2] Whitlocke, p. 485. [3] Ludlow.

plish their Covenant by this Charles-Stuart method has here ended. By and by they shall have their Charles Stuart back, as a general Nell-Gwynn Defender of the Faith to us all;—and shall see how they will like him! But as Covenanted King he is off upon his travels, and will never return more. Worcester Battle has cut the heart of that affair in two: and Monk, an assiduous Lieutenant to the Lord General in his Scotch affairs, is busy suppressing the details.

On Monday the 1st of September, two days before the Battle of Worcester, Lieutenant-General Monk had stormed Dundee, the last stronghold of Scotland; where much wealth, as in a place of safety, had been laid up. Governor Lumsden would not yield on summons: Lieutenant-General Monk stormed him; the Town took fire in the business; there was once more a grim scene, of flame and blood, and rage and despair, transacted in this Earth: and taciturn General Monk, his choler all up, was become surly as the Russian bear; nothing but negatory growls to be got out of him: nay, to one clerical dignitary of the place he not only gave his "No!" but audibly threatened a slap with the fist to back it,—'ordered him, Not to speak one word, or he would scobe his mouth for him!'[1]

Ten days before, some Shadow of a new Committee of Estates attempting to sit at Alyth on the border of Angus, with intent to concert some measures for the relief of this same Dundee, had been, by a swift Colonel of Monk's, laid hold of; and the members were now all shipped to the Tower. It was a snuffing-out of the Government-light in Scotland. Except some triumph come from Worcester to rekindle it:—and, alas, no triumph came from Worcester, as we see; nothing but ruin and defeat from Worcester! The Government-light of Scotland remains snuffed out.—Active Colonel Alured, a swift devout man, somewhat given to Anabaptist notions, of whom

[1] Balfour, iv. 316.

we shall hear again, was he that did this feat at Alyth; a kind of feather in his cap. Among the Captured in that poor Committee or Shadow of Committee was poor old General Leven, time-honoured Leslcy, who went to the Tower with the others; his last appearance in Public History. He got out again, on intercession from Queen Christina of Sweden; retired to his native fields of Fife; and slept soon and still sleeps in Balgony Kirk under his stone of honour,—the excellent 'crooked little Feldtmarshal' that he was. Excellent, though unfortunate. He bearded the grim Wallenstein at Stralsund once, and rolled him back from the bulwarks there, after long tough wrestle;—and in fact did a thing or two in his time. Farewell to him.[1]

But with the light of Government snuffed out in Scotland, and no rekindling of it from the Worcester side, resistance in Scotland has ended. Lambert, next summer, marched through the Highlands, pacificating them.[2] There rose afterwards rebellion in the Highlands, rebellion of Glencairn, of Middleton, with much mosstroopery and horsestealing; but Monk, who had now again the command there, by energy and vigilance, by patience, punctuality, and slow methodic strength, put it down, and kept it down. A taciturn man; speaks little, thinks more or less;—does whatever is doable here and elsewhere.

Scotland therefore, like Ireland, has fallen to Cromwell to be administered. He had to do it under great difficulties; the Governing Classes, especially the Clergy or Teaching Class, continuing for most part obstinately indisposed to him, so baleful to their formulas had he been. With Monk for an

[1] Scotch Peerages; Förster's *Wallenstein als Feldherr* (Potsdam, 1834), p. 124. Granger (Biographic History of England) has some nonsense about Leven,—in his usual neat style.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 514.

assiduous Lieutenant in secular matters, he kept the country in peace;—it appears on all sides, he did otherwise what was possible for him. He sent new Judges to Scotland; 'a pack of kinless loons,' who minded no claim but that of fair play. He favoured, as was natural, the *Remonstrant* Ker-and-Strahan Party in the Church;—favoured, above all things, the Christian-Gospel Party, who had some good message in them for the soul of man. Within wide limits he tolerated the *Resolutioner* Party; and beyond these limits would not tolerate them;—would not suffer their General Assembly to sit; marched the Assembly out bodily to Bruntisfield Links, and sent it home again, when it tried such a thing.[1] He united Scotland to England by act of Parliament; tried in all ways to unite it by still deeper methods. He kept peace and order in the country; was a little heavy with taxes:—on the whole, did what he could; and proved, as there is good evidence, a highly beneficial though unwelcome phenomenon there.

Alas, may we not say, In circuitous ways he proved the Doer of what this poor Scotch Nation really wished and willed, could it have known so much at sight of him! The true Governor of this poor Scotch Nation; accomplishing their Covenant *without* the Charles Stuart, since *with* the Charles Stuart it was a flat impossibility. But they knew him not; and with their stiffnecked ways obstructed him as they could. How seldom can a Nation, can even an individual man, understand what at heart his own real will is: such masses of superficial bewilderment, of respectable hearsay, of fantasy and pedantry, and old and new cobwebbery, overlie our poor will; much hiding *it* from us, for most part! So that if we can once get eye on *it*, and walk resolutely towards fulfilment of it, the battle is as good as gained!—

[1] Whitlocke, 25 July, 1653; Life of Robert Blair (Edinburgh, 1754), pp. 118, 19*; Blencowe's Sidney Papers, pp. 153-5.

For example, who, of all Scotch or other men, is he that verily understands the 'real ends of the Covenant,' and discriminates them well from the superficial forms thereof; and with pious valour does them,—and continually struggles to see them done? I should say, this Cromwell, whom we call Sectary and Blasphemer! The Scotch Clergy, persisting in their own most hidebound formula of a Covenanted Charles Stuart, bear clear testimony, that at no time did Christ's Gospel so flourish in Scotland as now under Cromwell the Usurper. 'These bitter waters,' say they, 'were sweetened by the Lord's 'remarkably blessing the labours of His faithful servants. A 'great door and an effectual was opened to many.'[1] Not otherwise in matters civil. 'Scotland,' thus testifies a competent eye-witness, 'was kept in great order. Some Castles 'in the Highlands had Garrisons put into them, which were 'so careful of their discipline, and so exact to their rules,' the wild Highlanders were wonderfully tamed thereby. Cromwell built three Citadels, Leith, Ayr and Inverness, besides many little Forts, over Scotland. Seven or Eight thousand men, well paid, and paying well; of the strictest habits, military, spiritual and moral: these it was everywhere a kind of Practical Sermon to take note of! 'There was good justice done; 'and vice was suppressed and punished. So that we always 'reckon those Eight Years of Usurpation a time of great peace 'and prosperity,'[2]—though we needed to be twice beaten, and to have our foolish Governors flung into the Tower, before we would accept the same. We, and mankind generally, are an extremely wise set of creatures.

[1] Life of Robert Blair, p. 120; Livingston's Life of Himself (Glasgow, 1754), pp. 54, 5, &c. &c.

[2] Bishop Burnet's History of his own Time, book i.

CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART VII.

THE LITTLE PARLIAMENT.

1651—1653.

LETTERS CLXXXIV.—CLXXXVIII.

THE LITTLE PARLIAMENT.

BETWEEN Worcester Battle on the 3d of September, 1651, and the Dismissal of the Long Parliament on the 20th of April, 1653, are Nineteen very important months in the History of Oliver, which, in all our Books and Historical rubbish-records, lie as nearly as possible dark and vacant for us. Poor Dryasdust has emitted, and still emits, volumes of confused noise on the subject; but in the way of information or illumination, of light in regard to any fact, physiognomic feature, event or fraction of an event, as good as nothing whatever. Indeed, onwards from this point where Oliver's own Letters begin to fail us, the whole History of Oliver, and of England under him, becomes very dim;—swimming most indistinct in the huge Tomes of *Thurloe* and the like, as in shoreless lakes of ditch-water and bilgewater; a stagnancy, a torpor, and confused horror to the human soul! No historical genius, not even a Rushworth's, now presides over the matter: nothing but bilgewater *Correspondences;* vague jottings of a dull fat Bulstrode; vague printed babblements of this and the other Carrion Heath or Flunkey Pamphleteer of the Blessed-Restoration Period, writing from ignorant rumour, and for ignorant rumour, from the winds and to the winds. After long reading in very many Books, of very unspeakable quality, earning for yourself only incredibility, inconceivability, and darkness

visible, you begin to perceive that in the Speeches of Oliver himself once well read, such as they are, some shadowy outlines, authentic prefigurements of what the real History of the Time may have been, do first, in the huge inane night, begin to loom forth for you,—credible, conceivable in some measure, there for the first time. My reader's patience is henceforth to be still more severely tried: there is unluckily no help for it, as matters stand.

Great lakes of watery *Correspondence* relating to the History of this Period, as we intimate, survive in print; and new are occasionally issued upon mankind:[1] but the essence of them has never yet in the smallest been elaborated by any man;—will require a succession and assiduous series of many men to elaborate it. To pluck up the great History of Oliver from it, like drowned Honour by the locks; and shew it to much-wondering and, in the end, right-thankful England! The richest and noblest thing England hitherto has. The basis England will have to start from again, if England is ever to struggle Godward again, instead of struggling Devilward, and Mammonward merely. Serene element of Cant has been tried now for two Centuries; and fails. Serene element, general completed life-atmosphere, of Cant religious, Cant moral, Cant political, Cant universal, where England vainly hoped to live in a serene soft-spoken manner,—England now finds herself on the point of choking there; large masses of her People no longer able to get even potatoes in that serene element. England will have to come out of that; England, too terribly awakened at last, is everywhere preparing to come out of that. England, her Amazon-eyes once more flashing strange Heaven's-light, like Phœbus Apollo's fatal to the Pythian

[1] Thurloe's *State-Papers*, Milton's, Clarendon's, Ormond's, Sidney's, &c. &c. are old and very watery; new and still waterier are Vaughan's *Protectorate*, and others not even worth naming here.

mud-serpents, will lift her hand, I think, and her heart, and swear "By the Eternal, I will not die in that! I had once men who knew better than that!"— —

But with regard to the History of Oliver, as we were saying, for those Nineteen months there is almost no light to be communicated at present. Of Oliver's own uttering, I have found only Five Letters, short, insignificant, connected with no phasis of Public Transactions: there are Two Dialogues recorded by Whitlocke, of dubious authenticity; certain small splinters of Occurrences not pointing very decisively anywhither, sprinkling like dust of stars the dark vacancy: these, and Dryasdust's vociferous commentaries new and old;—and of discovered or discoverable, nothing more. Oliver's own *Speech*, which the reader is by and by to hear, casts backwards some straggling gleams; well accordant, as is usual, with whatever else we know; and worthy to be well believed and meditated, by Historical readers, among others. Out of these poor elements the candid imagination must endeavour to shape some not inconceivable scheme and genesis of this very indubitable Fact, the Dismissal of the Long Parliament, as best it may. Perhaps if Dryasdust were once well gagged, and his vociferous commentaries all well forgotten, such a feat might not be very impossible for mankind!—

Concerning this Residue, Enough, or 'Rump' as it had now got nicknamed, of the Long Parliament, into whose hands the Government of England had been put, we have hitherto, ever since the King's Death-Warrant, said almost nothing: and in fact there was not much to be said. 'Statesmen of the Commonwealth' so-called: there wanted not among them men of real mark; brave men, of much talent, of true resolution, and nobleness of aim: but though their title was chief in this Commonwealth, all men may see their real function in it has been subaltern all along. Not in St. Stephen's and its

votings and debatings, but in the battle-field, in Oliver Cromwell's fightings, has the destiny of this Commonwealth decided itself. One unsuccessful Battle, at Preston or at any time since, had probably wrecked it;—one stray bullet hitting the life of a certain man had soon ended this Commonwealth. Parliament, Council of State, they sat like diligent Committees of Ways and Means, in a very wise and provident manner: but the soul of the Commonwealth was at Dunbar, at Worcester, at Tredah: Destiny, there questioned, "Life or Death for this Commonwealth?" has answered, "Life yet for a time!"—That is a fact which the candid imagination will have to keep steadily in view.

And now if we practically ask ourselves, What is to become of this small junto of men, somewhat above a Hundred in all,[1] hardly above Half-a-hundred the active part of them, who now sit in the chair of authority? the shaping-out of any answer will give rise to considerations. These men have been raised thither by miraculous interpositions of Providence; they may be said to sit there only by a continuance of the like. They cannot sit there forever. They are not Kings by birth, these men; nor in any of them have I discovered qualities as of a very indisputable King by attainment. Of dull Bulstrode, with his lumbering law-pedantries, and stagnant official self-satisfactions, I do not speak; nor of dusky tough St. John, whose abstruse fanaticisms, crabbed logics, and dark ambitions, issue all, as was very natural, in 'decided avarice' at last:—not of these. Harry Marten is a tight little fellow, though of somewhat loose life: his witty words pierce yet, as light-arrows, through the thick oblivious torpor of the gene-

[1] One notices division-numbers as high as 121, and occasionally lower than even 40. Godwin (iii. 121), 'by careful scrutiny of the Journals,' has found that the utmost number of all that had still the right to come 'could not be less than 150.'

rations; testifying to us very clearly, Here was a right hard-headed, stout-hearted little man, full of sharp fire and cheerful light; sworn foe of Cant in all its figures; an indomitable little Roman Pagan if no better: but Harry is not quite one's King either; it would have been difficult to be altogether loyal to Harry! Doubtful too, I think, whether without great effort you could have worshipped even the Younger Vane. A man of endless virtues, says Dryasdust, who is much taken with him, and of endless intellect;—but you must not very specially ask, How or Where? Vane was the Friend of Milton: that is almost the only answer that can now be given. A man, one rather finds, of light fibre, this Sir Harry Vane. Grant all manner of purity and elevation; subtle high discourse; much intellectual and practical dexterity: there is an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man;—but not a royal man; alas, no! On the whole rather a thin man. Whom it is even important to keep strictly subaltern. Whose tendency towards the Abstract, or Temporary-Theoretic, is irresistible; whose hold of the Concrete, in which lies always the Perennial, is by no means that of a giant, or born Practical King;—whose 'astonishing subtlety of intellect' conducts him not to new clearness, but to ever new abstruseness, wheel within wheel, depth under depth; marvellous temporary empire of the air, —wholly vanished now, and without meaning to any mortal. My erudite friend, the astonishing intellect that occupies itself in splitting hairs, and not in twisting some kind of cordage and effectual draught-tackle to take the road with, is not to me the most astonishing of intellects! And if, as is probable, it get into narrow fanaticisms; become irrecognisant of the Perennial because not dressed in the fashionable Temporary; become self-secluded, atrabiliar, and perhaps shrill-voiced and spasmodic,—what can you do but get away from it, with a prayer, "The Lord deliver me from thee!" I cannot do with

thee. I want twisted cordage, steady pulling, and a peaceable bass tone of voice; not split hairs, hysterical spasmodics, and treble! Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee!

These men cannot continue Kings forever; nor in fact did they in the least design such a thing; only they find a terrible difficulty in getting abdicated. Difficulty very conceivable to us. Some weeks after Pride's Purge, which may be called the constituting of this remnant of members into a Parliament and Authority, there had been presented to it, by Fairfax and the Army, what we should now call a Bentham-Sieyes Constitution, what was then called an 'Agreement of the People,'[1] which might well be imperative on honourable members sitting there; whereby it was stipulated for one thing, That this present Parliament should dissolve itself, and give place to another 'equal Representative of the People,'—in some three months hence; on the 30th of April, namely. The last day of April 1649: this Parliament was then to have its work finished, and go its ways, giving place to another. Such was our hope.

They did accordingly pass a vote to that effect; fully intending to fulfil the same: but, alas, it was found impossible. How summon a new Parliament, while the Commonwealth is still fighting for its existence? All we can do is to resolve ourselves into Grand Committee, and consider about it. After much consideration, all we can decide is, That we shall go weekly into Grand Committee, and consider farther. Duly every Wednesday we consider, for the space of eleven months and odd; find, more and more, that it is a thing of some considerableness! In brief, when my Lord General returns to us from Worcester, on the 16th of September, 1651, no advance

[1] Commons Journals, 20 January, 1648-9: some six weeks after the Purge; ten days before the King's Death.

whatever towards a dissolution of ourselves has yet been made. The Wednesday Grand Committees had become a thing like the meeting of Roman augurs, difficult to go through with complete gravity; and so, after the eleventh month, have silently fallen into desuetude. We sit here very immovable. We are scornfully called the Rump of a Parliament by certain people: but we have an invincible Oliver to fight for us: we can afford to wait here, and consider to all lengths; and by one name we shall smell as sweet as by another.

I have only to add at present, that on the morrow of my Lord General's reappearance in Parliament, this sleeping question was resuscitated;[1] new activity infused into it; some shew of progress made; nay, at the end of three months, after much labour and struggle, it was got decided, by a neck-and-neck division,[2] That the present *is* a fit time for fixing a limit beyond which this Parliament shall not sit. Fix a limit therefore; give us the *non-plus-ultra* of you. Next Parliament-day we do fix a limit, Three years hence, 3d November, 1654; three years of rope still left us: a somewhat wide limit; which, under conceivable contingencies, may perhaps be tightened a little. My honourable friends, you ought really to get on with despatch of this business; and know of a surety that not being, any of you, Kings by birth, nor very indubitably by attainment, you will actually have to go, and even in case of extremity to be shoved and sent!

LETTER CLXXXIV.

At this point the law of dates requires that we introduce Letter Hundred-and-eighty-fourth; though it is as a mere

[1] Commons Journals, 17 September, 1651.

[2] 49 to 47; Commons Journals, 14 November, 1651: 'Lord General and Lord Chief Justice,' Cromwell and St. John, are Tellers for the Yea.

mathematical point, marking its own whereabouts in Oliver's History; and imparts little or nothing that is new to us.

Reverend John Cotton is a man still held in some remembrance among our New-England friends. He had been Minister of Boston in Lincolnshire; carried the name across the Ocean with him; fixed it upon a new small Home he had found there,—which has become a large one since; the big busy Capital of Massachusetts, *Boston*, so called. *John Cotton his Mark*, very curiously stamped on the face of this Planet; likely to continue for some time!——For the rest, a painful Preacher, oracular of high Gospels to New England; who in his day was well seen to be connected with the Supreme Powers of this Universe, the word of him being as a live-coal to the hearts of many. He died some years afterwards;—was thought, especially on his deathbed, to have manifested gifts even of Prophecy,[1]—a thing not inconceivable to the human mind that well considers Prophecy and John Cotton.

We should say farther, that the Parliament, that Oliver among and before them, had taken solemn anxious thought concerning Propagating of the Gospel in New England; and, among other measures, passed an Act to that end;[2] not unworthy of attention, were our hurry less. In fact, there are traceable various small threads of relation, interesting reciprocities and mutualities, connecting the poor young Infant, New England, with its old Puritan Mother and her affairs, in those years. Which ought to be disentangled, to be made conspicuous and beautiful, by the Infant herself now that she has grown big; the busy old Mother having had to shove them, with so much else of the like, hastily out of her way for the present!—However, it is not in reference to this of Propagating the Gospel in New England; it is in congratulation on

[1] Thurloe, i. 565;—in 1653.

[2] Scobell (27 July, 1649), ii. 66.

the late high Actings, and glorious Appearances of Providence in Old England, that Cotton has been addressing Oliver: introduced to him, as appears, by some small mediate or direct acquaintanceship, old or new;—founding too on their general relationship as Soldier of the Gospel and Priest of the Gospel, high brother and humble one; appointed, both of them, to fight for it to the death, each with such weapons as were given him. The Letter of Cotton, with due details, is to be seen in Hutchinson's *Collection*.[1] The date is 'Boston in New England, 28th of Fifth' (*Fifth Month, or July*), '1651:' the substance, full of piety and loyalty, like that of hundreds of others, must not concern us here,—except these few interesting words, upon certain of our poor old Dunbar friends: 'The 'Scots whom God delivered into your hands at Dunbar,' says Cotton, 'and whereof sundry were sent hither,—we have been 'desirous, as we could to make their yoke easy. Such as 'were sick of the scurvy, or other diseases, have not wanted 'physic and chirurgery. They have not been sold for Slaves, 'to *perpetual* servitude; but for six, or seven, or eight years, 'as we do our own. And he that bought the most of them, 'I hear, buildeth Houses for them, for every Four a House; 'and layeth some acres of ground thereto, which he giveth 'them as their own, requiring them three days in the week to 'work for him by turns, and four days for themselves; and 'promiseth, as soon as they can repay him the money he laid 'out for them, he will set them at liberty.' Which really is a mild arrangement, much preferable to Durham Cathedral and the raw cabbages at Morpeth; and may turn to good for the poor fellows, if they can behave themselves!—

[1] Papers relative to the History of Massachusetts (Boston, 1769), p. 236.

For my esteemed Friend, Mr. Cotton, Pastor of the Church at Boston in New England: These.

'London,' 2d October, 1651.

WORTHY SIR, AND MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

I received yours a few days since. It was welcome to me because signed by you, whom I love and honour in the Lord: but more 'so' to see some of the same grounds of our Actings stirring in you that are in us, to quiet us to our work, and support us therein. Which hath had the greatest difficulty in our engagement in Scotland; by reason we have had to do with some who were, I verily think, Godly, but, through weakness and the subtlety of Satan, 'were' involved in Interests against the Lord and His People.

With what tenderness we have proceeded with such, and that in sincerity, our Papers (which I suppose you have seen) will in part manifest; and I give you some comfortable assurance of 'the same.' The Lord hath marvellously appeared even against them.[1] And now again when all the power was devolved into the Scottish King and the Malignant Party,—they invading England, the Lord rained upon them such snares as the Enclosed[2] will shew. Only the Narrative in short is this, That of their whole Army, when the Narrative was framed, not five men were returned.

Surely, Sir, the Lord is greatly to be feared and to

[1] From Preston downward.

[2] Doubtless the Official Narrative of Worcester Battle; published about a week ago, as Preamble to the Act appointing a Day of Thanksgiving; 26th September, 1651; reprinted in Parliamentary History, xx. 59-65.

be praised! We need your prayers in this as much as ever. How shall we behave ourselves after such mercies? What is the Lord a-doing? What Prophecies are now fulfilling?[1] Who is a God like ours? To know His will, to do His will are both of Him.

I took this liberty from business, to salute you thus in a word. Truly I am ready to serve you and the rest of our Brethren and the Churches with you. I am a poor weak creature, and not worthy the name of a worm; yet accepted to serve the Lord and His People. Indeed, my dear Friend, between you and me, you know not me,—my weaknesses, my inordinate passions, my unskilfulness, and every-way unfitness to my work. Yet, yet the Lord, who will have mercy on whom He will, does as you see! Pray for me. Salute all Christian friends though unknown.

I rest,
Your affectionate friend to serve you,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

About this time, for there is no date to it but an evidently vague and erroneous one, was held the famous Conference of Grandees, called by request of Cromwell; of which Bulstrode has given record. Conference held 'one day' at Speaker Lenthall's house in Chancery Lane, to decide among the leading Grandees of the Parliament and Army, How this Nation *is* to be settled,—the Long Parliament having now resolved on actually dismissing itself by and by. The question is really complex: one would gladly know what the leading Grandees

[1] See Psalm Hundred-and-tenth.

* Harris, p. 518; Birch's Original,—copied in Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 4156, § 30.

did think of it; even what they found good to say upon it! Unhappily our learned Bulstrode's report of this Conference is very dim, very languid: nay Bulstrode, as we have found elsewhere, has a kind of dramaturgic turn in him, indeed an occasional poetic friskiness; most unexpected, as if the hippopotamus should shew a tendency to dance;—which painfully deducts from one's confidence in Bulstrode's entire accuracy on such occasions! Here and there the multitudinous Paper Masses of learned Bulstrode do seem to smack a little of the date when he redacted them,—posterior to the Ever-blessed Restoration, not prior to it. We shall, nevertheless, excerpt this dramaturgic Report of Conference: the reader will be willing to examine, with his own eyes, even as in a glass darkly, any feature of that time; and he can remember always that a learned Bulstrode's fat terrene mind, imaging a heroic Cromwell and his affairs, is a very dark glass indeed!

The Speakers in this Conference,—Desborow, Oliver's Brother-in-law; Whalley, Oliver's Cousin; fanatical Harrison, tough St. John, my learned Lord Keeper or Commissioner Whitlocke himself,—are mostly known to us. Learned Widdrington, the mellifluous orator, once Lord Commissioner too, and like to be again, though at present 'excused from it owing to scruples,' will by and by become better known to us. A mellifluous, unhealthy, seemingly somewhat scrupulous and timorous man.[1] He is of the race of that Widdrington whom we still lament in doleful dumps,—but does not fight upon the stumps like him. There were 'many other Gentlemen' who merely listened.

'Upon the defeat at Worcester,' says Bulstrode vaguely,[2] 'Cromwell desired a Meeting with divers Members of Parlia-

[1] Wood, *in voce*.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 491; the date, 10 December, 1651, is that of the Paper merely, and as applied to the Conference itself cannot be correct.

'ment, and some chief Officers of the Army, at the Speaker's 'house. And a great many being there, he proposed to them, 'That now the old King being dead, and his Son being de- 'feated, he held it necessary to come to a Settlement of the 'Nation. And in order thereunto, had requested this meet- 'ing; that they together might consider and advise, What was 'fit to be done, and to be presented to the Parliament.

'SPEAKER. My Lord, this Company were very ready to 'attend your Excellence, and the business you are pleased to 'propound to us is very necessary to be considered. God 'hath given marvellous success to our Forces under your com- 'mand; and if we do not improve these mercies to some 'Settlement, such as may be to God's honour, and the good of 'this Commonwealth, we shall be very much blameworthy.

'HARRISON. I think that which my Lord General hath 'propounded, is, To advise as to a Settlement both of our 'Civil and Spiritual Liberties; and so, that the mercies which 'the Lord hath given in to us may not be cast away. How 'this may be done is the great question.

'WHITLOCKE. It is a great question indeed, and not 'suddenly to be resolved! Yet it were pity that a meeting of 'so many able and worthy persons as I see here, should be 'fruitless.—I should humbly offer, in the first place, Whether 'it be not requisite to be understood in what way this Settle- 'ment is desired? Whether of an absolute Republic, or with 'any mixture of Monarchy.

'CROMWELL. My Lord Commissioner Whitlocke hath 'put us upon the right point: and indeed it is my meaning, 'that we should consider, Whether a Republic, or a mixed 'Monarchical Government will be best to be settled? And if 'anything Monarchical, then, In whom that power shall be 'placed?

'SIR THOMAS WIDDRINGTON. I think a mixed Monar-

'chical Government will be most suitable to the Laws and 'People of this Nation. And if any Monarchical, I suppose 'we shall hold it most just to place that power in one of the 'Sons of the late King.

'COLONEL FLEETWOOD. 'I think that the question, 'Whether an absolute Republic, or a mixed Monarchy, be 'best to be settled in this Nation, will not be very easy to be 'determined!

'LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE ST. JOHN. It will be found, that 'the Government of this Nation, without something of Mon-'archical power, will be very difficult to be so settled as not 'to shake the foundation of our Laws, and the Liberties of the 'People.

'SPEAKER. It will breed a strange confusion to settle a 'Government of this Nation without something of Monarchy.

'COLONEL DESBOROW. I beseech you, my Lord, why 'may not this, as well as other Nations, be governed in the 'way of a Republic?

'WHITLOCKE. The Laws of England are so interwoven 'with the power and practice of Monarchy, that to settle a 'Government without something of Monarchy in it, would 'make so great an alteration in the Proceedings of our Law, 'that you will scarce have time[1] to rectify it, nor can we well 'foresee the inconveniences which will arise thereby.

'COLONEL WHALLEY. I do not well understand mat-'ters of Law; but it seems to me the best way, Not to have 'anything of Monarchical power in the Settlement of our 'Government. And if we should resolve upon any, whom 'have we to pitch upon? The King's Eldest Son hath been 'in arms against us, and his Second Son[2] likewise is our 'enemy.

[1] Between this and November 1654.

[2] James; who has fled to the Continent some time ago, 'in women's

'SIR THOMAS WIDDRINGTON. But the late King's Third 'Son, the Duke of Gloucester, is still among us; and too 'young to have been in arms against us, or infected with the 'principles of our enemies.

'WHITLOCKE. There may be a day given for the King's 'Eldest Son,[1] or for the Duke of York his Brother, to come 'in to the Parliament. And upon such terms as shall be 'thought fit, and agreeable both to our Civil and Spiritual 'liberties, a Settlement may be made with them.

'CROMWELL. That will be a business of more than ordi-'nary difficulty! But really I think, if it may be done with 'safety, and preservation of our Rights, both as Englishmen 'and as Christians, That a Settlement with somewhat of Mon-'archical power in it would be very effectual.'

Much other discourse there was, says my learned friend;—but amounting to little. The Lawyers all for a mixed Government, with something of Monarchy in it; tending to call in one of the King's Sons,—I especially tending that way; secretly loyal in the worst of times. The Soldiers again were all for a Republic; thinking they had had enough of the King and his Sons. My Lord General always checked that secret-loyalty of mine, and put off the discussion of the King's Son; yet did not declare himself for a Republic either;—was indeed, as my terrene fat mind came at length to image him, merely 'fishing for men's opinions,' and for provender to himself and his appetites, as I in the like case should have been doing!—The Conference broke up, with what of 'fish' in

clothes,' with one Colonel Bamfield, and is getting fast into Papistry and other confusions.

[1] Charles Stuart: 'a day' for him, upon whose *head* there was, not many weeks ago, a Reward of 1000*l.*? Did you actually *say* this, my learned friend? Or merely strive to think, and redact, at an after-period, that you had said it,—that you had thought it, meant to say it, which was virtually all the same, in a case of difficulty!

this kind my Lord General had taken, and no other result arrived at.

Many Conferences held by my Lord General have broken up so. Four years ago, he ended one in King Street by playfully 'flinging a cushion' at a certain solid head of our acquaintance, and running down stairs.[1] Here too it became ultimately clear to the solid head that he had been 'fishing.' Alas, a Lord General has many Conferences to hold; and in terrene minds, ligneous, oleaginous, and other, images himself in a very strange manner!——The candid imagination, busy to shape out some conceivable Oliver in these Nineteen months, will accept thankfully the following small indubitabilities, or glimpses of definite events.

December 8th, 1651. In the beginning of December (Whitlocke dates it 8th December) came heavy tidings over from Ireland, dark and heavy in the house of Oliver especially: that Deputy Ireton, worn out with sleepless Irish services, had caught an inflammatory fever, and suddenly died. Fell sick on the 16th of November, 1651; died, at Limerick, on the 26th.[2] The reader remembers Bridget Ireton, the young wife at Corkbury:[3] she is now Widow Ireton; a sorrowful bereaved woman. One brave heart and subtle-working brain has ended: to the regret of all the brave. A man able with his pen and his sword; very stiff in his ways.

Dryasdust, who much loves the brave Ireton in a rather blind way, intimates that Ireton's 'stern virtue' would probably have held Cromwell in awe; that had Ireton lived, there had probably been no sacrilege against the Constitution on Oliver's part. A probability of almost no weight, my erudite friend. The 'stern virtue' of Ireton was not sterner on occa-

[1] Ludlow, i. 240. [2] Wood, iii. 300; Whitlocke, p. 491.
[3] Letter XLI. vol. i. p. 335; and antea, p. 71.

sion than that of Oliver; the probabilities of Ireton's disapproving what Oliver did, in the case alluded to, are very small, resting on solid Ludlow mainly; and as to those of Ireton's holding Cromwell 'in awe,' in this or in any matter he had himself decided to do, I think we may safely reckon them at zero, my erudite friend!

Lambert, now in Scotland, was appointed Deputy in Ireton's room; and meant to go; but did not. Some say the Widow Ireton, irritated that the beautiful and showy Lady Lambert should *already* 'take precedence of her in St. James's Park,' frustrated the scheme: what we find certain is, That Lambert did not go, that Fleetwood went; and farther, that the Widow Ireton in due time became Wife of the Widower Fleetwood: the rest hangs vague in the head of zealous Mrs. Hutchinson, solid Ludlow, and empty Rumour.[1] Ludlow, already on the spot, does the Irish duties in the interim. Ireton has solemn Public Funeral in England; copious moneys settled on his Widow and Family; all honours paid to him, for his own sake and his Father-in-law's.

March 25th, 1652. Above two years ago, when this Rump Parliament was in the flush of youthful vigour, it decided on reforming the Laws of England, and appointed a working Committee for that object, our learned friend Bulstrode one of them. Which working Committee finding the job heavy, gradually languished; and after some Acts for having Law-proceedings transacted in the English tongue, and for other improvements of the like magnitude, died into comfortable sleep. On my Lord General's return from Worcester, it had been poked up again; and, now rubbing its eyes, set to work in good earnest; got a subsidiary Committee appointed, of Twenty-one

[1] Hutchinson's Memoirs (London, 1806), p. 195; Ludlow, pp. 414, 449, 450, &c.

persons not members of this House at all, To say and suggest what improvements were really wanted: such improvements they the working Committee would then, with all the readiness in life, effectuate and introduce in the shape of specific Acts. Accordingly, on March 25th, first day of the new year 1652, learned Bulstrode, in the name of this working Committee, reports that the subsidiary Committee has suggested a variety of things; among others, some improvement in our method of Transferring Property,—of enabling poor John Doe, who finds at present a terrible difficulty in doing it, to inform Richard Roe, "I John Doe do, in very fact, sell to thee Richard Roe, "such and such a Property,—according to the usual human "meaning of the word *sell*; and it is hereby, let me again as- "sure thee, indisputably SOLD to thee Richard, by me John:" which, my learned friend thinks, might really be an improvement. To which end he will introduce an Act: nay there shall farther be an Act for the 'Registry of Deeds in each County,'—if it please Heaven. 'Neglect to register your Sale 'of Land in this promised County-Register within a given 'time,' enacts the learned Bulstrode, 'such Sale shall be void. 'Be exact in registering it, the Land shall not be subject 'to any incumbrance.' Incumbrance: yes, but what is 'incumbrance?' asks all the working Committee, with wide eyes, when they come actually to sit upon this Bill of Registry, and to hatch it into some kind of perfection: What is 'incumbrance?' No mortal can tell. They sit debating it, painfully sifting it, 'for three months;'[1] three months by Booker's Almanac, and the Zodiac Horologe: March violets have become June roses; and still they debate what 'incumbrance' is;—and indeed, I think, could never fix it at all; and are perhaps debating it, if so doomed, in some twilight foggy

[1] Ludlow, i. 430; Parliamentary History, xx. 84; Commons Journals, vii. 67, 110, &c.

section of Dante's Nether World, to all Eternity, at this hour!—Are not these a set of men likely to reform English Law? Likely these to strip the accumulated owl-droppings and foul guano-mountains from your rock-island, and lay the reality bare,—in the course of Eternities! The wish waxes livelier in Colonel Pride that he could see a certain addition made to the Scots Colours hung in Westminster Hall yonder.

I add only, for the sake of Chronology, that on the fourth day after this appearance of Bulstrode as a Law-reformer, occurred the famous *Black Monday*; fearfullest eclipse of the Sun ever seen by mankind. Came on about nine in the morning; darker and darker: ploughmen unyoked their teams, stars came out, birds sorrowfully chirping took to roost, men in amazement to prayers: a day of much obscurity; *Black Monday*, or *Mirk Monday*; 29th March, 1652.[1] Much noised of by Lilly, Booker, and the buzzard Astrologer tribe. Betokening somewhat? Belike that Bulstrode and this Parliament will, in the way of Law-reform and otherwise, make a Practical Gospel, or real Reign of God, in this England?—

July 9th, 1652. A great external fact which, no doubt, has its effect on all internal movements, is the War with the Dutch. The Dutch, ever since our Death-Warrant to Charles First, have looked askance at this New Commonwealth, which wished to stand well with them; and have accumulated offence on offence against it. Ambassador Dorislaus was assassinated in their country; Charles Second was entertained there; evasive slow answers were given to tough St. John, who went over as new Ambassador: to which St. John responding with great directness, in a proud, brief and very emphatic manner, took his leave, and came home again. Came home again; and passed the celebrated Navigation Act,[2] forbidding that any goods

[1] Balfour, iv. 349; Law's Memorials, p. 6.

[2] Introduced, 5 August, 1651; passed 9 October, 1651: given in Scobell, ii. 176.

should be imported into England except either in English ships or in ships of the country where the goods were produced. Thereby terribly maiming the 'Carrying Trade of the Dutch;' and indeed, as the issue proved, depressing the Dutch Maritime Interest not a little, and proportionally elevating that of England. Embassies in consequence, from their irritated High Mightinesses; sea-fightings in consequence; and much negotiating, apologising, and bickering mounting ever higher; —which at length, at the date above given, issues in declared War. Dutch War: cannonadings and fierce sea-fights in the narrow seas; land-soldiers drafted to fight on shipboard; and land-officers, Blake, Dean, Monk, who became very famous sea-officers; Blake a thrice-famous one;—poor Dean lost his life in this business. They doggedly beat the Dutch, and again beat them: their best Van Tromps and De Ruyters could not stand these terrible Puritan Sailors and Gunners. The Dutch gradually grew tame. The public mind, occupied with sea-fights and sea-victories, finds again that the New Representative must be patiently waited for; that this is not a time for turning out the old Representative, which has so many affairs on its hands.

But the Dutch War brings another consequence in the train of it: renewed severity against Delinquents. The necessities of cash for this War are great: indeed the grand business of Parliament at present seems to be that of Finance, —finding of sinews for such a War. Any remnants of Royal lands, of Dean-and-Chapter lands,—sell them by rigorous auction: the very lead of the Cathedrals one is tempted to sell; nay almost the Cathedrals themselves,[1] if any one would buy them. The necessities of the Finance Department are extreme. Money, money: our Blakes and Monks, in deadly wrestle with the Dutch, must have money!

[1] Parliamentary History, xx. 90.

Estates of Delinquents, one of the readiest resources from of old, cannot, in these circumstances, be forgotten. Search out Delinquents; in every County make stringent inquest after them! Many, in past years, have made light settlements with lax Committee-men; neighbours, not without pity for them. Many of minor sort have been overlooked altogether. Bring them up, every Delinquent of them; up hither to the Rhadamanthus-bar of Goldsmiths' Hall and Haberdashers' Hall; sift them, search them; riddle the last due sixpence out of them. The Commons Journals of these months have formidable ell-long Lists of Delinquents; List after List; who shall, on rigorous terms, be ordered to compound. Poor unknown Royalist Squires, from various quarters of England; whose names and surnames excite now no notion in us except that of No. 1 and No. 2: my Lord General has seen them 'crowding by thirties and forties in a morning'[1] about these Haberdasher-Grocer Halls of Doom, with haggard expression of countenance; soliciting, from what austere official person they can get a word of, if not mercy, yet at least swift judgment. In a way which affected my Lord General's feelings. We have now the third year of Peace in our borders: is this what you call Settlement of the Nation?

LETTER CLXXXV.

THE following Letter 'to my honoured Friend Mr. Hungerford the Elder,' which at any rate by order of time introduces itself here, has probably some reference to these Committee businesses:—at all events, there hangs by it a little tale.

[1] Speech, *postea*.

Some six miles from Bath, in the direction towards Salisbury, are to be seen, 'on the northeast slope of a rocky height called Farley Hill,' the ruins of an old Castle, once well known by the name of *Farley Montfort*, or *Farley Hungerford:* Mansion once of the honourable Family of Hungerfords, while there was such a Family. The Hungerfords are extinct above a century ago; and their Mansion stands there as a Ruin, knowing little of them any more. But it chanced, long since, before the Ruin became quite roofless, some Land-Steward or Agent of a new Family, tapping and poking among the melancholy lumber there,—found 'an old loose Chest' shoved loosely 'under the old Chapel-altar;' and bethought him of opening the same. Masses of damp dust; unclean accumulation of beetle-and-spider exuviæ, to the conceivable amount: under these certain bundles of rubbish-papers, extinct lease-records, marriage-contracts, all extinct now,—among which, however, were Two Letters bearing Oliver Cromwell's signature. These Two the Land-Steward carefully copied, thanks to him;—and here, out of *Collinson's History of Somersetshire*, the first of them now is. Very dark to the Land-Steward, to Collinson, and to us. For the Hungerfords are extinct; their Name and Family, like their old Mansion, a mouldering ruin,—almost our chief light in regard to it, the Two little bits of Paper, rescued from the old Chest under the Chapel-altar, in that romantic manner!—

There were three Hungerfords in Parliament; all for Wiltshire constituencies. Sir Edward, 'Knight of the Bath,' Puritan original Member for Chippenham; Lord of this Mansion of Farley, as we find:[1] then Henry, Esq.; 'recruiter' for Bedwin since 1646; probably a cadet of the House, perhaps heir to it: both these are now 'secluded Members;' purged away

[1] Collinson (iii. 357 *n.*) gives his Epitaph copied from the old Chapel; but is very dark and even self-contradictory in what he says farther.

by Pride; nay it seems Sir Edward was already dead, about the time of Pride's Purge. The third, Anthony Hungerford, original Member for Malmesbury, declared for the King in 1642; was of course disabled, cast into the Tower when caught;—made his composition, by repentance and due fine, 'fine of 2,532*l.*,' in 1646,[1] when the First Civil War ended; and has lived ever since a quiet repentant man. He is of 'Blackbourton in Oxfordshire,' this Anthony; but, I judge by his Parliamentary connexion and other circumstances, likewise a cadet of the House of Farley. Of him by and by, when we arrive at the next Letter.

For the present, with regard to Sir Edward, lord of the Farley Mansion, we have to report, by tremulous but authentic lights, that he stood true for the Parliament; had controversies, almost duels, in behalf of it; among other services, lent it 500*l.* Furthermore, that he is now dead, 'died in 1648;' and that his Widow cannot yet get payment of that 500*l.*; that she is yet only struggling to get a Committee to sit upon it.[2] One might guess, but nobody can know, that this Note was addressed to Henry Hungerford, in reference to that business of Sir Edward's Widow. Or possibly it may be Anthony Hungerford, the repentant Royalist, that is now the 'Elder Hungerford;' a man with whom the Lord General is not without relations? Unimportant to us, either way. A hasty Note, on some 'business' now unknown, about which an unknown 'gentleman' has been making inquiry and negotiation; for the answer to which an unknown 'servant' of some 'Mr. Hungerford the Elder' is waiting in the hall of Oliver's House,—the Cockpit, I believe, at this date:—in such

[1] Commons Journals, iv. 565 (5 June, 1646); ib. iii. 526, &c.

[2] Committee got, 18 February, 1652-3, 'the Lord General' Cromwell in it (Commons Journals, vii. 260): Danger of Duel (ib. ii. 928, 981: iii. 185, January-June, 1643). See ib. iv. 161, v. 618, &c.

faintly luminous state, revealing little save its own existence, must this small Document be left.

For my honoured Friend, Mr. Hungerford the Elder, at his House: These.

SIR, 'London,' 30th July, 1652.

I am very sorry my occasions will not permit me to return[1] to you as I would. I have not yet fully spoken with the Gentleman I sent to wait upon you; when I shall do it, I shall be enabled to be more particular. Being unwilling to detain your servant any longer,—with my service to your Lady and Family, I take my leave, and rest,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

It is a sad reflection with my Lord General, in this Hungerford and other businesses, that the mere justice of any matter will so little avail a man in Parliament: you can make no way till you have got up some party on the subject there![2] In fact, red-tape has, to a lamentable extent, tied up the souls of men in this Parliament of the Commonwealth of England. They are becoming hacks of office; a savour of Godliness still on their lips, but seemingly not much deeper with some of them. I begin to have a suspicion *they* are no Parliament! If the Commonwealth of England had not still her Army Parliament, rigorous devout Council of Officers, men in right life-

[1] reply.

* Collinson's History of Somersetshire (Bath, 1791), iii. 357 (Note). —Appendix, No. 14.

[2] Speech, *postea*.

and-death earnest, who have spent their blood in this Cause, who in case of need can assemble and act again,—what would become of the Commonwealth of England? Earnest persons, from this quarter and that, make petition to the Lord General and Officers, That they would be pleased to take the matter in hand, and see right done. To which the Lord General and Officers answer always: Wait, be patient; the Parliament itself will yet do it.

What the 'state of the Gospel in Wales' is, in Wales or elsewhere, I cannot with any accuracy ascertain; but see well that this Parliament has shewn no zeal that way; has shackled rather, and tied-up with its sorrowful red-tape the movements of men that had any zeal.[1] Lamentable enough. 'The light of the Everlasting Truth was kindled; and you do not fan the sacred flame, 'you consider *it* a thing which may be left to itself! Unhappy: and for what did we fight then, and wrestle with our souls and our bodies as in strong agony; besieging Heaven with our prayers, and Earth and its Strengths, from Naseby on to Worcester, with our pikes and cannon? Was it to put an Official Junto of some Threescore Persons into the high saddle in England; and say, Ride ye? They would need to be Threescore beautifuller men! Our blood shed like water, our brethren's bones whitening a hundred fields; Tredah Storm, Dunbar death-agony, and God's voice from the battle-whirlwind: did they mean no more but you!— My Lord General urges us always to be patient: Patience, the Parliament itself will yet do it. That is what we shall see!—

On the whole, it must be seriously owned by every reader, this present Fag-end of a Parliament of England has failed altogether to realise the high dream of those old Puritan hearts. 'Incumbrance,' it appears, cannot in the abstract be

[1] Speech, *postea*.

defined: but if you would know in the concrete what it is, look there! The thing we fought for, and gained as if by miracle, it is ours this long while, and yet not ours; within grasp of us, it lies there unattainable, enchanted under Parliamentary formulas. Enemies are swept away; extinguished as in the brightness of the Lord: and no Divine Kingdom, and no clear incipiency of such, has yet in any measure come!—These are sorrowful reflections.

For, alas, such high dream is difficult to realise! Not the Stuart Dynasty alone that opposes it; all the Dynasties of the Devil, the whole perversions of this poor Earth, without us and within us, oppose it.—Yea, answers with a sigh the heart of my Lord General: Yea, it is difficult, and thrice difficult;—and yet woe to us, if we do not with our whole soul try it, make some clear beginning of it; if we sit defining 'incumbrances,' instead of bending every muscle to the wheel that is encumbered! Who art thou that standest still; that having put-to thy hand, turnest back? In these years of miracle in England, were there not great things, as if by divine voices, audibly promised? 'The Lord said unto my Lord!' —And is it all to end here? In Juntos of Threescore; in Grocers-Hall Committees, in red-tape, and official shakings of the head?—

My Lord General, are there no voices, dumb voices from the depths of poor England's heart, that address themselves to you, even you? My Lord General hears voices; and would fain distinguish and discriminate them. Which, in all these, is the God's voice? That were the one to follow. My Lord General, I think, has many meditations, of a very mixed, and some of a very abstruse nature, in these months.

August 13th, 1652. This day came a 'Petition from the Officers of my Lord General's Army,' which a little alarmed us. Petition craving for some real reform of the Law; some

real attempt towards setting up a Gospel Ministry in England; real and general ousting of scandalous, incompetent and plainly diabolic persons from all offices of Church and State; real beginning, in short, of a Reign of Gospel Truth in this England;—and for one thing, a swift progress in that most slow-going Bill for a New Representative; an actual ending of this present Fag-end of a Parliament, which has now sat very long! So, in most respectful language, prays this Petition[1] of the Officers. Petition prefaced, they say, with earnest prayer to God: that was the preface or prologue they gave it;—what kind of epilogue they might be prepared to give it, one does not learn: but the men carry swords at their sides; and we have known them!—'Many thought this kind of Petition 'dangerous; and counselled my Lord General to put a stop 'to the like: but he seemed to make light of it,' says Bulstrode. In fact, my Lord General does not disapprove of it: my Lord General, after much abstruse meditation, has decided on putting himself at the head of it. He, and a serious minority in Parliament, and in England at large, think with themselves, once more, If it were not for this Army Parliament, what would become of us?—Speaker Lenthall 'thanked' these Officers, with a smile which I think must have been of the grimmest, like that produced in certain animals by the act of eating thistles.

September 14th, 1652. The somnolent slow-going Bill for a New Representative, which has slept much, and now and then pretended to move a little, for long years past, is resuscitated by this Petition; comes out, rubbing its eyes, disposed for decided activity;—and in fact sleeps no more; cannot think of sleep any more, the noise round it waxing ever louder. Settle how your Representative shall be: for be it now actually must!

[1] Whitlocke, p. 516.

This Bill, which has slept and waked so long, does not sleep again: but, How to settle the conditions of the New Representative?—there is a question! My Lord General will have good security against 'the Presbyterial Party' that they come not into power again; good security against the red-tape Party, that they sit not for three months defining an incumbrance again. How shall we settle the New Representative;—on the whole, what or how shall we do? For the old stagnancy is verily broken up: these petitioning Army Officers, with all the earnest armed and unarmed men of England in the rear of them, have verily torn us from our moorings; and we do go adrift,—with questionable havens, on starboard and larboard, very difficult of entrance; with Mahlstroms and Niagaras very patent right ahead! We are become to mankind a Rump Parliament; sit here we cannot much longer; and we know not what to do!

'During the month of October, some ten or twelve conferences took place,'—private conferences between the Army Officers and the Leaders of the Parliament: wherein nothing could be agreed upon. Difficult to settle the New Representative; impossible for this Old Misrepresentative or Rump to continue! What shall or can be done? Summon, without popular intervention, by earnest selection on your and our part, a Body of godly wise Men, the Best and Wisest we can find in England; to them entrust the whole question; and do you abdicate, and depart straightway, say the Officers. Forty good Men, or a Hundred-and-forty; choose them well,—they will define an incumbrance in less than three months, we may hope, and tell us what to do! Such is the notion of the Army Officers, and my Lord General; a kind of Puritan 'Convention of the Notables,' so the French would call it: to which the Parliament Party see insuperable objections. What other remedy, then? The Parliament Party mournfully

insinuate that there is no remedy, except,—except continuance of the present Rump![1]

November 7th, 1652. 'About this time,' prior or posterior to it, while such conferences and abstruse considerations are in progress, my Lord General, walking once in St. James's Park, beckons the learned Bulstrode, who is also there; strolls gradually aside with him, and begins one of the most important Dialogues. Whereof learned Bulstrode has preserved some record; which is unfortunately much dimmed by just suspicion of dramaturgy on the part of Bulstrode; and shall not be excerpted by us here. It tends conspicuously to shew, *first*, how Cromwell already entertained most alarming notions of 'making oneself a King,' and even wore them pinned on his sleeve, for the inspection of the learned; and *secondly*, how Bulstrode, a secret-royalist in the worst of times, advised him by no means to think of that, but to call in Charles Stuart,—who had an immense popularity among the Powerful in England just then! 'My Lord General did not in words 'express any anger, but only by looks and carriage; and 'turned aside from me to other company,'—as this Editor, in quest of certainty and insight, and not of doubt and fat drowsy pedantry, will now also do!

LETTER CLXXXVI.

HERE, from the old Chest of Farley Castle, is the other Hungerford Letter; and a dim glance into the domesticities again. *Anthony* Hungerford, as we saw, was the Royalist Hungerford, of Blackbourton in Oxfordshire; once Member for Malmes-

[1] Speech, *postea*.

bury; who has been living these six or seven years past in a repentant wholesomely secluded state. 'Cousin Dunch' is young Mrs. Dunch of Pusey, once Ann Mayor of Hursley; she lives within visiting distance of Blackbourton, when at Pusey; does not forget old neighbours while in Town,—and occasionally hears gloomy observations from them. "Your Lord General is become a great man now!"—From the Answer to which we gather at least one thing: That the 'offer of a very great Proposition' as to Son Richard's marriage, which we once obscurely heard of,[1] was, to all appearance, made by this Anthony Hungerford,—perhaps in behalf of his kinsman Sir Edward, who, as he had no Son,[2] might have a Daughter that would be a very great Proposition to a young man. Unluckily 'there was not that assurance of Godliness' that seemed to warrant it: however, the nobleness of the Overture is never to be forgotten.

For my honoured Friend, Anthony Hungerford, Esquire: These.

SIR, Cockpit, 10th December, 1652.

I understand, by my Cousin Dunch, of so much trouble of yours, and so much unhandsomeness (at least seeming so) on my part, as doth not a little afflict me, until I give you this account of my innocency.

She was pleased to tell my Wife of your often resorts to my house to visit me, and of your disappointments. Truly, Sir, had I but once known of your being there, and "had concealed myself," it had been an action so below a gentleman or an honest man, so

[1] Antea, vol. i. p. 390. [2] Epitaph in *Collinson's Somersetshire.*

full of ingratitude for your civilities I have received from you, as would have rendered me unworthy of human society! Believe me, Sir, I am much ashamed that the least colour of the appearance of such a thing should have happened; and 'I' could not take satisfaction but by this plain-dealing for my justification, which I ingenuously offer you. And although Providence did not dispose other matters to our mutual satisfaction, yet your nobleness in that Overture obligeth me, and I hope ever shall whilst I live, to study upon all occasions to approve myself your Family's and your

Most affectionate and humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My Wife and I desire our service be presented to your Lady and Family.*

LETTER CLXXXVII.

SEEMINGLY belonging to the same neighbourhood is the following altogether domestic Letter to Fleetwood; which still survives in Autograph; but has no date whatever, and no indication that will enable us to fix its place with perfect exactness. Fleetwood's Commission for Ireland is dated 10th July, 1652;[1] the precise date of his marriage with Bridget Ireton, of his departure for Ireland, or of any ulterior proceedings of his, is not recoverable in those months. Of

* Oliver Cromwell's Memoirs of the Protector (3d edition, London, 1822), ii. 488; see Collinson's History of Somersetshire, iii. 357 (Note).

[1] Thurloe, i. 212.

Henry Cromwell, too, we know only that he sat in the *Little Parliament;* and, indisputably therefore, was home from Ireland before summer next. From the total silence as to Public Affairs, in this Letter, it may be inferred that nothing decisive had yet been done or resolved upon;—that through this strange old Autograph, as through a dim Horn-Gate (not of Dreams but of Realities), we are looking into the interior of the Cromwell Lodging, and the Cromwell heart, in the Winter of 1652.

For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland: These.

DEAR CHARLES, 'Cockpit, —— 1652.'

I thank you for your loving Letter. The same hopes and desires, upon your planting into my Family, were much the same in me that you express in yours towards me. However, the dispensation of the Lord is, to have it otherwise for the present; and therein I desire to acquiesce;—not being out of hope that it may lie in His good pleasure, in His time, to give us the mutual comfort of our relation: the want whereof He is able abundantly to supply by His own presence; which indeed makes up all defects, and is the comfort of all our comforts and enjoyments.

Salute your dear Wife from me. Bid her beware of a *bondage* spirit.[1] Fear is the natural issue of such a spirit;—the antidote is, Love. The voice of Fear is: If I had done this; if I had avoided that, how well it

[1] A Secretary has written hitherto; the Lord General now begins, himself, with a new pen.

had been with me!—I know this hath been her vain reasoning: 'poor Biddy!'

Love argueth in this wise: What a Christ have I; what a Father in and through Him! What a Name hath my Father: *Merciful, gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth; forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin.* What a Nature hath my Father: *He is* LOVE;—free in it, unchangeable, infinite! What a Covenant between Him and Christ,—for all the Seed, for every one: wherein He undertakes all, and the poor Soul nothing. The new Covenant is *Grace*,—to or upon the Soul; to which it, 'the Soul,' is passive and receptive: *I'll do away their sins; I'll write my Law*, &c.; *I'll put it in their hearts: they shall never depart from me*, &c.[1]

This commends the Love of God: it's Christ dying for men *without* strength, for men whilst sinners, whilst enemies. And shall we seek for the root of our comforts within us,—What God hath done, what He is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort: in this is stability; in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect Grace. Faith, as an act, yields it not; but 'only' as it carries us into Him, who is our perfect rest and peace; in whom we are accounted of, and received by, the Father,—even as Christ Himself. This is our high calling. Rest we here, and here only.[2]

[1] Has been crowding, for the last line or two, very close upon the bottom of the page; finds now that it will not do; and takes to the margin.

[2] Even so, my noble one! The noble soul will, one day, again come to understand these old words of yours.

Commend me to Harry Cromwell: I pray for him, That he may thrive, and improve in the knowledge and love of Christ. Commend me to all the Officers. My prayers indeed are daily for them. Wish them to beware of bitterness of spirit; and of all things uncomely for the Gospel. The Lord give you abundance of wisdom, and faith and patience. Take heed also of your natural inclination to compliance.

Pray for me. I commit you to the Lord; and rest,

Your loving father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.[1]

The Boy and Betty are very well. Shew what kindness you well may to Colonel Clayton, to my nephew Gregory, to Claypole's Brother.*

And so the miraculous Horn-Gate, not of Dreams but of Realities and old dim Domesticities, closes again, into totally opaque;—and we return to matters public.

December 1652—*March* 1653. The Dutch War prospers and has prospered, Blake and Monk beating the Dutch in tough seafights; Delinquents, monthly Assessments, and the lead of Cathedrals furnishing the sinews: the Dutch are about sending Ambassadors to treat of Peace. With home affairs, again, it goes not so well. Through winter, through spring,

[1] Has exhausted the long broad margin; inverts now, and writes atop.

* Ayscough MSS. no. 4165, f. 1. On the inner or blank leaf of this curious old Sheet are neatly pasted two square tiny bits of Paper; on one of them, 'Fairfax' in autograph; on the other these words: 'God blesse the now Lord Protector;' and crosswise, 'Marquis Worcester writt it;' —concerning which Marquis, once 'Lord Herbert,' see antea, p. 163.

that Bill for a New Representative goes along in its slow gestation; reappearing Wednesday after Wednesday; painfully struggling to take a shape that shall fit both parties, Parliament Grandees and Army Grandees both at once. A thing difficult; a thing impossible! Parliament Grandees, now become a contemptible Rump, wish they could grow into a Reputable Full Parliament again, and have the Government and the Governing Persons go on as they are now doing: this naturally is their wish. Naturally too the Army Party's wish is the reverse of this: that a Full free Parliament, with safety to the Godly Interests, and due subordination of the Presbyterian and other factions, should assemble; but also that the present Governing Persons, with their red-tape habits unable to define an incumbrance in three months, should for most part be out of it. Impossible to shape a Bill that will fit both of these Parties: Tom Thumb and the Irish Giant, you cannot, by the art of Parliamentary tailoring, clip out a coat that will fit them both! We can fancy 'conferences,' considerations deep and almost awful; my Lord General looking forward to possibilities that fill even him with fear. Puritan Notables they will not have; these present Governing men are clear against that: not Puritan Notables;—and if they themselves, by this new Bill or otherwise, insist on staying there, what is to become of them?

Dryasdust laments that this invaluable Bill, now in process of gestation, is altogether lost to Posterity; no copy even of itself, much less any record of the conferences, debates, or contemporaneous considerations on it, attainable even in fractions by mankind. Much is lost, my erudite friend;—and we must console ourselves! The substantial essence of the Bill came out afterwards into full practice, in Oliver's own Parliaments. The present form of the Bill, I do clearly perceive, had one clause, That all the Members of this present Rump should

continue to sit without re-election; and still better, another, That they should be a general Election Committee, and have power to say to every new Member, "Thou art dangerous, thou shalt not enter; go!" This clearly in the Bill: and not less clearly that the Lord General and Army Party would in no wise have a Bill with this in it,—or indeed have any Bill that was to be the old story over again under a new name. So much, on good evidence, is very clear to me;—the rest, which is all obliterated, becomes not inconceivable. Cost what it may cost, this Rump Parliament, which has by its conduct abundantly 'defined what an incumbrance is,' shall go about its business. Terrible Voices, supernal and other, have said it, awfully enough, in the hearts of some men! Neither under its own shabby figure, nor under another more plausible, shall *it* guide the Divine Mercies and Miraculous Affairs of this Nation any farther.

The last of all the conferences was held at my Lord General's house in Whitehall, on Tuesday evening, 19th of April, 1653. Above twenty leading Members of Parliament present, and many Officers. Conference of which we shall have some passing glimpse, from a sure hand, by and by.[1] Conference which came to nothing, as all the others had done. Your Bill, with these clauses and visible tendencies in it, cannot pass, says the one party: Your Scheme of Puritan Notables seems full of danger, says the other. What remedy? "No remedy except,—except that you leave us to sit as we are, for a while yet!" suggest the Official persons.—"In no wise!" answer the Officers, with a vehemence of look and tone, which my Lord General, seemingly anxious to do it, cannot repress. You must not, and cannot sit longer, say the Officers;—and their look says even, Shall not! Bulstrode went home to Chelsea, very late, with the tears in his big dull

[1] Speech, *postea*; see also Whitlocke, p. 529.

eyes, at thought of the courses men were getting into. Bulstrode and Widdrington were the most eager for sitting; Chief-Justice St. John, strange thing in a Constitutional gentleman, declared that there could be no sitting for us any longer. We parted, able to settle on nothing, except the engagement to meet here again tomorrow morning, and to leave the Bill asleep till something were settled on. 'A leading person,' Sir Harry Vane or another, undertook that nothing should be done in it till then.

Wednesday, 20th April, 1653. My Lord General accordingly is in his reception-room this morning, 'in plain black clothes and grey worsted stockings;' he, with many Officers: but few Members have yet come, though punctual Bulstrode and certain others are there. Some waiting there is; some impatience that the Members would come. The Members do not come: instead of Members, comes a notice that they are busy getting on with their Bill in the House, hurrying it double-quick through all the stages. Possible? New message that it will be Law in a little while, if no interposition take place! Bulstrode hastens off to the House: my Lord General, at first incredulous, does now also hasten off, — nay orders that a Company of Musketeers of his own regiment attend him. Hastens off, with a very high expression of countenance, I think; — saying, or feeling: Who would have believed it of them? "It is not honest; yea, it is contrary to common honesty!" — My Lord General, the big hour is come!

Young Colonel Sidney, the celebrated Algernon, sat in the House this morning; a House of some Fifty-three.[1] Algernon has left distinct note of the affair; less distinct we have from Bulstrode, who was also there, who seems in some points to be

[1] That is Cromwell's number; Ludlow, far distant, and not credible on this occasion, says 'Eighty or a Hundred.'

even wilfully wrong. Solid Ludlow was far off in Ireland, but gathered many details in after-years; and faithfully wrote them down, in the unappeasable indignation of his heart. Combining these three originals, we have, after various perusals and collations and considerations, obtained the following authentic, moderately conceivable account:[1]

'The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon 'the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would 'have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came 'into the House, clad in plain black clothes and grey worsted 'stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary 'place.' For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the Bill; beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitatingly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still, for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this Bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, "'This is the time; I must do it!'"—and so 'rose up, put off his hat, and spake. 'At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the com-'mendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the 'public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them 'of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other 'faults,'—rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed. An honourable Member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, "It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant too; and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one"—"'Come, come!'" exclaims my Lord General in a very high key, "we have had

[1] Blencowe's Sidney Papers (London, 1825), pp. 139-41; Whitlocke, p. 529; Ludlow, ii. 456;—the last two are reprinted in Parliamentary History, xx. 128.

enough of this,"—and in fact my Lord General now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "'I will put an end to your prating,'" and steps forth into the floor of the House, and 'clapping on his hat,' and occasionally 'stamping the floor with his feet,' begins a discourse which no man can report! He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: "'It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!' You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. 'You shall now give place to better men!—Call them in!'" adds he briefly, to Harrison, in word of command: and 'some twenty or thirty' grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of Carry-arms there. Veteran men: men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains;—not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration: "'You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,'" and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; "'some of you are ——'" and he glares into Harry Marten, and the poor Sir Peter who rose to order, lewd livers both; "living in open contempt of God's Commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the Devil's Commandments. 'Corrupt unjust persons,'" and here I think he glanced 'at Sir 'Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great 'Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he 'named them not:' "'Corrupt unjust persons; scandalous 'to the profession of the Gospel:' how can you be a Parliament for God's People? Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!"

The House is of course all on its feet,—uncertain almost

whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred Mace itself, said, "'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!'" —and gave it to a musketeer. And now,—"Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares, He will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand;" on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses, and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved! "'It's you that 'have forced me to this,'" exclaims my Lord General: "'I 'have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather 'slay me than put me upon the doing of this work.'" 'At 'their going out, some say the Lord General said to young 'Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, That *he* might 'have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not 'common honesty.' "'O Sir Harry Vane,' thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! 'The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!'" 'All being gone out, the door of the 'House was locked, and the Key with the Mace, as I heard, 'was carried away by Colonel Otley;'—and it is all over, and the unspeakable Catastrophe has come, and remains.

Such was the destructive wrath of my Lord General Cromwell against the Nominal Rump Parliament of England. Wrath which innumerable mortals since have accounted extremely diabolic; which some now begin to account partly divine. Divine or diabolic, it is an indisputable fact; left for the commentaries of men. The Rump Parliament has gone its ways; —and truly, except it be in their own, I know not in what

eyes are tears at their departure. They went very softly, softly as a Dream, say all witnesses. "We did not hear a dog bark at their going!" asserts my Lord General elsewhere.

It is said, my Lord General did not, on his entrance into the House, contemplate quite as a certainty this strong measure; but it came upon him like an irresistible impulse, or inspiration, as he heard their Parliamentary eloquence proceed. "Perceiving the spirit of God so strong upon me, I would no longer consult flesh and blood."[1] He has done it, at all events; and is responsible for the results it may have. A responsibility which he, as well as most of us, knows to be awful: but he fancies it was in answer to the English Nation, and to the Maker of the English Nation and of him; and he will do the best he may with it.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

We have to add here an Official Letter, of small significance in itself, but curious for its date, the Saturday after this great Transaction, and for the other indications it gives. Except the Lord General, 'Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised,' there is for the moment no Authority very clearly on foot in England;—though Judges, and all manner of Authorities whatsoever do, after some little preliminary parleying, consent to go on as before.

The Draining of the Fens had been resumed under better auspices when the War ended;[2] and a new Company of Ad-

[1] Godwin, iii. 456 (who cites Echard; not much of an authority in such matters).

[2] Act for that object (Scobell, ii. 33), 29 May, 1649.

venturers, among whom Oliver himself is one, are vigorously proceeding with a New Bedford Level,—the same that yet continues. A 'Petition' of theirs, addressed 'To the Lord General,' in these hasty hours, sets forth that upon the '20th of this instant April' (exactly while Oliver was turning out the Parliament), 'about a Hundred-and-fifty persons,' from the Towns of Swaffham and Botsham,—which Towns had petitioned about certain rights of theirs, and got clear promise of redress in fit time,—did 'tumultuously assemble,' to seek redress for themselves; did 'by force expel your Petitioners' workmen from their diking and working in the said Fens;' did tumble-in again 'the dikes by them made;' and in fine did peremptorily signify that if they or any other came again to dike in these Fens, it would be worse for them. 'The evil effects of which'—are very apparent indeed. Whereupon this Official Letter, or Warrant; written doubtless in the press of much other business.

'*To Mr. Parker, Agent for the Company of Adventurers for Draining the Great Level of the Fens.*'

MR. PARKER, 'Whitehall,' 23d April, 1653.

I hear some unruly persons have lately committed great outrages in Cambridgeshire, about Swaffham and Botsham, in throwing down the works making by the Adventurers, and menacing those they employ thereabout. Wherefore I desire you to send one of my Troops, with a Captain, who may by all means persuade the people to quiet, by letting them know, They must not riotously do anything, for that must not be suffered: but 'that' if there be any wrong done by the Adventurers,—upon complaint, such course

shall be taken as appertains to justice, and right will be done. I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The *Declaration of the Lord General and his Council of Officers*,[1] which came out on the Friday following the grand Catastrophe, does not seem to be of Oliver's composition: it is a Narrative of calm pious tone, of considerable length; promises, as a second Declaration still more explicitly does,[2] a Real Assembly of the Puritan Notables;—and on the whole can be imagined by the reader; nay we shall hear the entire substance of it, from Oliver's own mouth, before long. These Declarations and other details we omit. Conceive that all manner of Authorities, with or without some little preambling, agree to go on as heretofore; that adherences arrive from Land-Generals and Sea-Generals by return of post; that the old Council of State having vanished with its Mother, a new Interim Council of State, with 'Oliver Cromwell Captain General' at the head of it, answers equally well; in a word, that all people are looking eagerly forward to those same 'Known Persons, Men fearing God, and of approved Integrity,' who are now to be got together from all quarters of England, to say what *shall* be done with this Commonwealth,—whom there is now no Fag-end of a corrupt Parliament to prevent just men from choosing with their best ability. Conceive all this; and read the following

* From the Records of the Fen Office, in Sergeants' Inn, London; communicated, with other Papers relating thereto, by Samuel Wells, Esq.

[1] 22 April, Cromwelliana, p. 120.

[2] 30 April, ibid. p. 122.

SUMMONS.

To ——— ———.

FORASMUCH as, upon the dissolution of the late Parliament, it became necessary, that the peace, safety and good government of this Commonwealth should be provided for: And in order thereunto, divers Persons fearing God, and of approved Fidelity and Honesty, are, by myself with the advice of my Council of Officers, nominated; to whom the great charge and trust of so weighty affairs is to be committed: And having good assurance of your love to, and courage for, God and the interest of His Cause, and 'that' of the good People of this Commonwealth:

I, Oliver Cromwell, Captain General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Armies and Forces raised and to be raised within this Commonwealth, do hereby summon and require You, ——— ———, being one of the Persons nominated,—Personally to be and appear at the Council-Chamber, commonly known or called by the name of the Council-Chamber at Whitehall, within the City of Westminster, upon the Fourth day of July next ensuing the date hereof; Then and there to take upon you the said Trust; unto which you are hereby called, and appointed to serve as a Member for the County of ———. And hereof you are not to fail.

Given under my hand and seal the 6th day of June, 1653.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 125).

SPEECH FIRST.

A HUNDRED-AND-FORTY of these Summonses were issued; and of all the Parties so summoned, 'only two' did not attend. Disconsolate Bulstrode says, 'Many of this Assembly being 'persons of fortune and knowledge, it was much wondered at 'by some that they would, at this Summons, and from such 'hands, take upon them the Supreme Authority of this Na-'tion; considering how little right Cromwell and his Officers 'had to give it, or those Gentlemen to take it.'[1] My disconsolate friend, it is a sign that Puritan England in general accepts this action of Cromwell and his Officers, and thanks them for it, in such a case of extremity; saying as audibly as the means permitted: Yea, we did wish it so! Rather mournful to the disconsolate official mind!—Lord Clarendon again, writing with much latitude, has characterised this Convention as containing in it 'divers Gentlemen who had estates, and such a proportion of credit' in the world as might give some colour to the business; but consisting on the whole of a very miserable beggarly sort of persons, acquainted with nothing but the art of praying; 'artificers of the meanest trades,' if they even had any trade:—all which the reader shall, if he please, add to the general *guano*-mountains, and pass on not regarding.

The undeniable fact is, these men were, as Whitlocke intimates, a quite reputable Assembly; got together by anxious 'consultation of the godly Clergy' and chief Puritan lights in their respective Counties; not without much earnest revision,

[1] Whitlocke, p. 534.

and solemn consideration in all kinds, on the part of men adequate enough for such a work, and desirous enough to do it well. The List of the Assembly exists;[1] not yet entirely gone dark for mankind. A fair proportion of them still recognisable to mankind. Actual Peers one or two: founders of Peerage Families, two or three, which still exist among us,—Colonel Edward Montague, Colonel Charles Howard, Anthony Ashley Cooper. And better than King's Peers, certain Peers of Nature; whom if not the King and his pasteboard Norroys have had the luck to make Peers of, the living heart of England has since raised to the Peerage, and means to keep there,—Colonel Robert Blake the Sea-King, for one. 'Known persons,' I do think; 'of approved integrity, men fearing God;' and perhaps not entirely destitute of sense any one of them! Truly it seems rather a distinguished Parliament,—even though Mr. Praisegod Barbone, 'the Leather-merchant in Fleet-street,' be, as all mortals must admit, a member of it. The fault, I hope, is forgivable? Praisegod, though he deals in leather, and has a name which can be misspelt, one discerns to be the son of pious parents; to be himself a man of piety, of understanding and weight,—and even of considerable private capital, my witty flunkey friends! We will leave Praisegod to do the best he can, I think.—And old Francis Rouse is there from Devonshire; once member for Truro; Provost of Eton College; whom by and by they make Speaker;—whose Psalms the Northern Kirks still sing. Richard Mayor of Hursley is there, and even idle Dick Norton; Alexander Jaffray of Aberdeen, Laird Swinton of the College of Justice in Edinburgh; Alderman Ireton, brother of the late Lord Deputy, colleague of Praisegod in London. In fact, a real Assembly of the Notables in Puritan England; a Parliament, *Parliamentum*, or real *Speaking-Apparatus* for the now dominant Interest in

[1] Somers Tracts, i. 216.

England, as exact as could well be got,—much more exact, I suppose, than any ballot-box, free hustings or ale-barrel election usually yields.

Such is the Assembly called the Little Parliament, and wittily *Barebones's Parliament*; which meets on the 4th of July. Their witty name survives; but their history is gone all dark; and no man, for the present, has in his head or in his heart the faintest intimation of what they did, or what they aimed to do. They are very dark to us; and will never be illuminated much! Here is one glance of them face to face; here in this Speech of Oliver's,—if we can read it, and listen along with them to it. There is this one glance; and for six generations, we may say, in the English mind there has not been another.

Listening from a distance of two Centuries, across the Death-chasms, and howling kingdoms of Decay, it is not easy to catch everything! But let us faithfully do the best we can. Having once packed Dryasdust, and his unedifying cries of "Nonsense! Mere hypocrisy! Ambitious dupery!" &c. &c. about his business; closed him safe under hatches, and got silence established,—we shall perhaps hear a word or two; have a real glimpse or two of things long vanished; and *see* for moments this fabulous Barebones's Parliament itself, standing dim in the heart of the extinct Centuries, as a recognisable fact, once flesh and blood, now air and memory; not untragical to us!

Read this first, from the old Newspapers; and then the Speech itself, which a laborious Editor has, with all industry, copied and corrected from Two Contemporaneous Reports by different hands, and various editions of these. Note, however: The *Italic* sentences in brackets, most part of which, and yet perhaps not enough of which I have suppressed, are evidently by an altogether modern hand!

'*July 4th*, 1653. This being the day appointed by the 'Letters of Summons from his Excellency the Lord General, 'for the meeting of the Persons called to the Supreme Autho- 'rity, there came about a Hundred-and-twenty of them to the 'Council-Chamber in Whitehall. After each person had given- 'in a Ticket of his Name, they all entered the room, and sat 'down in chairs appointed for them, round about the table. 'Then his Excellency the Lord General, standing by the win- 'dow opposite to the middle of the table, and as many of the 'Officers of the Army as the room could well contain, some 'on his right hand and others on his left, and about him,— 'made the following Speech to the Assembly:'

GENTLEMEN,

I suppose the Summons that hath been instrumental to bring you hither gives you well to understand the occasion of your being here. Howbeit, I have something farther to impart to you, which is an Instrument drawn up by the consent and advice of the principal Officers of the Army; which is a little (as we conceive) more significant than the Letter of the Summons. We have that here to tender you; and somewhat likewise to say farther for our own exoneration;[1] which we hope may be somewhat farther for your satisfaction. And withal seeing you sit here somewhat uneasily by reason of the scantness of the room, and heat of the weather, I shall contract myself with respect thereunto.

We have not thought it amiss a little to remind you

[1] 'exoneration' does not here mean 'excuse' or 'shifting away of blame,' but mere laying down of office with due form.

of that Series of Providences wherein the Lord hath appeared, dispensing wonderful things to these Nations from the beginning of our Troubles to this very day.

If I should look much backward, we might remind you of the state of affairs as they were before the Short, that is the last, Parliament,—in what posture the things of this Nation then stood: but they do so well, I presume, occur to all your memories and knowledge, that I shall not need to look so far backward. Nor yet to those hostile occasions which arose between the King that was and the Parliament[1] that then followed. And indeed should I begin much later, the things that would fall very necessarily before you, would rather be for a History than for a verbal Discourse at this present.

But thus far we may look back. You very well know, it pleased God, much about the midst of this War, to winnow (if I may so say) the Forces of this Nation;[2] and to put them into the hands of other men of other principles than those that did engage at the first. By what ways and means that was brought about, would ask more time than is allotted me to mind you of it. Indeed there are Stories that do recite those Transactions, and give you narratives of matters of fact: but those things wherein the life and power of them lay; those strange windings and turnings of Providence; those very great appearances of God, in crossing and thwarting the purposes of men, that He might raise up a poor and contemptible company of men,[3] neither versed in

[1] The Long Parliament.

[2] Self-denying Ordinance; beginning of 1645: see Vol. i. p. 258 et seq.

[3] Fairfax's Army.

military affairs, nor having much natural propensity to them, into wonderful success—!' Simply by their owning a Principle of Godliness and Religion; which so soon as *it* came to be owned, and the state of affairs put upon the foot of that account,[1] how God blessed them, furthering all undertakings, yet using the most improbable and the most contemptible and despicable means (for that we shall ever own): is very well known to you.

What the several Successes and Issues have been, is not fit to mention at this time neither;—though I confess I thought to have enlarged myself upon that subject; forasmuch as Considering the works of God, and the operations of His hands, is a principal part of our duty; and a great encouragement to the strengthening of our hands and of our faith, for that which is behind.[2] And among other ends which those marvellous Dispensations have been given us for, that's a principal end, which ought to be minded by us.

'Certainly' in this revolution of affairs, as the issue of those Successes which God was pleased to give to the Army, and 'to' the Authority that then stood, there were very great things brought about;—besides those dints that came upon the Nations[3] and places where the War itself was, very great things in Civil matters too. 'As first,' the bringing of Offenders to justice,—and the Greatest of them. Bringing of the State of this Government to the name (at least) of a Commonwealth. Searching and sifting of all persons and places. The

[1] upon that footing.
[2] still to come.
[3] England, Ireland, Scotland.

King removed, and brought to justice; and many great ones with him. The House of Peers laid aside. The House of Commons itself, the representative of the People of England, winnowed, sifted, and brought to a handful; as you very well remember.

And truly God would not rest there:—for by the way, although it's fit for us to ascribe[1] our failings and miscarriages to ourselves, yet the gloriousness of the work may well be attributed to God Himself, and may be called His strange work. You remember well that at the Change of the Government there was not an end of our Troubles, [*No!*]—although in that year were such high things transacted as indeed made it to be the most memorable year (I mean the year 1648) that this Nation ever saw. So many Insurrections,[2] Invasions, secret Designs, open and public Attempts, all quashed in so short a time, and this by the very signal appearance of God Himself; which, I hope, we shall never forget!—You know also, as I said before, that, as the first effect of that memorable year of 1648 was to lay a foundation, by bringing Offenders to Punishment, so it brought us likewise to the Change of Government:—although it were worth the time 'perhaps, if one had time,' to speak of the carriage of some in places of trust, in most eminent places of trust, which was such as (had not God miraculously appeared) would have frustrated us of the hopes of all our undertakings. I mean by the closure of the Treaty that was endeavoured with the

[1] 'intitle' *in orig.*

[2] Kent, St. Neot's, Colchester, Welsh Poyer at Pembroke, Scotch Hamilton at Preston, &c. &c.

King;[1] whereby they would have put into his hands all that we had engaged for, and all our security should have been a little piece of Paper! That thing going off, you very well know how it kept this Nation still in broils by sea and land. And yet what God wrought in Ireland and Scotland you likewise know; until He had finished these Troubles, upon the matter,[2] by His marvellous salvation wrought at Worcester.

I confess to you, that I am very much troubled in my own spirit, that the necessity of affairs requires I should be so short in those things: because, as I told you, this is the *leanest* part of the Transactions, this mere historical Narrative of them; there being in every particular; in the King's first going from the Parliament, in the pulling-down of the Bishops, the House of Peers, in every step towards that Change of the Government,—I say there is not any one of these things, thus removed and reformed, but hath an evident print of Providence set upon it, so that he who runs may read it. I am sorry I have not an opportunity to be more particular on these points, which I principally designed, this day; thereby to stir up your hearts and mine to gratitude and confidence.

I shall now begin a little to remind you of the passages that have been transacted since Worcester. Coming from whence, with the rest of my fellow Officers and Soldiers, we did expect, and had some reason-

[1] Treaty of the Isle of Wight, again and again endeavoured.

[2] Means 'so to speak;' a common phrase of those times; a perpetual one with Clarendon, for instance.

able confidence our expectations would not be frustrated, That, having such an history to look back unto, such a God, so eminently visible, even our enemies confessing that "God Himself was certainly engaged against them, "else they should never have been disappointed in *every* "engagement," — and that may be used by the way, That if we had but miscarried in the least,[1] all our former mercies were in danger to be lost: — I say, coming up then, we had some confidence That the mercies God had shewn, and the expectations which were upon our hearts, and upon the hearts of all good men, would have prompted those who were in Authority to do those good things which might, by honest men, have been judged fit for such a God, and worthy of such mercies; and indeed been a discharge of duty from those to whom all these mercies had been shewn, for the true interest of this Nation! [*Yes!*] — If I should now labour to be particular in enumerating how businesses have been transacted from that time to the Dissolution of the late Parliament, indeed I should be upon a theme which would be troublesome to myself. For I think I may say for myself and my fellow Officers, That we have rather desired and studied Healing and Looking-forward than to rake into sores and to look backward, — to give things forth in those colours that would not be very pleasing to any good eye to look upon. Only this we shall say for our own vindication, as pointing out the ground for that unavoidable necessity, nay even that duty that was incumbent upon us, to make this last great Change — I think it will not be amiss to offer a

[1] lost one battle of these many.

word or two to that [*Hear, hear!*]. As I said before, we are loath to rake into businesses, were there not a necessity so to do.

Indeed we may say that, ever since the coming-up of myself and those Gentlemen who have been engaged in the military part, it hath been full in our hearts and thoughts, To desire and use all the fair and lawful means we could to have the Nation reap the fruit of all the blood and treasure that had been spent in this Cause: and we have had many desires, and thirstings in our spirits, to find out ways and means wherein we might be anywise instrumental to help it forward. We were very tender, for a long time, so much as to petition. For some of the Officers being Members; and others having very good acquaintance with, and some relations to, divers Members of Parliament,—we did, from time to time, solicit such; thinking if there had been nobody to prompt them, nor call upon them, these things might have been attended to, from ingenuity[1] and integrity in those that had it in their power to answer such expectations.

Truly when we saw nothing would be done, we did, as we thought according to our duty, a little, to remind them by a Petition; which I suppose you have seen: it was delivered, as I remember, in August last.[2] What effect that had, is likewise very well known. The truth is, we had no return at all for our satisfaction,—a few words given us; the things presented by us, or the most of them, we were told, "were under consideration:" and

[1] ingenuousness.

[2] Antea, p. 240; Commons Journals, vii. 164 (13 Aug. 1652).]

those not presented by us had very little or no consideration at all. Finding the People dissatisfied in every corner of the Nation, and 'all men' laying at our doors the non-performance of these things, which had been promised, and were of duty to be performed,—truly we did then think ourselves concerned, if we would (as becomes honest men) keep up the reputation of honest men in the world. And therefore we, divers times, endeavoured to obtain meetings with divers Members of Parliament;—and we did not begin these till about October last. And in these meetings we did, with all faithfulness and sincerity, beseech them that they would be mindful of their duty to God and men, in the discharge of the trust reposed in them. I believe (as there are many gentlemen here know), we had at least ten or twelve meetings; most humbly begging and beseeching of them, That by their own means they would bring forth those good things which had been promised and expected; that so it might appear they did not do them by any suggestion from the Army, but from their own ingenuity: so tender were we to preserve them in the reputation of the People. Having had very many of those meetings; and declaring plainly that the issue would be the displeasure and judgment of God, the dissatisfaction of the People, the putting of 'all' things into a confusion: yet how little we prevailed, we very well know, and we believe it's not unknown to you.

At last, when indeed we saw that things would not be laid to heart, we had a very serious consideration among ourselves what other ways to have recourse unto [*Yea, that is the question!*]; and when we grew to more

closer considerations, then they 'the Parliament men' began to take the Act for a Representative[1] to heart, and seemed exceeding willing to put it on. And had it been done with integrity, there could nothing have happened more welcome to our judgments than that. But plainly the intention was, Not to give the People a right of choice; it would have been but a seeming right: that 'semblance' of giving them a choice was only to recruit the House, the better to perpetuate *themselves*. And truly, having been, divers of us, spoken unto to give way hereunto, to which we made perpetual aversions, indeed abominating the thoughts of it,—we declared our judgments against it, and our dissatisfaction with it. And yet they that would not hear of a Representative formerly, when it lay three years before them, without proceeding one line, or making any considerable progress, —I say, those that would not hear of this Bill formerly, did now, when they saw us falling into more closer considerations, make, instead of protracting their Bill, as much preposterous haste with it on the other side, and run into that 'opposite' extremity.

Finding that this spirit was not according to God; and that the whole weight of this Cause,—which must needs be very dear unto us who had so often adventured our lives for it, and we believe it was so to you,—did hang upon the business now in hand; and seeing plainly that there was not here any consideration to assert this Cause, or provide security for *it*, but only to cross the troublesome people of the Army, who by this time were high enough in their displeasures: Truly, I say, when

[1] For a New Parliament and Method of Election.

we saw all this, having power in our hands, 'we could not 'resolve' to let such monstrous proceedings go on, and so to throw away all our liberties into the hands of those whom we had fought against [*Presbyterian-Royalists; at Preston and elsewhere—"fought against," yea and beaten to ruin, your Excellency might add!*]; we came, first, to this conclusion among ourselves, That if we had been *fought* out of our liberties and rights, Necessity would have taught us patience; but that to deliver them 'sluggishly' up would render us the basest persons in the world, and worthy to be accounted haters of God and of His People. When it pleased God to lay this close to our hearts; and indeed to shew us that the interest of His People was grown cheap, 'that *it* was' not at all laid to heart, but that if things came to real competition, His Cause, even among themselves, would also in every point go to the ground: indeed this did add more considerations to us, That there was a duty incumbent upon us, 'even upon us.' And,—I speak here, in the presence of some that were at the closure of our consultations, and as before the Lord,—the thinking of an act of violence was to us worse than any battle that ever we were in, or that could be, to the utmost hazard of our lives [*Hear him!*]: so willing were we, even very tender and desirous if possible that these men might quit their places with honour.

I am the longer upon this; because it hath been in our own hearts and consciences, justifying us, and hath never been yet thoroughly imparted to any; and we had rather begin with you than have done it before;—and do think indeed that this Transaction is more proper for

a verbal communication than to have it put into writing. I doubt, he whose pen is most gentle in England would, in recording that, have been tempted, whether he would or no, to dip it deep in anger and wrath [*Stifled cries from Dryasdust*].—But affairs being at this posture; we seeing plainly, even in some critical cases,[1] that the Cause of the People of God was a despised thing;—truly we did believe then that the hands of other men 'than these' must be the hands to be used for the work. And we thought then, it was very high time to look about us, and to be sensible of *our* duty [*Oliver's voice somewhat rising; Major-General Harrison and the others looking rather animated!*].

If, I say, I should take up your time to tell you what instances we have to satisfy our judgments and consciences, That these are not vain imaginations, nor things fictitious, but which fell within the compass of our own certain knowledge, it would bring me, I say, to what I would avoid, to rake into these things too much. Only this. If anybody was in competition for any place of real and signal trust, 'if any really public interest was at stake in that Parliament,' how hard and difficult a matter was it to get anything carried without making parties,—without practices[1] indeed unworthy of a Parliament! When things must be carried so in a Supreme Authority, indeed I think it is not as it ought to be, to say no worse [*Nor do I*]!—Then, when we came to other trials, as in that case of Wales, 'of establishing a Preaching Ministry in Wales,' which, I must confess for my own part, I set myself upon,—if I should relate

[1] 'things' *in orig.*

what discountenance that business of the poor People of God there had (who had men[1] watching over them like so many wolves, ready to catch the lambs so soon as they were brought forth into the world); how signally that Business was trodden under foot 'in Parliament,' to the discountenancing of the Honest People, and the countenancing of the Malignant Party, of this Commonwealth—! I need but say it was so. For many of you know, and by sad experience have felt it to be so. And somebody I hope will, at leisure, better impart to you the state of that Business 'of Wales;' which really, to myself and Officers, was as plain a trial of their spirits, 'the Parliament's spirits,' as anything,—it being known to many of us that God had kindled a seed there [*Such is the metaphor.*] indeed hardly to be paralleled since the Primitive Time.—

I would these had been all the instances we had! Finding, 'however,' which way the spirits of men went, finding that good was never intended to the People of God,—I mean, when I say the People of God, I mean the *large* comprehension of them, under the several Forms of Godliness in this Nation;—finding, I say, that all tenderness was forgotten to the Good People (though it was by *their* hands and their means, under the blessing of God, that *those* sat where they did), —we thought this very bad requital! I will not say, they were come to an utter inability of working Reformation,—though I might say so in regard to one thing: the Reformation of the Law, so much groaned under in the posture it now is in [*Hear, hear!*]. That

[1] Clergymen so-called.

was a thing we had many good words spoken for; but we knew that many months together were not enough for the settling of one word, "Incumbrances" [*Three calendar months! A grim smile on some faces*],—I say, finding that this was the spirit and complexion of men, —although these were faults for which no man should lift up his hand against the Superior Magistrate; not simply for these faults and failings,—yet when we saw that this 'New Representative of theirs' was meant to perpetuate men of such spirits; nay when we had it from their own mouths, That they could not endure to hear of the Dissolution of this Parliament: we thought this an high breach of trust. If they had been a Parliament never violence was upon,[1] sitting as free and clear as any in former ages, it was thought, this, to be a breach of trust, such as a greater could not be.

And that we might not be in doubt about these matters; having had that Conference among ourselves which I gave you an account of, we did desire one more,—and indeed it was the night before the Dissolution; it had been desired two or three nights before: we did desire that we might speak with some of the principal persons of the House. That we might with ingenuity open our hearts to them; that we might either be convinced of the certainty of their intentions; or else that they would be pleased to hear our expedients to prevent these inconveniences. And indeed we could not attain our desire till the night before the Dissolution. There is a touch of this in our Declaration.[2] As I said before,

[1] Had no Pride's Purge, Apprentice-riot, or the like, ever come upon them. [2] Of April 22; referred to, not given, at p. 257.

at that time we had often desired it, and at that time we obtained it: where about Twenty of them were, none of the least in consideration for their interest and ability; with whom we desired some discourse upon these things; and had it. And it pleased these Gentlemen, who are here, the Officers of the Army, to desire me to offer their sense for them, which I did, and it was shortly thus: We told them "the reason of our desire to wait "upon them now was, that we might know from them, "What security lay in their manner of proceeding, so "hastened, for a New Representative; wherein they "had made a few qualifications, such as they were: "and How the whole business would, 'in actual prac- "tice,' be executed: Of which we had as yet no ac- "count; and yet we had our interest, our lives, estates "and families therein concerned; and, we thought like- "wise, the Honest People had interest in us: 'How "all this was to be?' That so, if it did seem they meant "to appear in such honest and just ways as might be "security to the Honest Interest, we might therein ac- "quiesce: or else that they would hear what we had "to offer." Indeed, when this desire was made, the answer was, "That nothing would do good for this "Nation but the continuance of this Parliament!" We wondered we should have such a return. We said little to that: but, seeing they would not give us satisfaction that their ways were honourable and just, we craved their leave to make our objections. We then told them, That the way they were going in would be impracti- cable. 'That' we could not tell how to send out an Act with such qualifications as to be a rule for electing and

for being elected, Until we first knew who the persons were that should be admitted to elect. And above all, Whether any of the qualifications reached 'so far as to include' the Presbyterian Party.[1] And we were bold to tell them, That none of that judgment who had deserted this Cause and Interest[2] should have any power therein. We did think we should profess it, That we had as good deliver up our Cause into the hands of any as into the hands of those who had deserted us, or who were as neuters! For it's one thing to love a brother, to bear with and love a person of different judgment in matters of religion; and another thing to have anybody so far set in the saddle on that account, as to have all the rest of his brethren at mercy.

Truly, Gentlemen, having this discourse concerning the impracticableness of the thing, the bringing-in of neuters, and such as had deserted this Cause, whom we very well knew; objecting likewise how dangerous it would be by drawing concourses of people in the several Counties (every person that was within the qualification or without); and how it did fall obvious to us that the power would come into the hands of men who had very little affection to this Cause: the answer again was made, and that by very eminent persons, "That no-"thing would save the Nation but the continuance of this "Parliament." This being so, we humbly proposed,—since neither our counsels, our objections to their way of proceeding, nor their answers to justify that, did give us satisfaction; nor did we think they ever intended to

[1] 'Presbytery' *in orig.*

[2] None of your Royalist, Hamilton-Invasion Presbyterians.

give us any, which indeed some of them have since declared ' to be the fact,'—we proposed to them, I say, *our* expedient; which was indeed this: That the Government of the Nation being in such a condition as we saw, and things 'being' under so much ill sense abroad, and likely to end in confusion 'if we so proceeded,'—we desired they would devolve the trust over to some Well-affected Men, such as had an interest in the Nation, and were known to be of good affection to the Commonwealth. Which, we told them, was no new thing when this Land was under the like hurlyburlies. And we had been labouring to get precedents 'out of History' to convince them of it; and it was confessed by them it had been no new thing. This expedient we offered out of the deep sense we had of the Cause of Christ; and were answered so as I told you, That nothing would save this Nation but the continuance of that Parliament. 'The continuance:' they would not 'be brought to' say the *perpetuating* of it, at this time; yet we found their endeavours did directly tend that way; they gave us this answer, "That the thing we offered was of a very "high nature and of tender consideration: How would "money be raised?"—and made some other objections. We told them 'how;' and that we here offered an expedient five times better than 'that' of theirs,' for which no reason was given, nor we thought could be given [*Why should the Fag-end of this poor old Parliament, now fallen impotent except to raise money for itself, continue? No reason is given, nor we think can be, that will convince mankind*];—and desired them that they would lay things seriously to heart! They told us, They

would take time for the consideration of these things till tomorrow; they would sleep upon them, and consult some friends; 'some friends,'—though, as I said, there were about Twenty-three 'of them here,' and not above Fifty-three in the House. And at parting, two or three of the chief of them, one of the chief [*O Sir Harry Vane!*], and two or three more, did tell us, That they would endeavour to suspend farther proceedings about their Bill for a New Representative until they had another conference with us. And upon this we had great satisfaction; and had hope, if our expedient could receive a loving debate, that the next day we should have some such issue thereof as would give satisfaction to all.[1] And herewith they went away, 'it' being late at night.

The next morning, we considering how to order what we had farther to offer to them in the evening, word was brought us that the House was proceeding with all speed upon the New Representative! We could not believe it, that such persons would be so unworthy; we remained there till a second and third messenger came, with tidings That the House was really upon that business, and had brought it near to the issue,—and with that height[2] as was never before exercised; leaving out all things relating to the due exercise of the qualifications (which had appeared all along 'in it till now'); and 'meaning,' as we heard, to pass it only on paper, without engrossing, for the quicker despatch of it.—Thus, as we apprehend, would the Liberties of the Nation have been thrown away into the hands of those

[1] 'hoping by conference to have satisfaction to all' *in orig.*

[2] violence, height of temper.

who had never fought for it. And upon this we thought it our duty not to suffer it [*No!*].—And upon this the House was dissolved, even when the Speaker was going to put the last question. [*Let* HIM *travel, at any rate!*]

I have too much troubled you with this: but we have made this relation, that you might know that what hath been done in the Dissolution of the Parliament was as necessary to be done as the preservation of this Cause. And the necessity which led us to do that, hath brought us to this 'present' issue, Of exercising an extraordinary way and course to draw You together 'here;' upon this account, that you are men who know the Lord, and have made observations of His marvellous Dispensations; and may be trusted, as far as men may be trusted, with this Cause.

It remains now for me to acquaint you 'a little' farther with what relates to your taking upon you this great Business. "'But indeed' that is contained in the Paper[1] here in my hand, which will be offered presently to you to read.[2] But having done that we have done [*Dissolving of the Parliament; which cannot be repented of, and need not be boasted of!*] upon such ground of

[1] An Indenture or Instrument of Government, some account of which can be found, if any one is curious about it, in Parliamentary History, xx. 175.

[2] Considerable discrepancies in the Two Reports throughout this paragraph; indicating some embarrassment and intricacy in the Speaker. Which with our best industry we endeavour to reconcile; to elicit from them what the real utterance, or thought and attempted utterance, of the Speaker may have been. The two Reporters being faithful according to their ability, and the Speaker faithful according to his, all discrepancies ought to dissolve themselves in clearer insight and conviction; as we hope they do.

necessity as we have 'now' declared, which was not a feigned necessity but a real,—'it did behove us,' to the end we might manifest to the world the singleness of our hearts and our integrity who did these things, Not to grasp at the power ourselves, or keep it in military hands, no not for a day; but, as far as God enabled us with strength and ability, to put it into the hands of Proper Persons that might be called from the several parts of the Nation. This necessity; and I hope we may say for ourselves, this integrity of concluding to divest the Sword of all power in the Civil Administration,—hath been that that hath moved us to put You to this trouble 'of coming hither:' and having done that, truly we think we cannot, with the discharge of our own consciences, but offer somewhat to you on the devolving of the burden on your shoulders.[1] It hath been the practice of others who have, voluntarily and out of a sense of duty, divested themselves, and devolved the Government into new hands; I say, it hath been the practice of those that have done so; it hatl. been practised, and is very consonant to reason, To lay 'down,' together with their Authority, some Charge 'how to employ it'[2] (as we hope we have done), and to press the duty 'of employing it well:' concerning which we have a word or two to offer you.

Truly God hath called you to this Work by, I think,

[1] 'for our own exoneration' *in orig.*

[2] He seems embarrassed lest he be thought to have some authority over this new Little Parliament, and to treat them as if he were their King. The dissolving of the old Parliament has also its embarrassment, though not so prominent here; and both together make an intricate paragraph. Our Two Reports, from this point, virtually coincide again.

as wonderful providences as ever passed upon the sons of men in so short a time. And truly I think, taking the argument of necessity, for the Government must not *fall;* taking the appearance of the hand of God in this thing,—"I think' you would have been loath it should have been resigned into the hands of wicked men and enemies! I am sure, God would not have it so. It's come, therefore, to you by the way of necessity; by the way of the wise Providence of God,—through weak hands. And therefore, I think, coming through our hands, though such as we are, it may not be ill taken if we do offer somewhat (as I said before) as to the discharge of the Trust which is now incumbent upon you [*Certainly not!*]. And although I seem to speak of that which may have the face and interpretation of a Charge, it's a very humble one: and if he that means to be a Servant to you, who hath now called you to the exercise of the Supreme Authority, discharge what he conceives to be a duty to you, we hope you will take it in good part.

And truly I shall not hold you long in it; because I hope it's written in your hearts to approve yourselves to God. Only this Scripture I shall remember to you, which hath been much upon my spirit: *Hosea*, xi. 12, "Judah yet ruleth with God, and is faithful with the "Saints." It's said before, that "Ephraim compassed "God about with lies, and the house of Israel with de- "ceit." How God hath been compassed about by fastings and thanksgivings,[1] and other exercises and trans-

[1] There was a Monthly Fast, the Last Wednesday of every Month,

actions, I think we have all cause to lament. Truly you are called by God, 'as Judah was,' to "rule with Him," and for Him. And you are called to be faithful with the Saints who have been instrumental to your call. 'Again,' *Second Samuel*, xxi. 3, "He that ruleth over "men," the Scripture saith, "must be just, ruling in the "fear of God." [*Groans from Dryasdust. Patience, my friend! Really, does not all this seem an incredibility; —a palpable hypocrisy, since it is not the mouth of an imbecile that speaks it? My estimable, timberheaded, leadenhearted friend, can there be any doubt of it!*]

And truly it's better to *pray* for you than to *counsel* you in that matter, That you may exercise the judgment of mercy and truth! It's better, I say, to pray for you than counsel you; to ask wisdom from Heaven for you; which I am confident many thousands of Saints do this day, 'and' have done, and will do, through the permission of God and His assistance. I say it's better to pray than advise: yet truly I think of another Scripture, which is very useful, though it seems to be for a common application to every man as a Christian,—wherein he is counselled to ask wisdom;[1] and he is told

held duly for about Seven Years; till, after the King's Death, we abolished it. Immense preaching and howling, all over the country, there has been on these stated Wednesdays; sincere and insincere. Not to speak of due Thanksgivings for victories and felicities innumerable; all ending in this infelicitous condition! His Excellency thinks we ought to restrain such habits; not to imitate Ephraim, or the Long Parliament, in such. The rest of this Discourse is properly a Sermon of his; and one conceived in a different style.

[1] 'But the Wisdom that is from Above is first pure, then peaceable, 'gentle and easy to be entreated; full of mercy and good fruits, without 'partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is 'sown in peace of them that make peace' (*James*, iii. 17, 18).

what that is. That's "from Above," we are told; it's "pure, peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits;" it's "without partiality and without hypocrisy." Truly my thoughts run much upon this place, that to the execution of judgment (the judgment of truth, for that's the judgment) you must have wisdom "from Above;" and that's "pure." That will teach you to exercise the judgment of truth; it's "without partiality." Purity, impartiality, sincerity: these are the effects of "wisdom," and these will help you to execute the judgment of truth. And then if God give you hearts to be "easy to be entreated," to be "peaceably spirited," to be "full of good fruits," bearing good fruits to the Nation, to men as men, to the People of God, to all in their several stations,—*this* will teach you to execute the judgment of mercy and truth [*Yes, if thou understand it; still yes,—and nothing else will!*]. And I have little more to say to this. I shall rather bend my prayers for you in that behalf, as I said; and many others will.

Truly the "judgment of truth," it will teach you to be as just towards an Unbeliever as towards a Believer; and it's our duty to do so. I confess I have said sometimes, foolishly it may be: I had rather miscarry to a Believer than an Unbeliever.[1] This may seem a paradox:—but let's take heed of doing that which is evil to either! Oh, if God fill your hearts with such a spirit as Moses had, and as Paul had,—which was not a spirit for Believers only, but for the whole People: Moses, he could die for them; wish himself "blotted out of

[1] Do wrong to a good than to a bad man; a remarkable sentiment.

God's Book:"[1] Paul could wish himself "accursed for his countrymen after the flesh"[2] [*Let us never forget that, in Moses and Paul.—Are not these amazing sentiments, on their part, my estimable, timberheaded, leaden-hearted friend?*]: so full of affection were their spirits unto all. And truly this would help you to execute the judgment of truth, and of mercy also.

A second thing is, To desire you would be faithful with the Saints; to be touched with them. And I hope, whatever others may think, it may be a matter to us all of rejoicing to have our hearts touched (with reverence be it spoken) as Christ, "being full of the spirit," was "touched with our infirmities," that He might be merciful. So should we be; we should be pitiful. Truly, this calls us to be very much touched with the infirmities of the Saints; that we may have a respect unto all, and be pitiful and tender towards all, though of different judgments. And if I did seem to speak something that reflected on those of the Presbyterial judgment,—truly I think if we have not an interest of love for them too, we shall[3] hardly answer this of being faithful to the Saints.

In my pilgrimage, and some exercises I have had abroad, I did read that Scripture often, Forty-first of *Isaiah;* where God gave me, and some of my fellows, encouragement 'as to' what He would do there and elsewhere; which He hath performed for us. He said, "He would plant in the wilderness the cedar, the "shittah-tree, and the myrtle and the oil-tree; and He

[1] Exodus, xxxii. 32. [2] Romans, ix. 3.
[3] 'will' *in orig.*

" would set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine-tree, " and the box-tree together." For what end will the Lord do all this? " That they may see, and know, and " consider, and understand together, That the hand of " the Lord hath done this;"—that it is He who hath wrought all the salvations and deliverances we have received. For what end! To see, and know, and understand together, that He hath done and wrought all this for the good of the Whole Flock [*Even so. For 'Saints' read 'Good Men;' and it is true to the end of the world*]. Therefore, I beseech you,—but I think I need not,—have a care of the Whole Flock! Love the sheep, love the lambs; love all, tender all, cherish and countenance all, in all things that are good. And if the poorest Christian, the most mistaken Christian, shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you,—I say, if any shall desire but to lead a life of godliness and honesty, let him be protected.

I think I need not advise, much less press you, to endeavour the Promoting of the Gospel; to encourage the Ministry;[1] such a Ministry and such Ministers as be faithful in the Land; upon whom the true character is. Men that have received the Spirit, which Christians will be able to discover, and do 'the will of;' men that " have received Gifts from Him who is ascended up on " high, who hath led captivity captive, to *give* gifts to " men,"[2] even for this same work of the Ministry! And truly the Apostle, speaking in another place, in the Twelfth of the *Romans*, when he has summed up all the mercies of God, and the goodness of God; and dis-

[1] Preaching Clergy. [2] Ephesians, iv. 8.

coursed, [illegible] foundations of the Gospel, and of those things that are the subject of those first Eleven Chapters,—he beseecheth them to "present their bodies a living sacrifice" [*Note that!*]. He beseecheth them that they would not esteem highly of themselves, but be humble and sober-minded, and not stretch themselves beyond their line; and also that they would have a care for those that "had received gifts" to the uses there mentioned. I speak not,—I thank God it is far from my heart,—for a Ministry deriving itself from the Papacy, and pretending to that which is so much insisted on, "Succession" ["*Hear, hear!*" *from the Puseyites*]. The true Succession is through the Spirit—[*I should say so!*],—given in its measure. The Spirit is given for that use, 'To make proper Speakers-forth of God's eternal Truth;' and that's right Succession. But I need not discourse of these things to you; who, I am persuaded, are taught of God, much more and in a greater measure than myself, concerning these things.

Indeed I have but one word more to say to you; though in that perhaps I shall shew my weakness: it's by way of encouragement to go on in this Work. And give me leave to begin thus. I confess I never looked to see such a Day as this,—it may be nor you neither,—when Jesus Christ should be so owned as He is, this day, in this Work. Jesus Christ is owned this day by the Call of You; and you own Him, by your willingness to appear for Him. And you manifest this, as far as poor creatures may do, to be a Day of the Power of Christ. I know you well remember that Scripture,

"He makes His People willing in the day of His "power."[1] God manifests this to be the Day of the Power of Christ; having, through so much blood, and so much trial as hath been upon these Nations, made this to be one of the great issues thereof: To have His People called to the Supreme Authority [*A thing, I confess, worth striving for; and the one thing worth striving for!*]. He makes this to be the greatest mercy, next to His own Son. God hath owned His Son; and He hath owned you, and made you own Him. I confess I never looked to have seen such a day; I did not. —Perhaps you are not known by face to one another; 'indeed' I am confident you are strangers, coming from all parts of the Nation as you do: but we shall tell you that indeed we have not allowed ourselves the choice of one person in whom we had not this good hope, That there was in him faith in Jesus Christ, and love to all His People and Saints [*What a Parliament; unexampled before and since in this world!*].

Thus God hath owned you in the eyes of the world; and thus, by coming hither, you own Him: and, as it is in *Isaiah*, xliii. 21,—it's an high expression; and look to your own hearts whether, now or hereafter, God shall apply it to *you*: "This People," saith God, "I have formed for Myself, that they may shew forth my praise." I say, it's a memorable passage; and, I hope, not unfitly applied: the Lord apply it to each of your hearts! I shall not descant upon the words; they are plain: indeed you are as like the "forming of God" as ever people

[1] Psalm cx. 3, a favourite Psalm of Oliver's,—as we know already, and solid Ludlow knows.

were. If a man should tender a Book to you 'to swear you upon,' I dare appeal to all your consciences, Neither directly nor indirectly did you seek for your coming hither. You have been passive in coming hither; being *called*,—and indeed that's an active work,—'though not on your part!' "This People have *I formed*:" consider the circumstances by which you are "called" hither; through what strivings [*At Marston Moor, at Naseby, Dunbar and elsewhere*], through what blood you are come hither,—where neither you nor I, nor no man living, three months ago, had any thought to have seen such a company taking upon them, or rather being called to take, the Supreme Authority of this Nation! Therefore, own your call! Indeed, I think it may be truly said that there never was a Supreme Authority consisting of such a Body, above One-hundred-and-forty, I believe; 'never such a Body' that came into the Supreme Authority 'before,' under such a notion 'as this,' in such a way of owning God, and being owned by Him. And therefore I may also say, never such a "People" so "formed," for such a purpose, 'were' thus called before [*These are lucent considerations; lucent, nay radiant!*]

If it were a time to compare your standing with 'that of' those that have been "called" by the Suffrages of the People—[*He does not say what the result would be*]—Which who can tell how soon God may fit the People for such a thing? None can desire it more than I! Would all were the Lord's People; as it was said, "Would all the Lord's People were Prophets" [*Fit to sit in Parliament and make Laws; alas, hitherto but few of them can "prophesy!"*] I would all were fit to be

called. It ought to be the longing of our hearts to see men brought to own the Interest of Jesus Christ. And give me leave to say: If I know anything in the world, what is there likelier to win the People to the interest of Jesus Christ, to the love of Godliness (and therefore what stronger duty lies on you, being thus called), than an humble and godly conversation? So that they may see 'that' you love them; 'that' you lay yourselves out, time and spirits, for them! Is not this the likeliest way to bring them to their liberties? [*To make them free by being servants of God; free, and fit to elect for Parliament!*] And do not you, by this, put it upon God to find out times and seasons for you; 'fit seasons' by putting forth His Spirit? At least you convince them that, as men fearing God have fought them out of their bondage under the Regal Power, so men fearing God do now rule them in the fear of God, and take care to administer Good unto them.—But this is some digression. I say, own your call; for it is of God! Indeed, it is marvellous, and it hath been unprojected. It's not long since either you or we came to know of it. And indeed this hath been the way God dealt with us all along, To keep things from our eyes all along, so that we have seen nothing, in all His dispensations, long beforehand;—which is also a witness, in some measure, to our integrity. ["*Integrity!*" *from Dryasdust.—Husht, my friend, it is incredible! A flat impossibility, how can it be believed? To the human Owl, living in his perennial London Fog, in his Twilight of all imaginable corrupt Exhalations, and with his poor head, too, overspun to such extent with red-tape, parliamentary elo-*

quence, force of public opinion and such like, how shall the Azure Firmaments and Everlasting Stars become credible? They are and remain incredible. From his shut sense all light-rays are victoriously repelled; no light shall get admittance there. In no Heaven's-light will he for his part ever believe;—till at last, as is the necessity withal, it come to him as lightning! Then he will believe it.]—I say, you are called with an high calling. And why should we be afraid to say or think, That *this* may be the door to usher in the Things that God has promised; which have been prophesied of; which He has set the hearts of His People to wait for and expect?[1] We know who they are that shall war with the Lamb, "against His enemies:" they shall be "a people called, and chosen and faithful." And God hath, in a Military way,—we may speak it without flattering ourselves, and I believe you know it,—He hath appeared with them, 'with that same "people,"' and for them; and now in these Civil Powers and Authorities 'does not He appear?' These are not ill prognostications of the God we wait for. Indeed I do think somewhat is at the door: we are at the threshold;—and therefore it becomes us to lift up our heads, and encourage ourselves in the Lord. And we have thought, some of us, That it is our duties to *endeavour* this way; not merely to *look* at that Prophecy in Daniel, "And the Kingdom shall not be delivered to another people," 'and passively wait.' Truly God hath brought this to your hands; by the owning of your call; blessing the

[1] Hundred-and-tenth Psalm, and other Scriptures, are known to Ludlow and us!

Military Power. The Lord hath directed their [*our*] hearts to be instrumental to call you; and set it upon our hearts to deliver over the Power "to another people" [*Therefore "we" are not the persons prophesied of?*].—But I may appear to be beyond my line here; these things are dark. Only, I desire my thoughts[1] to be exercised in these things, and so I hope are yours.

Truly seeing things are thus, that you are at the edge of the Promises and Prophecies—[*Does not say what results*]—At least, if there were neither Promise nor Prophecy, yet you are carrying on the best things, you are endeavouring after the best things; and, as I have said elsewhere,[2] if I were to choose any servant, the meanest Officer for the Army or the Commonwealth, I would choose a godly man that hath principles. Especially where a trust is to be committed. Because I know where to *have* a man that hath principles. I believe if any one of you should choose a servant, you would do thus. And I would all our Magistrates were so chosen:—this may be done; there may be good effects of this! Surely it's our duty to choose men that fear the Lord, and will praise the Lord: such hath the Lord "formed for Himself;" and He expects no praises from *other* 'than such' [*O Secretary of the Home Department, my right honourable friend!*].

This being so, truly it puts me in mind of another Scripture, that famous Psalm, Sixty-eighth Psalm;[3]

[1] 'senses' *in orig.*

[2] In some Speech now lost:—probably in many Speeches; certainly in all manner of Practice and Action.

[3] We remember it ever since Dunbar morning; let us read a passage

which indeed is a glorious Prophecy, I am persuaded, of the Gospel Churches,—it may be, of the Jews also. There it prophesies that "He will bring His People "again from the depths of the Sea, as once He led "Israel through the Red Sea." And it may be, as some think, God will bring the Jews home to their station "from the isles of the sea," and answer their expectations "as from the depths of the sea." But, 'at all events,' sure I am, when the Lord shall set up the glory of the Gospel Church, it shall be a gathering of people as "out of deep waters," "out of the multitude of waters:" such are His People, drawn out of the multitudes of the Nations and People of this world.—And truly that Psalm is very glorious in many other parts of

or two of it again: His Excellency and the Little Parliament will perhaps wait a moment; and it may do us good!

'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate 'Him flee before Him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away; 'as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish before the pre-'sence of God.' The unhappy!

'But let the righteous be glad: let them rejoice before God, yea let 'them rejoice exceedingly. Sing unto God, sing praises to His name. 'A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His 'holy habitation.'—

'O God, when Thou wentest forth before Thy People,——the Earth 'shook, the Heavens also dropped. Kings of Armies did flee apace; 'and she that tarried at home divided the spoil.' Ye poor and brave; be ye of courage! 'Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be 'as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow 'gold.

'The Hill of God is as the Hill of Bashan; an high Hill as the Hill 'of Bashan.' Inexpugnable, that! 'Why leap ye, ye high Hills? This 'is the Hill of God which God desireth to dwell in: yea the Lord will 'dwell in it forever. The chariots of God are twenty-thousand, even 'thousands of Angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai in the holy 'place.'

it: When He gathers them, "great was the company" of them that publish His word. "Kings of Armies did "flee apace, and they that tarried at home divided the "spoil" [*Consider Charles Stuart, First and Second; and what we see this day!*]; and "Although ye have lain "among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, "covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold" [*Hah!*]. And indeed the triumph of that Psalm is exceeding high and great; and God is accomplishing it. And the close of it,—that closeth with my heart, and I do not doubt with yours, "The Lord shakes the hills and mountains, and they reel." And God hath a Hill too; "an high Hill as the Hill of Bashan: and the "chariots of God are twenty-thousand, even thousands "of Angels, and God will dwell upon this Hill forever!" —[PROCUL PROFANI! *The man is without a soul that looks into this Great Soul of a man, radiant with the splendours of very Heaven, and sees nothing there but the shadow of his own mean darkness. Ape of the Dead Sea, peering asquint into the Holy of Holies, let us have done with* THY *commentaries! Thou canst not fathom it.*]

I am sorry I have troubled you, in such a place of heat as this is, so long. All I have to say, in my own name, and that of my fellow Officers who have joined with me in this work, is: That we shall commend you to the grace of God, to the guidance of His Spirit: 'That' having thus far served you, or rather our Lord Jesus Christ 'in regard to you,' we shall be ready in our stations, according as the Providence of God shall lead us, to be subservient to the 'farther' work of God,

and to that Authority which we shall reckon God hath set over us. And though we have no formal thing to present you with, to which the hands, or visible expressions, of the Officers and Soldiers of the three Nations of England, Scotland and Ireland, 'are set;' yet we may say of them, and we may say also with confidence for our brethren at Sea,—with whom neither in Scotland, Ireland, nor at Sea, hath there been any artifice used to persuade their consents to this work,—that nevertheless their consents have flowed in to us from all parts, beyond our expectations: and we may with all confidence say, that as we have their approbation and full consent to the other work, so you have their hearts and affections unto this.[1] And not only theirs: we have very many Papers from the Churches of Christ throughout the Nation; wonderfully both approving what hath been done in removing of obstacles, and approving what we have done in this very thing. And having said this, we shall trouble you no more. But if you will be pleased that this Instrument[2] be read to you, which I have signed by the advice of the Council of Officers,—we shall then leave you to your own thoughts and the guidance of God; to dispose of yourselves for a farther meeting, as you shall see cause.[3]

I have only this to add. The affairs of the Nation

[1] 'other work' delicately means *dissolving the old Parliament*; 'this' is *assembling of you*, 'this very thing.'

[2] The Instrument is to be found among the Old Pamphlets; but being of a much lower strain, mere constitutionalities, &c., in phrase and purport alike leaden, we do not read it.

[3] Report in *Parliamentary History*, and the common Pamphlets, ends here.

lying on our hands to be taken care of; and we knowing that both the Affairs at Sea, the Armies in Ireland and Scotland, and the providing of things for the preventing of inconveniences, and the answering of emergencies, did require that there should be no Interruption, but that care ought to be taken for these things; and foreseeing likewise that before you could digest yourselves into such a method, both for place, time and other circumstances, as you shall please to proceed in, some time would be required,—which the Commonwealth could not bear in respect to the managing of things: I have, within a week past,' set up a Council of State, to whom the managing of affairs is committed. Who, I may say, very voluntarily and freely, before they see how the issue of things will be, have engaged themselves in business; eight or nine of them being Members of the House that late was.—I say I did exercise that power which, I thought, was devolved upon me at that time; to the end affairs might not have any interval 'or interruption.' And now when you are met, it will ask some time for the settling of your affairs and your way. And, 'on the other hand,' a day cannot be lost, 'or left vacant,' but they must be in continual Council till you take farther order. So that the whole matter of their consideration also which regards them, is at your disposal, as you shall see cause. And therefore I thought it my duty to acquaint you with thus much, to prevent distractions in your way: That things have been thus ordered; that your affairs will 'not stop, but' go on, 'in the meanwhile,'—till you see cause to alter this Council; they having no authority or continu-

ance of sitting, except simply until you take farther order.*

The reader has now struggled through this First Speech of my Lord General's; not without astonishment to find that he has some understanding of it. The Editor has had his difficulties: but the Editor too is astonished to consider how such a Speech should have lain so long before the English Nation, asking, "Is there no meaning whatever in me, then?" —with negatory response from almost all persons. Incompetent Reporters;—still more the obscene droppings of an extensive Owl-population, the accumulated *guano* of Human Stupor in the course of ages, do render Speeches unintelligible! It ought to be added, that my Lord General always spoke extempore; ready to speak, if his mind were full of meaning; very careless about the words he put it into. And never, except in one instance, which we shall by and by come upon, does he seem to have taken any charge as to what Report might be published of it. One of his Parliaments once asks him for a correct Report of a certain Speech, spoken some days before: he declares, "He cannot remember four lines of it."[1] It appears also that his meaning, much as Dryasdust may wonder, was generally very well understood by his audience:—it was not till next generation, when the owl-droppings already lay thick, and Human Stupor had decidedly set in, that the cry of Unintelligibility was much heard of.

* Milton State-Papers, pp. 106-114: and Parliamentary History, xx. 153-175; which latter is identical with Harleian Miscellany (London, 1810), vi. 331-344. Our Report, in some cramp passages, which could not always be indicated without confusion, is a *tertium quid* between these two. Generally throughout we adhere to Milton's, which is the more concise, intelligible and every way better Report.

[1] Burton's Diary, Postea, Speech XVII.

Tones and looks do much;—yes, and the *having* a meaning in you is also a great help! Indeed, I fancy he must have been an opaque man, to whom these utterances of such a man, all in a blaze with such a conviction of heart, had remained altogether dark.

The printed state of this Speech, and still more of some others, will impose hard duties on an Editor; which kind readers must take their share of. In the present case, it is surprising how little change has been needed, beyond the mere punctuation, and correct division into sentences. Not the slightest change of meaning has, of course, anywhere seemed, or shall anywhere seem, permissible; nor indeed the twentieth part of that kind of liberty which a skilful Newspaper Reporter takes with every speech he commits to print in our day.

A certain Critic, whom I sometimes cite from, but seldom without some reluctance, winds up his multifarious Commentaries on the present Speech in the following extraordinary way:

'Intelligent readers,' says he, 'have found intelligibility 'in this Speech of Oliver's: but to one who has had to 'read it as a painful Editor, reading every fibre of it with 'magnifying-glasses, has to do,—it becomes all glowing 'with intelligibility, with credibility; with the splendour of 'genuine Veracity and heroic Depth and Manfulness;—and 'seems in fact, as Oliver's Speeches generally do, to an altogether singular degree, the express image of the soul it 'came from!—Is not this the end of all speaking, and wagging of the tongue in every conceivable sort, except the 'false and accursed sorts? Shall we call Oliver a *bad* 'Speaker, then; shall we not, in a very fundamental sense, 'call him a good Speaker?—

'Art of Speech? Art of Speech? The Art of Speech, I

'take it, will first of all be the art of having something ge-
'nuine to speak! Into what strange regions has it carried
'us, that same sublime "Art," taken up otherwise! One of
'the saddest bewilderments, when I look at all the bearings
'of it, nay properly the fountain of all the sad bewilderments,
'under which poor mortals painfully somnambulate in these
'generations. "I have made an excellent Speech about it,
'written an excellent Book about it,"—and there an end.
'How much better, hadst thou done a moderately good deed
'about it, and not had anything to speak at all! He who is
'about *doing* some mute veracity has a right to be heard speak-
'ing, and consulting of the doing of it; and properly no other
'has. The light of a man shining all as a paltry phosphores-
'cence on the surface of him, leaving the interior dark, chao-
'tic, sordid, dead-alive,—was once regarded as a most mourn-
'ful phenomenon!

'False Speech is probably capable of being the falsest and
'most accursed of all things. False Speech; so false that it
'has not even the veracity to know that it is false,—as the
'poor commonplace *liar* still does! I have heard Speakers
'who gave rise to thoughts in me *they* were little dreaming of
'suggesting! Is man then no longer an "Incarnate Word,"
'as Novalis calls him,—sent into this world to utter out of
'him, and by all means to make audible and visible what of
'*God's*-Message he has; sent hither and made alive even for
'that, and for no other definable object? Is there no sacred-
'ness, then, any longer, in the miraculous tongue of man? Is
'his head become a wretched cracked pitcher, on which you
'jingle to frighten crows, and make bees hive? He fills me
'with terror, this two-legged Rhetorical Phantasm! I could
'long for an Oliver without Rhetoric at all. I could long for
'a Mahomet, whose persuasive-eloquence, with wild-flashing
'heart and scimitar, is: "Wretched mortal, give up that; or

'by the Eternal, thy Maker and mine, I will kill thee! Thou 'blasphemous scandalous Misbirth of Nature, is not even that 'the kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not and 'alter in the name of Allah?"'—

LETTERS CLXXXIX.—CXCI.

CONCERNING this Puritan Convention of the Notables, which in English History is called the *Little Parliament*, and derisively *Barebones's Parliament*, we have not much more to say. They are, if by no means the remarkablest Assembly, yet the Assembly for the remarkablest purpose who have ever met in the Modern World. The business is, No less than introducing of the Christian Religion into real practice in the Social Affairs of this Nation. Christian Religion, Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; such, for many hundred years, has been the universal solemnly recognised Theory of all men's Affairs; Theory sent down out of Heaven itself: but the question is now that of reducing it to Practice in said Affairs; —a most noble, surely, and most necessary attempt; which should not have been put off so long in this Nation! We have conquered the Enemies of Christ; let us now, in real practical earnest, set about doing the Commandments of Christ, now that there is free room for us! Such was the purpose of this Puritan Assembly of the Notables, which History calls the *Little Parliament*, or derisively *Barebones's Parliament*.

It is well known they failed: to us, alas, it is too evident they could not but fail. Fearful impediments lay against that effort of theirs; the sluggishness, the slavish half-and-halfness, the greediness, the cowardice, and general opacity and falsity of some ten million men against it;—alas, the whole world, and what we call the Devil and all his angels,

against it! Considerable angels, human and other: most extensive arrangements, investments, to be sold off as a tremendous sacrifice;—in general the entire set of luggage-traps and very extensive stock of merchant-goods and real and floating property, amassed by that assiduous Entity abovementioned, for a thousand years or more! For these, and also for other obstructions, it could not take effect at that time;—and the *Little Parliament* became a *Barebones's Parliament*, and had to go its ways again.

Read these three Letters, two of them of small or no significance as to it or its affairs; and then let us hasten to the catastrophe.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

The Little Parliament has now sat some seven weeks; the dim old world of England, then in huge travail-throes, and somewhat of the Lord General's sad and great reflections thereon, may be dimly read here.

'*For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland: These.*'

Dear Charles, Cockpit, 22d August, 1653.

Although I do not so often as is desired by me acquaint you how it is with me, yet I doubt not of your prayers in my behalf, That, in all things, I may walk as becometh the Gospel.

Truly I never more needed all helps from my Christian Friends than now! Fain would I have my ser-

vice accepted of the Saints, if the Lord will;—but it is not so. Being of different judgments, and 'those' of each sort seeking most to propagate their own, that spirit of kindness that is[1] to them all, is hardly accepted of any. I hope I can say it, My life has been a willing sacrifice,—and I hope,—for them *all*. Yet it much falls out as when the Two Hebrews were rebuked: you know upon whom they turned their displeasure![2]

But the Lord is wise; and will, I trust, make manifest that I am no enemy. Oh, how easy is mercy to be abused:—Persuade friends with you to be very sober! If the Day of the Lord *be* so near as some say, how should our moderation appear! If every one, instead of contending, would justify his form 'of judgment' by love and meekness, Wisdom would be "justified of her children." But, alas![3]——

I am, in my temptation, ready to say, "Oh, would I had wings like a dove, then would I," &c.:[3] but this, I fear, is my "haste." I bless the Lord I have somewhat keeps me alive: some sparks of the light of His countenance, and some sincerity above man's judgment. Excuse me thus unbowelling myself to you: pray for me; and desire my Friends to do so also. My love to thy dear Wife,—whom indeed I entirely love, both na-

[1] 'in me' modestly suppressed.

[2] 'And he,' the wrongdoer of the Two, 'said unto Moses, "Who 'made thee a Prince and a Judge over us? Intendest thou to kill me, 'as thou killedst the Egyptian?"' (*Exodus*, ii. 14.)

[3] 'then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander 'far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from 'the windy storm and tempest!' (*Psalm* lv. 6, 7, 8.)

turally, and upon the best account;—and my blessing, if it be worth anything, upon thy little Babe.

Sir George Ayscough having occasions with you, desired my Letters to you on his behalf: if he come or send, I pray you shew him what favour you can. Indeed his services have been considerable for the State; and I doubt he hath not been answered with suitable respect. Therefore again I desire you and the Commissioners to take him into a very particular care, and help him so far as justice and reason will any ways afford.

Remember my hearty affections to all the Officers. The Lord bless you all. So prayeth

Your truly loving father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' All here love you, and are in health, your Children and all.*

LETTER CXC.

IN the Commons Journals,[1] while this Little Parliament sat, we find that, among other good services, the arrangement of the Customs Department was new-modelled; that instead of

* Harleian MSS. no. 7502, f. 13: 'Copyed from the Original in ye 'hands of Mrs. Cook (Grandaughter to Lieutenant General Fleetwood) 'of Newington, Midsex: Novr 5, 1759, By A. Gifford.' Printed, without reference, incorrectly, in *Annual Register* for 1761, p. 49; in *Gentleman's Magazine*, &c.—Appendix, No. 15.

[1] vii. 323, 23 September, 1653.

Farmers of the Customs, there was a 'Committee' of the Parliament appointed to regulate and levy that impost: Committee appointed on the 23d of September, 1653: among whom we recognise 'Alderman Ireton,' the deceased General's Brother; 'Mr. Mayor,' of Hursley, Richard Cromwell's Father-in-law; 'Alderman Titchborne;' 'Colonel Montague,' afterwards Earl of Sandwich; and others. It is to this Committee that Oliver's Letter is addressed. It has no date of time: but as the Little Parliament ended, in Self-dissolution and Protectorship, on the 12th of December, the date of the Letter lies between the 23d September and that other limit. My Lord General,—who is himself a Member of the Parliament, he and his chief Officers having been forthwith invited to sit,—feels evidently that his recommendations, when grounded in justice, ought to be attended to.

For my honoured Friends, the Committee for Regulating the Customs: These present.

GENTLEMEN, 'Cockpit, October, 1653.'

I am sorry after recommendation of a Friend of mine the Bearer hereof,—considering him in relation to his poor Parents an object of pity and commiseration, yet well deserving and not less qualified for employment,—he should find such cold success amongst you.

His great necessities and my love once more invite me to write unto you, in his behalf, To bestow on him, if it may not be in the City by reason of multiplicity of suitors, a place in the Out-ports: and I doubt not but his utmost abilities will be improved to the faithful discharging of such trust as you shall impose on him, for

the good of the Commonwealth. And thereby you will engage him who remains,

Your affectionate friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

LETTER CXCI.

THIS 'Henry Weston,' otherwise unknown to all Editors, is a Gentleman of Surrey; his 'House at Ockham,' not *Oakham*, is in the neighbourhood of Guilford in that County. So much, strangely enough, an old stone Tablet still legible in Ockham Church, which a beneficent hand has pointed out, enables me to say;—an authentic dim old Stone in Surrey, curiously reflecting light on a dim old Piece of Paper which has fluttered far about the world before it reached us here! 'Brother Ford,' I find by the same authority, is of knightly rank in Sussex: and Henry Weston's Father 'lieth buried in the Chancel of Speldhurst Church' in Kent; his Uncle, a childless man, resting here at Ockham, 'since the 8th day of July 1638, in the clymacteric of his age, 63.'[1]—'Reverend Mr. Draper' has not elsewhere come across me. Happily we can hope he officiates well in Kent; and read this Letter without other light.

For my honoured Friend, Henry Weston, Esquire, at his House in Ockham: These.

'London,' 16th November, 1653.

SIR, MY NOBLE FRIEND,

Your Brother Ford was lately with me, acquainting me with my presumption in mov-

* Letter genuine, *teste me;* reference unfortunately lost.

[1] Copy of the Inscription *penes me.*

ing for, and your civility in granting, the Advowson of Speldhurst to one Mr. Draper, who is now incumbent there, and who, it seems, was there for three or four years before the death of the old incumbent, by virtue of a sequestration.

Sir, I had almost forgot upon what account I made thus bold with you; but now have fully recollected. I understand the person is very able and honest, well approved of by most of the good Ministers thereabout; and much desired by the honest people who are in a Religious Association in those parts.[1] Wherefore I now most heartily own and thank you for your favour shewed Mr. Draper for my sake; beseeching the continuance of your respects to the Gentleman,—who shall be very much tied to pay you all service; and so shall, in what lieth in his power,

Your affectionate friend to serve you,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

And now to Parliament affairs again,—to the catastrophe now nigh.

On the whole, we have to say of this Little Parliament, that it sat for five months and odd days, very earnestly striving; earnestly, nobly,—and by no means unwisely, as the ignorant Histories teach. But the farther it advanced towards

[1] Has crossed out 'thereabouts;' and written 'in those parts,' as preferable.

* Additional Aysc ough MSS. no. 12,098. Original, in good preservation; with this endorsement in a newer hand: 'The Generell Cromwell's letter about Spelderst living;' and this Note appended: 'In an old Bible I had from England with other Books, March 1726.' Some Transatlantic Puritan, to all appearance.

real Christianism in human affairs, the louder grew the shrieks of Sham-Christianism everywhere profitably lodged there;—and prudent persons, responsible for the issue, discovered that of a truth, for one reason or another, for reasons evident and for reasons not evident, there could be no success according to that method. We said, the History of this Little Parliament lay all buried very deep in the torpors of Human Stupidity, and was not likely ever to be brought into daylight in this world. In their five months time they passed various good Acts; chose, with good insight, a new Council of State; took wise charge of the needful Supplies; did all the routine business of a Parliament in a quite unexceptionable, or even in a superior manner. Concerning their Council of State, I find this Note; which, though the Council had soon to alter itself, and take new figures, may be worth appending here.[1]

Routine business done altogether well by this Little Parliament. But, alas, they had decided on abolishing Tithes, on supporting a Christian Ministry by some other method than Tithes;—nay far worse, they had decided on abolishing the Court of Chancery! Finding grievances greater than could be borne; finding, for one thing, 'Twenty-three thousand

[1] Council of State elected,—Tuesday 1st November, 1653 (Commons Journals, vii. 344). The Election is by ballot, 113 Members present; 'Colonel Montague' (Sandwich), 'Colonel Cromwell' (Henry), and 'Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper,' are three of the Four Scrutineers. Among the Names reported as chosen here are some, with the Numbers voting for them: Lord General Cromwell (113, one and all); Sir Gilbert Pickering (Poet Dryden's Cousin and Patron,—110); Desborow (74); Harrison (58); Mayor (of Hursley,—57); Colonel Montague (59); Ashley Cooper (60); Lord Viscount Lisle (Algernon Sidney's Brother,—58); Colonel Norton (idle Dick, recovered from the Pride's Purge again, but liable to relapse again,—57). The Council is of Thirty-one; Sixteen of the Old or Interim Council (above referred to in Cromwell's Speech) are to continue; Fifteen new: these mentioned here are all among the Old, whom the Lord General and his Officers had already nominated.

Causes of from five to thirty years continuance' lying undetermined in Chancery, it seemed to the Little Parliament that some Court ought to be contrived which would actually determine these and the like Causes;—and that, on the whole, Chancery would be better for abolition. Vote to that effect stands registered in the Commons Journals;[1] but still, for near two hundred years now, only expects fulfilment.—So far as one can discover in the huge twilight of Dryasdust, it was mainly by this attack on the Lawyers, and attempt to abolish Chancery, that the Little Parliament perished. Tithes helped, no doubt; and the clamours of a safely settled Ministry, Presbyterian-Royalist many of them. But the Lawyers exclaimed: "Chancery? Law of the Bible? Do you mean to bring in the *Mosaic Dispensation*, then; and deprive men of their properties? Deprive men of their properties; and us of our learned wigs, and lucrative longwindednesses,—with your search for 'Simple Justice,' and 'God's Law,' instead of Learned-Sergeant's Law?"—There was immense 'carousing in the Temple' when this Parliament ended; as great tremors had been in the like quarters while it continued.[2]

But in brief, on Friday, the 2d of December, 1653, there came a 'Report from the Tithes-Committee,' recommending that Ministers of an incompetent, simoniacal, loose, or otherwise scandalous nature, plainly unfit to preach any Gospel to immortal creatures, should have a Travelling Commission of chosen Puritan Persons appointed, to travel into all Counties, and straightway inspect them, and eject them, and clear Christ's Church of them:—whereupon there ensued high debatings: Accept the Report, or Not accept it? High debat-

[1] vii. 296; 5 August, 1653.

[2] Exact Relation of the Transactions of the late Parliament, by a Member of the same (London, 1654): reprinted in Somers Tracts, vi. 266-84.

ings, for the space of ten days; with Parliamentary manœuverings, not necessary to specify here. Which rose ever higher; and on Saturday the 10th, had got so high that, as I am credibly informed, certain leading persons went about colleaguing and consulting, instead of attending Public Worship on the Lord's Day:—and so, on Monday morning early, while the extreme Gospel Party had not yet assembled in the House, it was surreptitiously moved and carried, old Speaker Rouse somewhat treacherously assenting to it, 'That the sitting of 'this Parliament any longer, as now constituted, will not be 'for the good of the Commonwealth; and that therefore it is 'requisite to deliver up unto the Lord General Cromwell the 'Powers which we received from him!' Whereupon, adds the same Rhadamantine Record, 'the House rose; and the 'Speaker, with many of the Members of the House, departed 'out of the House to Whitehall: where they, being the greater 'number of the Members sitting in Parliament, did, by a 'Writing,' hastily redacted in the waiting-room there, and signed on separate bits of paper hastily wafered together, 're-'sign unto his Excellency their said Powers. And Mr. Speaker, 'attended by the Members, did present the same unto his 'Excellency accordingly,'—and retired into private life again.[1]

The Lord General Cromwell testified much emotion and surprise at this result;—emotion and surprise which Dryasdust knows well how to interpret. In fact the Lord General is responsible to England and Heaven for this result; and it is one of some moment! He and the established Council of State, 'Council of Officers and' non-established 'Persons of Interest in the Nation,' must consider what they will now do!

[1] Commons Journals, vii. 363; Exact Relation, *ubi supra;* Whitlocke, p. 551, &c.

Clearly enough to them, and to us, there can only one thing be done: search be made, Whether there is any King, *Könning*, Can-ning, or Supremely Able-Man that you can fall in with, to take charge of these conflicting and colliding elements, drifting towards swift wreck otherwise;—any 'Parish Constable,' as Oliver himself defines it, to bid good men keep the peace to one another. To your unspeakable good-luck, such Supremely Able-Man, King, Constable, or by whatever name you will call him, is already found,—known to all persons for years past: your Puritan Interest is not yet necessarily a wreck; but may still float, and do what farther is in it, while he can float!

From Monday onwards, the excitement of the public mind in old London and whithersoever the news went, in those winter days, must have been great. The 'Lord General called 'a Council of Officers and other Persons of Interest in the 'Nation,' as we said; and there was 'much seeking of God by 'prayer,' and abstruse advising of this matter,—the matter being really great, and to some of us even awful! The dialogues, conferences, and abstruse advisings are all lost; the result we know for certain. Monday was 12th of December; on Friday 16th, the result became manifest to all the world: That the ablest of Englishmen, Oliver Cromwell, was henceforth to be recognised for Supremely Able; and that the Title of him was to be LORD PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND, with 'Instrument of Government,' 'Council of Fifteen or of Twenty-one,' and other necessary less important circumstances, of the like conceivable nature.

The Instrument of Government, a carefully constitutional piece in Forty-two Articles: the Ceremony of Installation, transacted with due simplicity and much modest dignity, 'in the Chancery Court in Westminster Hall,' that Friday after-

noon;—the chair of state, the Judges in their robes, Lord Mayors with caps of maintenance; the state-coaches, outriders, outrunners, and 'great shoutings of the people;' the procession from and to Whitehall, and 'Mr. Lockier the Chaplain's Exhortation' to us there: these, with the inevitable adjuncts of the case, shall be conceived by ingenious readers, or read in innumerable Pamphlets and Books,[1] and omitted here. 'His Highness was in a rich but plain suit; black velvet, with 'cloak of the same: about his hat a broad band of gold.' Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him valour and devout intelligence,—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; ruddy-fair complexion, bronzed by toil and age; light-brown hair and moustache are getting streaked with grey. A figure of sufficient impressiveness;—not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect, 'evi-'dent workshop and storehouse of a vast treasury of natural 'parts.' Wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigours; deep loving eyes, call them grave, call them stern, looking from under those craggy brows, as if in lifelong sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour:—on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough.[2] The reader, in his mind, shall conceive this event and its figures.

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 552-61; Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 131, in Parliamentary History, xx.); &c. &c.

[2] Maidston's Letter to Winthrop, in *Thurloe*, i. 763-6; Cooper's Portraits; Mask of Cromwell's Face (in the Statuaries' Shops).

Conceived too, or read elsewhere than here, shall Dryasdust's multifarious unmelodious commentaries be,—and likewise Anti-Dryasdust's; the two together cancelling one another; and amounting pretty well, by this time, to *zero* for us. 'Love of power,' as flunkeys love it, remains the one credibility for Dryasdust; and will forever remain. To the valet-soul how will you demonstrate that, in this world, there is or was anything heroic? You cannot do it; you need not try to do it.—I cite with some reluctance from a Manuscript, Author, often enough referred to here, the following detached sentences, and so close this Seventh Part.

'Dryasdust knows not the value of a King,' exclaims he; 'the bewildered mortal has forgotten it. Finding Kings'-'cloaks so cheap, hung out on every hedge, and paltry as 'beggars' gabardines, he says, "What use is in a King? 'This King's-cloak, if this be your King, is naught!"—

'Power? Love of power? Does "power" mean the 'faculty of giving places, of having newspaper paragraphs, 'of being waited on by sycophants? To ride in gilt coaches, 'escorted by the flunkeyisms and most sweet voices,—I assure 'thee, it is not the Heaven of all, but only of many! Some 'born Kings I myself have known, of stout natural limbs, 'who, in shoes of moderately good fit, found quiet *walking* 'handier; and crowned themselves, almost too sufficiently, 'by putting on their own private hat, with some spoken or 'speechless, "God enable me to be King of what lies under 'this! For Eternities lie under it, and Infinitudes, and Heaven 'also and Hell. And it is as big as the Universe, this King-'dom; and I am to conquer it, or be forever conquered by it, 'now while it is called Today!"—

'The love of "power," if thou understand what to the 'manful heart "power" signifies, is a very noble and indis-'pensable love. And here and there, in the outer world too,

'there is a due throne for the noble man;—which let him see 'well that he seize, and valiantly defend against all men and 'things. God gives it him; let no Devil take it away. Thou 'also art called by the God's-message: This, if thou canst 'read the Heavenly omens and dare do them,' this work is '*thine*. Voiceless, or with no articulate voice, Occasion, god-'sent, rushes storming on, amid the world's events; swift, 'perilous; like a whirlwind, like a fleet lightning-steed: man-'fully thou shalt clutch it by the mane, and vault into thy 'seat on it, and ride and guide there, thou! Wreck and ig-'nominious overthrow, if thou have dared when the Occasion 'was *not* thine: everlasting scorn to thee if thou dare not 'when it is;—if the cackling of Roman geese and Constitu-'tional ganders, if the clack of human tongues and leading-'articles, if the steel of armies and the crack of Doom deter 'thee, when the voice *was* God's!—Yes, this too is in the law 'for a man, my poor quack-ridden, bewildered Constitutional 'friends; and we ought to remember this withal. *Thou shalt* 'is written upon Life in characters as terrible as *Thou shalt* '*not*,—though poor Dryasdust reads almost nothing but the 'latter hitherto.'

And so we close Part Seventh; and proceed to trace with all piety, what faint authentic vestiges of Oliver's Protectorate the envious Stupidities have not obliterated for us.

CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART VIII.

FIRST PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT.

1654.

LETTERS CXCII.—CXCV.

THE 3d of September ever since Worcester Battle has been kept as a Day of Thanksgiving; commemorative of the mercy at Dunbar in 1650, and of the crowning-mercy which followed next year;—a memorable day for the Commonwealth of England. By Article Seventh of the Instrument of Government, it is now farther provided that a Parliament shall meet on that auspicious Anniversary when it next comes round. September 3d, 1654, then shall the First Protectorate Parliament meet; successive Parliaments, one at least every Three years, are to follow, but this shall be the First. Not to be dissolved, or prorogued, for at least Five months. Free Parliament of Four-hundred; for England Three-hundred-and-forty, for Scotland Thirty, for Ireland Thirty; fairly chosen by election of the People, according to rules anxiously constitutional, laid down in that same Instrument,—which we do not dwell upon here. Smaller Boroughs are excluded; among Counties and larger Boroughs is a more equable division of representatives according to their population: nobody to vote that has not some clearly visible property to the value of Two-hundred Pounds; all others to vote, or to be voted for,—except, of course, all such as have appeared against the Parliament in any of these Wars 'since the First of January, 1642,' and 'not since given signal testimony of their repenting that step. To appearance, a very reasonable Reform Bill;—understood to be substantially the same with that invaluable measure once nearly completed by the Rump: only with this essential difference, That

the Rump Members are not now to sit by nature and without election; not now to decide, they, in case of extremity, Thou shalt sit, Thou shalt not sit;—others than they will now decide that, in cases of extremity. How this Parliament, in its Five-months Session, will welcome the new Protector and Protectorate is naturally the grand question during those Nine or Ten Months that intervene.

A question for all Englishmen; and most of all for Oliver Protector;—who however, as we can perceive, does not allow it to overawe him very much; but diligently doing this day the day's duties, hopes he may find, as God has often favoured him to do, some good solution for the morrow, whatsoever the morrow please to be. A man much apt to be overawed by any question that is smaller than Eternity, or by any danger that is lower than God's Displeasure, would not suit well in Oliver's place at present! Perhaps no more perilous place, that I know clearly of, was ever deliberately accepted by a man. 'The post of honour,'—the post of terror and of danger and forlorn-hope: this man has all along been used to occupy such.

To see a little what kind of England it was, and what kind of incipient Protectorate it was, take, as usual, the following small and few fractions of Authenticity, of various complexion, fished from the doubtful slumber-lakes and dust-vortexes, and hang them out at their places in the void night of things. They are not very luminous; but if they were well let alone, and the positively tenebrific were well forgotten, they might assist our imaginations in some slight measure.

Sunday, 18th December, 1653. A certain loud-tongued, loud-minded Mr. Feak, of Anabaptist-Levellers persuasion, with a Colleague, seemingly Welsh, named Powel, have a Preaching-Establishment, this good while past, in Blackfriars; a Preaching-Establishment every Sunday, which on Monday

Evening becomes a National-Charter Convention as we should now call it: there Feak, Powel and Company are in the habit of vomiting forth from their own inner-man, into other inner-men greedy of such pabulum, a very flamy fuliginous set of doctrines,—such as the human mind, superadding Anabaptistry to Sansculottism, can make some attempt to conceive. Sunday the 18th, which is two days after the Lord Protector's Installation, this Feak-Powel Meeting was unusually large; the Feak-Powel inner-man unusually charged. Elements of soot and fire really copious; fuliginous-flamy in a very high degree! At a time, too, when all Doctrine does not satisfy itself with spouting, but longs to become instant Action. 'Go and tell your Protector,' said the Anabaptist Prophet, 'That he has deceived the Lord's People; 'that he is a perjured villain,' —'will not reign long,' or I am deceived; 'will end worse than the last Protector did,' Protector Somerset who died on the scaffold, or the tyrant Crooked Richard himself! Say, I said it!—A very foul chimney indeed, here got on fire. And 'Major-General Harrison, the most eminent man of the Ana-'baptist Party, being consulted whether he would own the new 'Protectoral Government, answered frankly, No;'—was thereupon ordered to retire home to Staffordshire, and keep quiet.[1]

Does the reader bethink him of those old Leveller Corporals at Burford, and Diggers at St. George's Hill five years ago; of Quakerisms, Calvinistic Sansculottisms, and one of the strangest Spiritual Developments ever seen in any country? The reader sees here one foul chimney on fire, the Feak-Powel chimney in Blackfriars; and must consider for himself what masses of combustible material, noble fuel and base soot and smoky explosive fire-damp, in the general English Household it communicates with! Republicans Proper, of the Long Parliament; Republican Fifth-Monarchists of the Little Parlia-

[1] Thurloe, i. 641;—442, 591, 621.

ment; the solid Ludlows, the fervent Harrisons; from Harry Vane down to Christopher Feak, all manner of Republicans find Cromwell unforgivable. To the Harrison-and-Feak species Kingship in every sort, and government of man by man, is carnal, expressly contrary to various Gospel Scriptures. Very horrible for a man to think of governing men;—whether he ought even to govern cattle, and drive them to field and to needful penfold, 'except in the way of love and persuasion,' seems doubtful to me! But fancy a Reign of Christ and his Saints; Christ and his Saints just about to come,—had not Oliver Cromwell stept in and prevented it! The reader discerns combustibilities enough; conflagrations, plots, stubborn disaffections and confusions, on the Republican and Republican-Anabaptist side of things. It is the first Plot-department, which my Lord Protector will have to deal with, all his life long. This he must wisely damp down, as he may. Wisely: for he knows what is noble in the matter, and what is base in it; and would not sweep the fuel and the soot both out of doors at once.

Tuesday, 14th February, 1653-4. 'At the Ship-Tavern in the Old Bailey, kept by Mr. Thomas Amps,' we come upon the second lifelong Plot-department: Eleven truculent, rather threadbare persons, sitting over small drink there, on the Tuesday night, considering how the Protector might be assassinated. Poor broken Royalist men; payless Old-Captains, most of them, or such like; with their steeple-hats worn very brown, and jackboots slit,—and projects that cannot be executed. Mr. Amps knows nothing of them, except that they came to him to drink; nor do we. Probe them with questions; clap them in the Tower for a while:[1] Guilty, poor knaves; but not worth hanging:—disappear again into the general mass of Royalist Plotting, and ferment there.

[1] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 135)

The Royalists have lain quiet ever since Worcester; waiting what issue matters would take. Dangerous to meddle with a Rump Parliament, or other steadily regimented thing; safer if you can find it fallen out of rank; hopefullest of all, when it collects itself into a Single Head. The Royalists judge, with some reason, that if they could kill Oliver Protector, this Commonwealth were much endangered. In these Easter weeks, too, or Whitsun weeks, there comes 'from our Court' (Charles Stuart's Court) 'at Paris,' great encouragement to all men of spirit in straitened circumstances. A Royal Proclamation "By the King," drawn up, say some, by Secretary Clarendon; setting forth that 'Whereas a certain base 'mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, has usurped our 'throne,' much to our and other people's inconvenience, whosoever will kill the said mechanic fellow 'by sword, pistol or poison,' shall have 500*l.* a-year settled upon him, with colonelcies in our Army, and other rewards suitable, and be a made man,—'on the word and faith of a Christian King.'[1] A Proclamation which cannot be circulated except in secret; but is well worth reading by all loyal men. And so Royalist Plots also succeed one another, thick and threefold through Oliver's whole life;—but cannot take effect. Vain for a Christian King and his cunningest Chancellors to summon all the Sinners of the Earth, and whatsoever of necessitous Truculent-Flunkeyism there may be, and to bid, in the name of Heaven and of Another place, for the Head of Oliver Cromwell: once for all, they cannot have it, that Head of Cromwell;—not till *he* has entirely done with it, and can make them welcome to their benefit from it! We shall come upon these Royalist Plots, Rebellion Plots and Assassin Plots, in the order of time; and have to mention them, though with brevity. Oliver Pro-

[1] Thurloe, ii. 248. 'Given at Paris 3d May (23d April by old style), 1654.'

tector, I suppose, understands and understood his Protectorship moderately well, and what Plots and other Hydra-coils were inseparable from it; and contrives to deal with these too, like a conscientious man, and not like a hungry slave.

Secretary Thurloe, once St. John's Secretary in Holland, has come now, ever since the Little-Parliament time, into decided action as Oliver's Secretary, or the State Secretary; one of the expertest Secretaries, in the real meaning of the word Secretary, any State or working King could have. He deals with all these Plots; it is part of his function, supervised by his Chief. Mr. John Milton, we all lament to know, has fallen blind in the Public Service; lives now in Bird-cage Walk, still doing a little when called upon; bating no jot of heart or hope. Mr. Milton's notion is, That this Protectorate of his Highness Oliver was a thing called for by the Necessities and the Everlasting Laws; and that his Highness ought now to quit himself like a Christian Hero in it, as in other smaller things he has been used to do.[1]

March 20th, 1653-4. By the Instrument of Government, the Lord Protector with his Council,[2] till once the First Parliament were got together, was empowered not only to raise moneys for the needful supplies, but also 'to make Laws and Ordinances for the peace and welfare of these Nations;' which

[1] *Defensio Secunda.*

[2] Fifteen in number, which he may enlarge to Twenty-one, if he see good. Not removable any of them, except by himself with advice of the rest. A very remarkable Majesty's Ministry;—of which, for its own sake and the Majesty's, take this List, as it stood in 1654:

Philip Viscount Lisle (Algernon Sidney's Brother); Fleetwood; Lambert; Montague (of Hinchinbrook); Desborow (Protector's Brother-in-law); Ashley Cooper (Earl of Shaftesbury afterwards); Walter Strickland (Member for Minehead in the Long Parliament, once Ambassador in Holland); Colonel Henry Lawrence (for Westmoreland in the Long Parliament, of whom we have transiently heard,—became *President* of the Council); Mayor (of Hursley); Francis Rouse (our old friend); pious

latter faculty he is by no means slack to exercise. Of his 'Sixty Ordinances' passed in this manner before the Parliament met, which are well approved of by good judges, we cannot here afford to say much: but there is one bearing date as above, which must not be omitted. First Ordinance relating to the Settlement of a Gospel Ministry in this Nation; Ordinance of immense interest to Puritan England at that time. An object which has long been on the anvil, this same 'Settlement;' much laboured at, and striven for, ever since the Long Parliament began: and still, as all confess, no tolerable result has been attained. Yet is it not the greatest object; properly the soul of all these struggles and confused wrestlings and battlings, since we first met here? For the thing men are taught, or get to *believe*, that is the thing they will infallibly *do;* the kind of 'Gospel' you settle, kind of 'Ministry' you settle, or do not settle, the root of all is there! Let us see what the Lord Protector can accomplish in this business.

Episcopacy being put down, and Presbytery not set up, and Church-Government for years past being all a Church-Anarchy, the business is somewhat difficult to deal with. The Lord Protector, as we find, takes it up in simplicity and integrity, intent upon the real heart or practical outcome of it; and makes a rather satisfactory arrangement. Thirty-eight chosen Men, the acknowledged Flower of English Puritanism, are nominated by this Ordinance of the 20th of March,[1] nominated a Supreme Commission for the Trial of Public Preachers.

old Major-General Skippon; Colonels Philip Jones and Sydenham, Sirs Gilbert Pickering and Charles Wolseley, of whom my readers do not know much. Fifteen Councillors in all. To whom Nathaniel Fiennes (son of Lord Say and Sele) was afterwards added; with the Earl of Mulgrave; and another, Colonel Mackworth, who soon died (*Thurloe*, iii. 581). Thurloe is Secretary; and blind Milton, now with assistants, is Latin Secretary.

[1] Scobell, ii. 279, 80.

Any person pretending to hold a Church-living, or levy tithes or clergy-dues in England, has first to be tried and approved by these men. Thirty-eight, as Scobell teaches us: nine are Laymen, our friend old Francis Rouse at the head of them; twenty-nine are Clergy. His Highness, we find, has not much inquired of what Sect they are; has known them to be Independents, to be Presbyterians, one or two of them to be even Anabaptists;—has been careful only of one characteristic, That they were men of wisdom, and had the root of the matter in them. Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, Marshall, Manton, and others not yet quite unknown to men, were among these Clerical *Triers:* the acknowledged Flower of Spiritual England at that time; and intent, as Oliver himself was, with an awful earnestness, on actually having the Gospel taught to England.

This is the First branch or limb of Oliver's scheme for Church-Government, this Ordinance of the 20th March, 1653-4. A Second, which completes what little he could do in the matter at present, developed itself in August following. By this August Ordinance,[1] a Body of Commissioners, distinguished Puritan Gentry, distinguished Puritan Clergy, are nominated in all Counties of England, from Fifteen to Thirty in each County; who are to inquire into 'scandalous, ignorant, insufficient,' and otherwise deleterious alarming Ministers of the Gospel; to be a tribunal for judging, for detecting, ejecting them (only in case of ejection, if they have wives, let some small modicum of living be allowed them): and to sit there, judging and sifting, till gradually all is sifted clean, and can be kept clean. This is the Second branch of Oliver's form of Church-Government: this, with the other Ordinance, makes at last a kind of practicable Ecclesiastical Arrangement for England.

[1] 28 August, 1654 (Scobell, ii. 335-47).

A very republican arrangement, such as could be made on the sudden; contains in it, however, the germ or essence of all conceivable arrangements, that of worthy men to judge of the worth of men;—and was found in practice to work well. As indeed, any arrangement will work well, when the men in it have the root of the matter at heart; and, alas, all arrangements, when the men in them have not, work ill and not well! Of the Lay Commissioners, from fifteen to thirty in each County, it is remarked that not a few are political enemies of Oliver's: friends or enemies of his, Oliver hopes they are men of pious probity, and friends to the Gospel in England. My Lord General Fairfax, the Presbyterian; Thomas Scott, of the Long Parliament, the fanatical Republican; Lords Wharton, Say, Sir Arthur Haselrig, Colonel Robert Blake, Mayor of Hursley, Dunch of Pusey, Montague of Hinchinbrook, and other persons known to us,—are of these Commissioners. Richard Baxter, who seldom sat, is one of the Clergy for his County: he testifies, not in the willingest manner, being no friend to Oliver, That these Commissioners, of one sort and the other, with many faults, did sift out the deleterious alarming Ministers of the Gospel, and put-in the salutary in their stead, with very considerable success,—giving us 'able, serious 'Preachers who lived a godly life, of what tolerable opinion 'soever they were;' so that 'many thousands of souls blessed 'God' for what they had done; and grieved sore when, with the return of the Nell-Gwynn Defender, and his Four Surplices or what remained of them, it was undone again.[1] And so with these *Triers* and these Expurgators both busy, and a faithful eye to watch their procedure, we will hope the Spiritual Teaching-Apparatus of England stood now on a better footing than usual, and actually succeeded in teaching somewhat.

Of the Lord-Protector's other Ordinances; Ordinance 'de-

[1] Baxter's Life, Part i. 72.

claring the Law of Treason,' Ordinances of finance, of Amnesty for Scotland, of Union with Scotland, and other important matters, we must say nothing. One elaborate Ordinance, 'in sixty-seven Articles,' for 'Reforming the Court of Chancery,' will be afterwards alluded to with satisfaction, by the Lord Protector himself. Elaborate Ordinance; containing essential improvements, say some;—which has perhaps saved the Court of Chancery from abolition for a while longer! For the rest, 'not above Two-hundred Hackney-coaches' shall henceforth be allowed to ply in this Metropolis and six miles round it; the ever-increasing number of them, blocking up our thoroughfares, threatens to become insupportable.[1]

April 14th, 1654. This day, let it be noted for the sake of poor Editors concerned with undated Letters, and others, his Highness removed from his old Lodging in the Cockpit, into new properly Royal Apartments in Whitehall, now ready for him,[2] and lived there henceforth, usually going out to Hampton Court on the Saturday afternoon. He has 'assumed somewhat of the state of a King;' due ceremonial, decent observance beseeming the Protector of the Commonwealth of England; life-guards, ushers, state-coaches,—in which my erudite friend knows well what delight this Lord Protector had! Better still, the Lord Protector has concluded good Treaties; received congratulatory Embassies,—France, Spain itself have sent Embassies. Treaty with the Dutch, with Denmark, Sweden, Portugal:[3] all much to our satisfaction: Of the Portuguese Treaty there will perhaps another word be said. As for the Swedish, this, it is well known, was managed by our learned friend Bulstrode at Upsal itself; whose Narrative

[1] Scobell, ii. 313; Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 139).

[2] Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 139).

[3] Dutch Treaty signed, 5 April, 1654; Swedish, 28 April; Portuguese, 10 July; Danish Claims settled, 31 July (Godwin, iv. 49-56).

of that formidable Embassy exists, a really curious life-picture by our Pedant friend; whose qualities are always fat and good;—whose parting from poor Mrs. Whitlocke at Chelsea, in those interesting circumstances, may be said to resemble that of Hector from Andromache, in some points.

And now for our Four small Letters, for our First Protectorate Parliament, without waste of another word!

LETTER CXCII.

For my loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley, in Hampshire: These.

DEAR BROTHER, 'Whitehall,' 4th May, 1654.

I received your loving Letter; for which I thank you: and surely were it fit to proceed in that Business, you should not in the least have been put upon anything but the trouble; for indeed the land in Essex, with some money in my hand, should have gone towards it.

But indeed I am so unwilling to be a seeker after the world, having had so much favour from the Lord in giving me so much without seeking; and 'am' so unwilling that men should think me so, which they will though you only appear in it (for they will, by one means or other, know it),—that indeed I dare not meddle nor proceed therein. Thus I have told you my plain thoughts.

My hearty love I present to you and my Sister, my blessing and love to dear Doll and the little one. With love to all,

I rest,

Your loving brother,

OLIVER P.*

A 'business' seemingly of making an advantageous purchase of land for Richard; which Mayor will take all the trouble of, and even advance the money for; but which Oliver P., for good reasons given, 'dare not meddle with.' No man can now guess what land it was,—nor need much. In the Pamphletary dust-mountains is a confused story of Cornet Joyce's,[1] concerning Fawley Park in Hampshire; which, as the dim dateless indications point to the previous winter or summer, and to the 'Lord General Cromwell' as looking towards that property for his Son Richard,—may be the place, for aught we know! The story sets forth, with the usual bewildered vivacity of Joyce: How Joyce, the same who took the King at Holmby, and is grown now a noisy Anabaptist and Lieutenant-Colonel,—how Joyce, I say, was partly minded and fully entitled to purchase Fawley Park, and Richard Cromwell was minded and not fully entitled: how Richard's Father thereupon dealt treacherously with the said Joyce; spake softly to him, then quarrelled with him, menaced him (owing to Fawley Park); nay ended by flinging him into prison, and almost reducing him to his needle and thimble again,—greatly to the enragement and distraction of

* Noble, i. 330; Harris, p. 515:—one of the Pusey Letters.

[1] True Narrative of the Cause of the Lord General Cromwell's anger and indignation against Lieutenant-Colonel George Joyce: reprinted (without date) in *Harleian Miscellany*, v. 557, &c.—Joyce 'is *in* jail,' 19 Sept. 1653 (Thurloe, i. 470).

the said Joyce. All owing to Fawley Park, thinks Joyce and prints;—so that my Lord Protector, if this Park be the place, is very wise 'not to meddle or proceed therein.' And so we leave it.

LETTER CXCIII.

MONK, in these summer months, has a desultory kind of Rebellion in the Highlands, Glencairn's or Middleton's Rebellion, to deal with; and is vigorously coercing and strangling it. Colonel Alured, an able officer, but given to Anabaptist notions, has been sent into Ulster to bring over certain forces to assist Monk. His loose tongue, we find, has disclosed designs or dispositions in him which seem questionable. The Lord Protector sees good to revoke his Commission to Alured, and order him up to Town.

'*To the Lord Fleetwood, Lord Deputy of Ireland: These.*'

SIR, 'Whitehall,' 16th May, 1654.

By the Letter I received from you, and by the information of the Captain you sent to me, I am sufficiently satisfied of the evil intentions of Colonel Alured; and by some other considerations amongst ourselves, tending to the making up a just suspicion,—by the advice of friends here, I do revoke Colonel Alured from that Employment.

Wherefore I desire you to send for him to return to you to Dublin; and that you cause him to deliver up the Instructions and Authorities into your hands, which

he hath in reference to that Business; as also such moneys and accounts concerning the same,—according to the Letter, herein enclosed, directed to him, which I entreat you to deliver when he comes to you.

I desire 'you' also, to the end the Service may not be neglected, nor 'for' one day stand, it being of so great concernment, To employ some able Officer to assist in Colonel Alured's room, until the men be shipped off for their design. We purpose also, God willing, to send one very speedily who, we trust, shall meet them at the place, to command in chief. As for provision of victual and other necessaries, we shall hasten them away; desiring that these Forces may by no means stay in Ireland; because we purpose they shall meet their provision in the place they are designed 'for.'

If any farther discovery be with you about any other passages on Colonel Alured's part, I pray examine them, and speed them to us; and send Colonel Alured over hither with the first opportunity. Not having more upon this subject at present,

I rest,

Your loving father,

OLIVER P.

'P.S.' I desire you that the Officer, whom you appoint to assist the shipping of the Forces, may have the money in Colonel Alured's hands, for carrying on the Service; and also that he may leave what remains at Carrickfergus for the Commander-in-chief, who shall call for it there.*

* Thurloe, ii. 265.

This is the Enclosure, above spoken of:

LETTER CXCIV.

'To Colonel Alured: These.'

SIR, 16th May, 1654.

I desire you to deliver up into the hands of Lieutenant-General Fleetwood such Authorities and Instructions as you had for the prosecution of the Business of the Highlands in Scotland; and 'that' you forthwith repair to me to London; the reason whereof you shall know when you come hither, which I would have you do with all speed. I would have you also give an account to the Lieutenant-General, before you come away, how far you have proceeded in this Service, and what money you have in your hands, which you are to leave with him.

I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER P.*

This Colonel Alured is one of several Yorkshire Alureds somewhat conspicuous in these wars; whom we take to be Nephews or Sons of the valuable Mr. Alured or Ald'red who wrote 'to old Mr. Chamberlain,'—in the last generation, one morning, during the Parliament of 1628, when certain honourable Gentlemen held their Speaker down,—a Letter which we thankfully read.[1] One of them, John, was Member in this Long Parliament; a Colonel too, and King's Judge; who is now dead. Here is another, Colonel Matthew Alured, a dis-

* Thurloe, ii. 266.

[1] Vol. i. p. 85 *et seq.*

tinguished soldier and republican; who is not dead; but whose career of usefulness is here ended. 'Repairing forthwith to London,' to the vigilant Lord Protector, he gives what account he can of himself; none that will hold water, I perceive; lingers long under a kind of arrest 'at the Mews' or elsewhere; soliciting either freedom and renewed favour, or a fair trial and punishment; gets at length committal to the Tower, trial by Court Martial,—dismissal from the service.[1] A fate like that of several others in a similar case to his.—Poor Alured! But what could be done with him? He had Republican Anabaptist notions; he had discontents, enthusiasms, which might even ripen into tendencies to correspond with Charles Stuart. Who knows if putting him in a stone waistcoat, and general strait-waistcoat of a mild form, was not the mercifullest course that could be taken with him?

He must stand here as the representative to us of one of the fatallest elements in the new Lord Protector's position: the Republican discontents and tendencies to plot, fermenting in his own Army. Of which we shall perhaps find elsewhere room to say another word. Republican Overton, Milton's friend, whom we have known at Hull and elsewhere; Okey, the fierce dragoon Colonel and zealous Anabaptist; Alured, whom we see here; Ludlow, sitting sulky in Ireland: all these are already summoned up, or about being summoned, to give account of themselves. Honourable, brave and faithful men: it is, as Oliver often says, the saddest thought of his heart that he must have old friends like them for enemies! But he cannot help it; they will have it so. They must go their way, he his.

Much need of vigilance in this Protector! Directly on the back of these Republican commotions, come out Royalist

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 499, 510; Thurloe, ii. 294, 313, 414; Burton's Diary (London, 1828), iii. 46; Commons Journals, vii. 678.

ones; with which however the Protector is less straitened to deal. Lord Deputy Fleetwood has not yet received his Letter at Dublin, when here in London emerges a Royalist Plot; the first of any gravity; known in the old Books and State-Trials as *Vowel and Gerard's Plot*, or *Somerset Fox's Plot*. Plot for assassinating the Protector, as usual. Easy to do it, as he goes to Hampton Court on a Saturday,—Saturday the 20th of May, for example. Provide thirty stout men; and do it then. Gerard, a young Royalist Gentleman, connected with Royalist Colonels afterwards Earls of Macclesfield,—he will provide Five-and-twenty; some Major Henshaw, Colonel Finch, or I know not who, shall bring the other Five. 'Vowel a Schoolmaster at Islington, who taught many young gentlemen,' strong for Church and King, cannot act in the way of shooting; busies himself consulting, and providing arms. 'Billingsley the Butcher in Smithfield,' he, aided by Vowel, could easily 'seize the Troopers' horses grazing in Islington fields;' while others of us unawares fall upon the soldiers at the Mews? Easy then to proclaim King Charles in the City; after which Prince Rupert arriving with 'Ten-thousand Irish, English and French,' and all the Royalists rising,—the King should have his own again, and we were all made men; and Oliver once well killed, the Commonwealth itself were as good as dead! Saturday the 20th of May; then, say our Paris expresses, then!—

Alas, in the very birthtime of the hour, 'five of the Conspirators are seized in their beds;' Gerard, Vowel, all the leaders are seized; Somerset Fox confesses for his life; whosoever is guilty can be seized: and the Plot is like water spilt upon the ground![1] A High Court of Justice must decide upon it; and with Gerard and Vowel it will probably go hard.

[1] French Le Bas dismissed for his share in it: Appendix, No. 16.

LETTER CXCV.

REFERS to a small private or civic matter: the Vicarage of Christ-Church, Newgate Street, the patronage of which belongs to 'the Mayor, Commonalty and Citizens of London as Governors of the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew' ever since Henry the Eighth's time.[1] The former incumbent, it would seem, had been removed by the Council of State; some Presbyterian probably, who was, not without cause, offensive to them. If now the Electors and the State could both agree on Mr. Turner,—it would 'silence' several questions, thinks the Lord Protector. Whether they did agree? Who 'Mr. Turner,' of such 'repute for piety and learning,' was? These are questions.

To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Vyner, Knight, Lord Mayor of London: These.

MY LORD MAYOR, 'Whitehall,' 5th July, 1654.

It is not my custom now, nor shall be, without some special cause moving, to interpose anything to the hindrance of any in the free course of their presenting persons to serve in the Public Ministry.

But, well considering how much it concerns the public peace, and what an opportunity may be had of promoting the interest of the Gospel, if some eminent and fit person of a pious and peaceable spirit and conversation were placed in Christ-Church,—and though I am not ignorant what interest the State may justly challenge

[1] Elmes's Topographical Dictionary of London, *in voce*.

to supply that place, which by an Order of State is become void, notwithstanding any resignation that is made:

Yet forasmuch as your Lordship and the rest of the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital are about to present thereunto a person of known nobility and integrity before you, namely Mr. Turner, I am contented, if you think good so to improve the present opportunity as to present *him* to the place, to have all other questions silenced;—which will not alone be the fruit thereof; but I believe also the true good of the Parish therein concerned will be thereby much furthered. I rest,

Your assured friend,

OLIVER P.

'P.S.' I can assure you few men of his time in England have a better repute for piety and learning than Mr. Turner.*

I am apt to think the Mr. Turner in question may have been Jerom Turner, of whom there is record in Wood:[1] a Somersetshire man, distinguished among the Puritans; who takes refuge in Southampton, and preaches with zeal, learning, piety and general approbation during the Wars there. He afterwards removed 'to Neitherbury, a great country Parish in Dorsetshire,' and continued there, 'doing good in his zealous way.' If this were he, the Election did not take effect according to Oliver's program;—perhaps Jerom himself declined

* Lansdowne MSS. 1236, fol. 104. The Signature alone of the Letter is Oliver's; but he has added the Postscript in his own hand.

[1] Athenæ, iii. 404.

it? He died, still at Neitherbury, next year; hardly yet past middle age. 'He had a strong memory, which he maintained good to the last by temperance,' says old Antony: 'He was 'well skilled in Greek and Hebrew, was a fluent preacher, but 'too much addicted to Calvinism,'—which is to be regretted. '*Pastor vigilantissimus, doctrinâ et pietate insignis:*' so has his Medical Man characterised him; one 'Dr. Loss of Dorchester,' who kept a Note-book in those days. *Requiescat, requiescant.*

The High Court of Justice has sat upon Vowel and Gerard; found them both guilty of High Treason: they lie under sentence of death, while this Letter is a-writing; are executed five days hence, 10th July, 1654; and make an edifying end.[1] Vowel was hanged at Charing Cross in the morning; strong for Church and King. The poor young Gerard, being of gentle blood and a soldier, petitioned to have beheading; and had it, the same evening, in the Tower. So ends Plot First. Other Royalists, Plotters or suspect of Plotting,—Ashburnham, who rode with poor Charles First to the Isle of Wight on a past occasion; Sir Richard Willis, who, I think, will be useful to Oliver by and by,—these and a list of others[2] were imprisoned; were questioned, dismissed; and the Assassin Project is rather cowed down for a while.

Writs for the New Parliament are out, and much electioneering interest over England: but there is still an anecdote connected with this poor Gerard and the 10th of July, detailed at great length in the old Books, which requires to be mentioned here. About an hour after Gerard, there died, in the same place, by the same judicial axe, a Portuguese Nobleman, Don Pantaleon Sa, whose story, before this tragic end of it, was already somewhat twisted up with Gerard's. To wit, on

[1] State Trials (London, 1810), v. 516-39.

[2] Newspapers, 1-8 June, 1654 (in Cromwelliana, p. 143).

the 23d of November last, this same young Major Gerard was walking in the crowd of Exeter 'Change, where Don Pantaleon, Brother of the Portuguese Ambassador, chanced also to be. Some jostling of words, followed by drawing of rapiers, took place between them; wherein as Don Pantaleon had rather the worse, he hurried home to the Portuguese Embassy; armed some twenty of his followers, in headpieces, breastpieces, with sword and pistol, and returned to seek revenge. Gerard was gone; but another man, whom they took for him, these rash Portugals slew there; and had to be repressed, after much other riot, and laid in custody, by the watch or soldiery. Assize-trial, in consequence, for Don Pantaleon; clear Trial in the 'Upper Bench Court,' jury half foreigners; and rigorous sentence of death;—much to Don Pantaleon's amazement, who pleaded and got his Brother to plead the rights of Ambassadors, all manners of rights and considerations; all to no purpose. The Lord Protector would not and could not step between a murderer and the Law: poor Don Pantaleon perished on the same block with Gerard; two Tragedies, once already in contact, had their fifth-act together. Don Pantaleon's Brother, all sorrow and solicitation being fruitless, signed the Portuguese Treaty that very day, and instantly departed for his own country, with such thoughts as we may figure.[1]

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 550, 577.

SPEECH II.

But now the new Parliament has got itself elected; not without much interest:—the first Election there has been in England for fourteen years past. Parliament of Four-hundred, thirty Scotch, thirty Irish, freely chosen according to the Instrument, according to the Bill that was in progress when the Rump disappeared. What it will say to these late inarticulate births of Providence, and high transactions? Something edifying, one may hope.

Open Malignants, as we know, could not vote or be voted for, to this Parliament; only active Puritans or quiet Neutrals, who had clear property to the value of 200*l.* Probably as fair a Representative as, by the rude method of counting heads, could well be got in England. The bulk of it, I suppose, consists of constitutional Presbyterians and use-and-wont Neutrals; it well represents the arithmetical account of heads in England: whether the real divine and human value of thinking-souls in England,—that is a much deeper question; upon which the Protector and this First Parliament of his may much disagree. It is the question of questions, nevertheless; and he that can answer it best will come best off in the long-run. It was not a successful Parliament this, as we shall find. The Lord Protector and it differed widely in certain fundamental notions they had!—

We recognise old faces, in fair proportion, among those

Four-hundred;—many new withal, who never become known to us. Learned Bulstrode, now safe home from perils in Hyperborean countries, is here; elected for several places, the truly valuable man. Old-Speaker Lenthall sits, old Major-General Skippon, old Sir William Masham, old Sir Francis Rouse. My Lord Herbert (Earl of Worcester's son) is here; Owen, Doctor of Divinity, for Oxford University;—a certain not entirely useless Guibon Goddard, for the Town of Lynn, to whom we owe some Notes of the procedure. Leading Officers and high Official persons have been extensively elected; several of them twice and thrice: Fleetwood, Lambert, the Claypoles, Dunches, both the young Cromwells; Montague for his County, Ashley Cooper for his. On the other hand, my Lord Fairfax is here; nay Bradshaw, Haselrig, Robert Wallop, Wildman, and Republicans are here. Old Sir Harry Vane; not young Sir Harry, who sits meditative in the North. Of Scotch members we mention only Laird Swinton, and the Earl of Hartfell; of the Irish, Lord Broghil and Commissary-General Reynolds, whom we once saw fighting well in that country.[1]—And now hear the authentic Bulstrode; and then the Protector himself.

'*September 3d*, 1654.—The Lord's day, yet the day of the 'Parliament's meeting. The Members met in the afternoon 'at sermon, in the Abbey Church at Westminster: after ser-'mon they attended the Protector in the Painted Chamber; 'who made a Speech to them of the cause of their summons,' Speech unreported; 'after which, they went to the House, 'and adjourned to the next morning.

'*Monday, September 4th.*—The Protector rode in state 'from Whitehall to the Abbey Church in Westminster. Some 'hundreds of Gentlemen and Officers went before him bare; 'with the Life-guard; and next before the coach, his pages

[1] Letter CVII., vol. ii. p. 206.

'and laqueys richly clothed. On the one side of his coach 'went Strickland, one of his Council, and Captain of his 'Guard, with the Master of the Ceremonies; both on foot. 'On the other side went Howard,[1] Captain of the Life-guard. 'In the coach with him were his son Henry, and Lambert; 'both sat bare. After him came Claypole, Master of the Horse; 'with a gallant led horse richly trapped. Next came the 'Commissioners of the Great Seal,' Lisle, Widdrington, and I; 'Commissioners of the Treasury, and divers of the Council 'in coaches; last the ordinary Guards.

'He alighting at the Abbey Church door,' and entering, 'the Officers of the Army and the Gentlemen went first; next 'them four maces; then the Commissioners of the Seal, Whit-'locke carrying the Purse; after, Lambert carrying the Sword 'bare: the rest followed. His Highness was seated over 'against the Pulpit; the Members of the Parliament on both 'sides.

'After the sermon, which was preached by Mr. Thomas 'Goodwin, his Highness went, in the same equipage, to the 'Painted Chamber. Where he took seat in a chair of state 'set upon steps,' raised chair with a canopy over it, under which his Highness sat covered, 'and the Members upon 'benches round about sat all bare. All being silent, his High-'ness,' rising, 'put off his hat, and made a large and subtle 'speech to them.'[2]

Here is a Report of the Speech, 'taken by one who stood very near,' and 'published[3] to prevent mistakes.' As we, again, stand at some distance,—two centuries with their chasms and ruins,—our hearing is nothing like so good! To help a little, I have, with reluctance, admitted from the latest of the

[1] Colonel Charles, ancestor of the Earl of Carlisle.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 582.

[3] By G. Sawbridge, at the *Bible* on Ludgate Hill, London, 1654.

Commentators a few annotations; and intercalated them the best I could; suppressing very many. Let us listen well; and again we shall understand somewhat.

GENTLEMEN,

You are met here on the greatest occasion that, I believe, England ever saw; having upon your shoulders the Interests of Three great Nations with the territories belonging to them;—and truly, I believe I may say it without any hyperbole, you have upon your shoulders the Interest of all the Christian People in the world. And the expectation is, that I should let you know, as far as I have cognisance of it, the occasion of your assembling together at this time.

It hath been very well hinted to you this day,[1] that you come hither to settle the Interests above mentioned: for your work here, in the issue and consequences of it, *will* extend so far, 'even to all Christian people.' In the way and manner of my speaking to you, I shall study plainness; and to speak to you what is truth, and what is upon my heart, and what will in some measure reach to these great concernments.

After so many changings and turnings, which this Nation hath laboured under,—to have such a day of hope as this is, and such a door of hope opened by God to us, truly I believe, some months since, would have been beyond all our thoughts!—I confess it would have been worthy of such a meeting as this is, To have remembered[2] that which was the rise 'of,' and gave the

[1] in the Sermon we have just heard.
[2] commemorated.

first beginning to, all these Troubles which have been upon this Nation: and to have given you a series of the Transactions,—not of men, but of the Providence of God, all along unto our late changes: as also the ground of our first undertaking to oppose that usurpation and tyranny[1] which was upon us, both in civils and spirituals; and the several grounds particularly applicable to the several changes that have been. But I have two or three reasons which divert me from such a way of proceeding at this time.

If I should have gone in that way, 'then' that which lies upon my heart 'as to these things,'—which is 'so' written there that if I would blot it out I could not,—'would 'itself' have spent this day: the providences and dispensations of God have been so stupendous. As David said in the like case, *Psalm* xl. 5, "Many, O "Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou "hast done, and thy thoughts which are to-us-ward: "they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I "would declare and speak of them, they are more than "can be numbered."—Truly, another reason, unexpected by me, you had today in the Sermon:[2] you had much recapitulation of Providence; much allusion to a state and dispensation in respect of discipline and correction, of mercies and deliverances, 'to a state and dispensation similar to ours,'—to, in truth, the only parallel of God's dealing with us that I know in the world,

[1] of Charles, Wentworth, Laud and Company.

[2] This Sermon of Goodwin's is not in the collected Edition of his Works; not among the King's Pamphlets; not in the Bodleian Library. We gather what the subject was, from this Speech, and know nothing of it otherwise.

which was largely and wisely held forth to you this day: To Israel's bringing out of Egypt through a wilderness by many signs and wonders, towards a Place of Rest,—I say *towards* it.[1] And that having been so well remonstrated to you this day, is another argument why I shall not trouble you with a recapitulation of those things; —though they are things which I hope will never be forgotten, because written in better Books than those of paper;—written, I am persuaded, in the heart of every good man!

'But' a third reason was this: What I judge to be the end of your meeting, the great end, which was likewise remembered to you this day;[2] to wit, Healing and Settling. The remembering of Transactions too particularly, perhaps instead of healing,—at least in the hearts of many of you,—might set the wound fresh a-bleeding. 'And' I must profess this unto you, whatever thoughts pass upon me: That if this day, if this meeting, prove *not* healing, what shall we do! But, as I said before, I trust it is in the minds of you all, and much more in the mind of God, to cause healing. It must be first in His mind:—and He being pleased to put it into yours, this will be a Day indeed, and such a Day as generations to come will bless you for!—I say, for this and the other reasons, I have forborne to make a particular remembrance and enumeration of things, and of the manner of the Lord's bringing us through so many changes and turnings as have passed upon us.

Howbeit, I think it will be more than necessary to let you know, at least so well as I may, in what condi-

[1] not yet at it; *nota bene*. [2] in the Sermon.

tion this Nation, or rather these Nations were, when the present Government[1] was undertaken. And for order's sake: It's very natural to consider what our condition was, in Civils; 'and then also' in Spiritual

What was our condition! Every man's hand was against his brother;—at least his heart 'was;' little regarding anything that should cement, and might have a tendency in it to cause us to grow into one. All the dispensations of God; His terrible ones, when He met us in the way of His judgment[2] in a Ten-years Civil War; and His merciful ones: they did not, they did not work upon us![3] 'No.' But we had our humours and interests;—and indeed I fear our humours went for more with us than even our interests. Certainly, as it falls out in such cases, our passions were more than our judgments.—Was not everything almost grown arbitrary? Who of us knew where or how to have right 'done him,' without some obstruction or other intervening? Indeed we were almost grown arbitrary in everything.

What was the face that was upon our affairs as to the Interest of the Nation? As to the Authority in the Nation; to the Magistracy; to the Ranks and Orders of men,—whereby England hath been known for hundreds of years? [*The Levellers!*] A nobleman, a gentleman, a yeoman; 'the distinction of these:' that is a good interest of the Nation, and a great one! The

[1] Protectorate. [2] punishment for our sins.

[3] Reiteration of the word is not an uncommon mode of emphasis with Oliver.

'natural' Magistracy of the Nation, was it not almost trampled under foot, under 'despite and contempt, by men of Levelling principles?. I beseech you, For the orders of men and ranks of men, did not that Levelling principle tend to the reducing of all to an equality? Did it 'consciously' think to do so; or did it 'only unconsciously', practise towards that for property and interest? 'At all events,' what was the purport of it but to make the Tenant as liberal a fortune as the Landlord? Which, I think, if obtained, would not have lasted long! The men of that principle, after they had served their own turns, would *then* have cried up property and interest fast enough!—This instance is instead of many. And that the thing did 'and might well' extend far, is manifest; because it was a pleasing voice to all Poor Men, and truly not unwelcome to all Bad Men. [*Far extended classes, these two both!*] To my thinking, this is a consideration which, in your endeavours after settlement, you will be so well minded of, that I might have spared it here: but let that pass.—

'Now as to Spirituals.' Indeed in Spiritual things the case was more sad and deplorable 'still;'—and that was told to you this day eminently. The prodigious blasphemies; contempt of God and Christ, denying of Him, contempt of Him and His ordinances, and of the Scriptures: a spirit visibly acting[1] those things foretold by Peter and Jude; yea those things spoken of by Paul to Timothy! Paul declaring some things to be worse than the Antichristian state (of which he had spoken in

[1] a general temper visibly bringing out in practice.

the *First to Timothy*, Chapter fourth, verses first and second, "under the title of the Latter times"), tells us what should be the lot and portion of the *Last* Times. He says (*Second to Timothy*, Chapter third, verses second, third, fourth), "In the Last Days perilous times "shall come; men shall be lovers of their own selves, "covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to "parents, unthankful," and so on. But in speaking of the Antichristian state, he told us (*First to Timothy*, Chapter fourth, verses first and second), that "in the *latter* days" that state shall come in; 'not the *last* days but the latter,'—wherein "there shall be a departing "from the faith, and a giving heed to seducing spirits "and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy," and so on. This is only his description of the *latter* times, or those of Antichrist; and we are given to understand that there are *last* times coming, which will be worse![1]—And surely it may be feared, these are *our* times. For when men forget all rules of Law and Nature, and break all the bonds that fallen man hath on him; 'obscuring' the remainder of the image of God in

[1] There is no express mention of Antichrist either here or elsewhere in the Text of *Timothy* at all; but, I conclude, a full conviction on the part of Cromwell and all sound Commentators that Antichrist is indubitably shadowed forth there. Antichrist means, with them and him, the Pope; to whom Laud, &c., with his 'four surplices at Allhallowtide' and other clothweb and cobweb furniture, are of kindred. "We have got rid of Antichrist," he seems to intimate, "we have got pretty well done with Antichrist: and are we now coming to something *worse*? To the Levellers, namely! The *Latter* times are over then; and we are coming now into the *Last* times?" It is on this contrast of comparative and superlative, *Latter* and *Last*, that Oliver's logic seems to ground itself: Paul says nothing of Antichrist, nor anything directly of the one time being worse or better than the other; only the one time is 'latter,' the

their nature, which they cannot blot out, and yet shall endeavour to blot out, "having a form of godliness without the power,"—'surely' these are sad tokens of the last times!

And indeed the character wherewith this spirit and principle is described in that place 'of Scripture,' is so legible and visible, that he who runs may read it to be amongst us. For by such "the grace of God is turned into wantonness," and Christ and the Spirit of God made a cloak for all villany and spurious apprehensions. [*Threatening to go a strange course, those Antinomian, Levelling, day-dreaming Delusionists of ours!*] And though nobody will own these things publicly as to practice, the things being so abominable and odious; yet 'the consideration' how this principle extends itself, and whence it had its rise, makes me to think of a Second sort of Men, 'tending in the same direction;' who, it's true, as I said, will not practise nor own these things, yet can tell the Magistrate "That he hath nothing to "do with men holding such notions: These, 'forsooth,' "are matters of conscience and opinion: they are mat- "ters of Religion; what hath the Magistrate to do "with these things? He is to look to the outward "man, not to the inward,"—'and so forth.' And truly it so happens that though these things do break out visibly to all, yet the principle wherewith these things

other is 'last.'—This paragraph is not important; but to gain any meaning from it whatever, some small changes have been necessary. I do not encumber the reader with *double* samples of what at best is grown obsolete to him: such as wish to see the original unadulterated unintelligibility, will find it, in clear print, p. 321, vol. xx. of *Parliamentary History*, and satisfy themselves whether I have read well or ill.

are carried on so forbids the Magistrate to meddle with them, that it hath hitherto kept the offenders from punishment.[1]

Such considerations, and pretensions to "liberty of conscience," 'what are they leading us towards!' Liberty of Conscience, and Liberty of the Subject,—two as glorious things to be contended for, as any that God hath given us; yet both these abused for the patronising of villanies! Insomuch that it hath been an ordinary thing to say, and in dispute to affirm, "That the "restraining of such pernicious notions was not in the "Magistrate's power; he had nothing to do with it. "Not so much as the printing of a Bible in the Nation "for the use of the People, 'was competent to the "Magistrate,' lest it should be imposed upon the con- "sciences of men,"—for "they would receive the same "traditionally and implicitly from the Magistrate, if it "were thus received!" The afore-mentioned abominations did thus swell to this height among us.

'So likewise' the axe was laid to the root of the Ministry.[2] It was Antichristian, it was Babylonish, 'said they.' It suffered under such a judgment, that the truth is, as the extremity was great according to the

[1] The latest of the Commentators says: 'This drossy paragraph has 'not much Political Philosophy in it, according to our modern established 'Litany of "toleration," "freedom of opinion," "no man responsible for 'what opinions he may form," &c. &c.; but it has some honest human 'sagacity in it, of a much more perennial and valuable character. Worth 'looking back upon, worth looking up towards,—as the blue skies and 'stars might be, if through the great deep element of temporary London 'Fog" there were any chance of seeing them!—Strange exhalations have 'risen upon us, and the Fog is very deep: nevertheless very indubitably 'the stars still *are*.'

[2] Preaching Clergy.

former system,[1] I wish it prove not as great according to this. The former extremity 'we suffered under' was, That no man, though he had never so good a testimony, though he had received gifts from Christ, might preach, unless ordained. 'So now 'I think we are at the other extremity, when' many affirm, That he who is ordained hath a nullity, or Antichristianism, stamped 'thereby' upon his calling; so that he ought not to preach, or not be heard.—I wish it may not be too justly said, That there was severity and sharpness 'in our old system!' Yea, too much of an imposing spirit in matters of conscience; a spirit Unchristian enough in any times, most unfit for these 'times;'—denying liberty 'of conscience' to men who have earned it with their blood; who have earned civil liberty, and religious also, for those [*Stifled murmurs from the Presbyterian Sect.*] who would thus impose upon them!—

We may reckon among these our Spiritual evils, an evil that hath more refinedness in it, more colour for it, and hath deceived more people of integrity than the rest have done;—for few have been catched by the former mistakes except such as have apostatised from their holy profession, such as being corrupt in their consciences have been forsaken by God, and left to such noisome opinions. But, I say, there is another error of more refined sort; 'which' many honest people whose hearts are sincere, many of them belonging to God, 'have fallen into:' and that is the mistaken notion of the Fifth Monarchy—

[1] 'on that hand' *in orig.* He alludes to the Presbyterian system.

[Yes, your Highness!—But will his Highness and the old Parliament be pleased here to pause a little, till a faithful Editor take the great liberty of explaining somewhat to the modern part of the audience? Here is a Note saved from destruction; not without difficulty. To his Highness and the old Parliament it will be inaudible; to them, standing very impassive,—serene, immovable in the fixedness of the old Eternities,—it will be no hardship to wait a little! And to us who still live and listen, it may have its uses.

'The common mode of treating Universal History,' says our latest impatient Commentator, 'not yet entirely fallen 'obsolete in this country, though it has been abandoned with 'much ridicule everywhere else for half a century now, was to 'group the Aggregate Transactions of the Human Species into 'Four Monarchies: the Assyrian Monarchy of Nebuchadnez-'zar and Company; the Persian of Cyrus and ditto; the 'Greek of Alexander; and lastly the Roman. These I think 'were they, but am no great authority on the subject. Under 'the dregs of this last, or Roman Empire, which is maintained 'yet by express name in Germany, *Das heilige Römische Reich*, 'we poor moderns still live. But now say Major-General 'Harrison and a number of men, founding on Bible Prophe-'cies, Now shall be a Fifth Monarchy, by far the blessedest 'and the only real one,—the Monarchy of Jesus Christ, his 'Saints reigning for Him here on Earth,—if not He himself, 'which is probable or possible,—for a thousand years, &c. &c. '——O Heavens, there are tears for human destiny; and 'immortal Hope itself is beautiful because it is steeped in 'Sorrow, and foolish Desire lies vanquished under its feet! 'They who merely laugh at Harrison take but a small portion 'of his meaning with them. Thou, with some tear for the 'valiant Harrison, if with any thought of him at all, tend 'thou also valiantly, in thy day and generation, whither he

'was tending; and know that, in far wider and diviner figure 'than that of Harrison, the Prophecy is very sure,—that it 'shall be sure while one brave man survives among the dim 'bewildered populations of this world. Good shall reign on 'this Earth: has *not* the Most High said it? To approve 'Harrison, to justify Harrison, will avail little for thee; go 'and *do likewise*. Go and do better, thou that disapprovest 'him. Spend thou thy life for the Eternal: we will call thee 'also brave, and remember thee for a while!'

So much for 'that mistaken notion of the Fifth Monarchy:' and now his Highness, tragically audible across the Centuries, continues again:]

—Fifth Monarchy. A thing pretending more spirituality than anything else. A notion I hope we all honour, and wait, and hope for 'the fulfilment of:' That Jesus Christ *will* have a time to set up His Reign in our hearts; by subduing those corruptions and lusts and evils that are there; which now reign more in the world than, I hope, in due time they shall do. And when more fulness of the Spirit is poured forth to subdue iniquity, and bring-in everlasting righteousness, then will the approach of that glory be. [*Most true;—and not till then!*] The carnal divisions and contentions among Christians, so common, are not the symptoms of that Kingdom!—But for men, on this principle, to betitle themselves, that they are the only men to rule kingdoms, govern nations, and give laws to people, and determine of property and liberty and everything else,—upon such a pretension as this is:—truly they had need to give clear manifestations of God's presence with them, before wise men will receive or submit to

their conclusions! Nevertheless, as many of these men have good meanings, which I hope in my soul they have, it will be the wisdom of all knowing and experienced Christians to do as Jude saith. 'Jude,' when he reckoned up those horrible things, done upon pretences, and haply by some upon mistakes: "Of some," says he, "have compassion, making a difference; others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."[1] I fear they will give too often opportunity for this exercise! But I hope the same will be for their good. If men do but 'so much as' pretend for justice and righteousness, and be of peaceable spirits, and will manifest this, let them be the subjects of the Magistrate's encouragement. And if the Magistrate, by punishing visible miscarriages, save them by that discipline, God having ordained him for that end,—I hope it will evidence *love* and not hatred, 'so' to punish where there is cause. [*Hear!*]

Indeed this is that which doth most declare the danger[2] of that spirit. For if these were but notions,—I mean these instances I have given you of dangerous doctrines both in Civil things and Spiritual; if, I say, they were but notions, they were best let alone. Notions will hurt none but those that have them. But when they come to such practices as telling us, 'for instance,' That Liberty and Property are not the badges of the Kingdom of Christ; when they tell us, not that we are to regulate Law, but that Law is to be abro-

[1] Jude, 22, 23. A passage his Highness frequently refers to.

[2] This fact, that they come so often to 'visible miscarriages,' these Fifth-Monarchists and Speculative Levellers, who 'have good meanings.'

gated, indeed subverted; and perhaps wish to bring in the Judaical Law—

[Latest Commentator *loquitur:* 'This, as we observed, was 'the cry that Westminster raised when the Little Parliament 'set about reforming Chancery. What countenance this of 'the Mosaic Law might have had from Harrison and his 'minority, one does not know. Probably they did find the 'Mosaic Law, in some of its enactments, more cognate to 'Eternal Justice and "the mind of God" than Westminster-'Hall Law was; and so might reproachfully or admonitorily 'appeal to it on occasion, as they had the clearest title and 'call to do: but the clamour itself, as significant of any prac-'tical intention, on the part of that Parliament, or of any con-'siderable Sect in England, to bring in the Mosaic Law, is 'very clearly a long-wigged one, rising from the Chancery 'regions, and is descriptive of nothing but of the humour that 'prevailed there. 'His Highness alludes to it in passing; and 'from him it was hardly worth even that allusion.']

—Judaical Law; instead of our known laws settled among us: this is worthy of every Magistrate's consideration. Especially where every stone is turned to bring in confusion. I think, I say, this will be worthy of the Magistrate's consideration. [*Shall he step beyond his province, then, your Highness? And interfere with freedom of opinion?—"I think, I say, it will be worth his while to consider about it!"*]

Whilst these things were in the midst of us; and whilst the Nation was rent and torn in spirit and principle from one end to the other, after this sort and man-

ner I have now told you; family against family, husband against wife, parents against children; and nothing in the hearts and minds of men but "Overturn, overturn, overturn!" (a Scripture phrase very much abused, and applied to justify unpeaceable practices by all men of discontented spirits),—the common Enemy sleeps not: our adversaries in civil and religious respects did take advantage of these distractions and divisions, and did practise accordingly in the three Nations of England, Scotland and Ireland. We know very well that Emissaries of the Jesuits never came in such swarms as they have done since those things[1] were set on foot. And I tell you that divers Gentlemen here can bear witness with me How that they, 'the Jesuits,' have had a Consistory abroad which rules all the affairs of things ["*Affairs of things:*" *rough and ready!*] in England, from an Archbishop down to the other dependents upon him. And they had fixed in England,—of which we are able to produce the particular Instruments in most of the limits of their Cathedrals 'or pretended Dioceses,'—an Episcopal Power [*Regular Episcopacy of their own!*], with Archdeacons, &c. And had persons authorised to exercise and distribute those things [*I begin to love that rough and ready method, in comparison with some others!*]; who pervert and deceive the people. And all this, while we were in that sad, and as I said deplorable condition.

And in the mean time all endeavours possible were used to hinder the work 'of God' in Ireland, and the progress of the work of God in Scotland; by continual

[1] Speculations of the Levellers, Fifth-Monarchists, &c. &c.

intelligences and correspondences, both at home and abroad, from hence into Ireland, and from hence into Scotland.[1] Persons were stirred up, from our divisions and discomposure of affairs, to do all they could to ferment the War in both these places. To add yet to our misery, whilst we were in this condition, we were in a 'foreign' War. Deeply engaged in War with the Portuguese;[2] whereby our Trade ceased: the evil consequences by that War were manifest and very considerable. And not only this, but we had a War with Holland; consuming our treasure; occasioning a vast burden upon the people. A War that cost this Nation full as much as the 'whole' Taxes came unto; the Navy being a Hundred-and-sixty Ships, which cost this Nation above 100,000*l.* a-month; besides the contingencies, which would make it 120,000*l.* That very one War (*sic*) did engage us to so great a charge.—At the same time also we were in a War with France. [*A Bickering and Skirmishing, and Liability to War*;[3]—*Mazarin, as yet, thinking our side the weaker.*] The advantages that were taken of the discontents and divisions among ourselves did also ferment that War, and at least hinder us of an honourable peace; every man being confident we could not hold out long. And surely they did not calculate amiss, if the Lord had not been exceedingly gracious to us! I say, at the same time we had a War with France. [*Yes, your Highness said so,—and we admit it!*] And besides the sufferings in respect to the

[1] Middleton-Glencairn Revolts, and what not.

[2] Who protected Rupert in his quasi-piracies, and did require chastisement from us.

[3] See Appendix, No. 16.

Trade of the Nation, it's most evident that the Purse of the Nation could not have been able much longer to bear it,—by reason of the advantages taken by other States to improve their own, and spoil our Manufacture of Cloth, and hinder the vent thereof; which is the great staple commodity of this Nation. [*And has continued to be!*] Such was our condition: spoiled in our Trade, and we at this vast expense; thus dissettled at home, and having these engagements abroad.

Things being so,—and I am persuaded it is not hard to convince every person here they were so,—what a heap of confusions were upon these poor Nations! And either things must have been left to sink into the miseries these premises would suppose, or else a remedy must be applied. [*Apparently!*] A remedy hath been applied: that hath been this Government;[1] a thing I shall say little unto. The thing is open and visible to be seen and read by all men; and therefore let it speak for itself. [*Even so, your Highness; there is a silence prouder and nobler than any speech one is used to hear.*] Only let me say this,—because I can speak it with comfort and confidence before a Greater than you all: That in the intention of it, as to the approving of our hearts to God, let men judge as they please, it was calculated 'with our best wisdom' for the interest of the People. For the interest of the People alone, and for their good, without respect had to any other interest. And if that be

[1] He means, and his hearers understand him to mean, '*Form* of Government' mainly; But he diverges now and then into our modern acceptation of the word 'Government,'—Administration or Supreme Authority.

not true [*With animation!*], I shall be bold to say again, Let it speak for itself. Truly I may,—I hope, humbly before God, and modestly before you,—say somewhat on the behalf of the Government. [*Recite a little what it "speaks for itself," after all?*] Not that I would discourse of the particular heads of it, but acquaint you a little with the effects it has had: and this not for ostentation's sake, but to the end I may at this time deal faithfully with you; and acquaint you with the state of things, and what proceedings have been entered into by[1] this Government, and what the state of our affairs is. This is the main end of my putting you to this trouble.

The Government hath had some things in desire; and it hath done some things actually. It hath desired to reform the Laws. I say to reform them [*Hear!*]: —and for that end it hath called together Persons, without offence be it spoken, of as great ability and as great interest as are in these Nations,[2] to consider how the Laws might be made plain and short, and less chargeable to the People; how to lessen expense, for the good of the Nation. And those things are in preparation, and Bills prepared; which in due time, I make no question, will be tendered to you. 'In the meanwhile' there hath been care taken to put the administration of the Laws into the hands of just men [*Matthew Hale, for instance*]; men of the most known integrity and ability. The Chancery hath been reformed—

[From the Moderns: 'Only to a very small extent and 'in a very temporary manner, your Highness! His Highness

[1] 'been upon' *in orig.*

[2] Ordinance for the Reform of Chancery: antea, p. 326.

'returns upon the Law, on subsequent occasions, and finds 'the reform of it still a very pressing matter. Difficult to 'sweep the intricate foul chimneys of Law his Highness found 'it,—as we after two centuries of new soot and accumulation 'now acknowledge on all hands, with a sort of silent despair, 'a silent wonder each one of us to himself, "What, in God's 'name, is to become of all that?" ']

—hath been reformed; I hope, to the satisfaction of all good men: and as for the things, 'or causes,' depending there, which made the burden and work of the honourable Persons intrusted in those services too heavy for their ability, it[1] hath referred many of them to those places where Englishmen love to have their rights tried, the Courts of Law at Westminster.

This Government hath, 'further,' endeavoured to put a stop to that heady way (likewise touched of 'in our Sermon' this day) of every man making himself a Minister and Preacher. [*Commission of Triers; Yea!*] It hath endeavoured to settle a method for the approving and sanctioning of men of piety and ability to discharge that work. And I think I may say it hath committed the business to the trust of Persons, both of the Presbyterian and Independent judgments, of as known ability, piety and integrity, as any, I believe, this Nation hath. And I believe also that, in that care they have taken, they have laboured to approve themselves to Christ, to the Nation and to their own consciences. And indeed I think, if there be any thing of quarrel against them,—though I am not here to justify the

[1] The Government.

proceedings of any,—it is that they, 'in fact,' go upon such a character as the Scripture warrants: To put men into that great Employment, and to approve men for it, who are men that have "received gifts from Him that ascended up on high, and gave gifts" for the work of the Ministry, and for the edifying of the Body of Christ. The Government hath also taken care, we hope, for the expulsion [*Commission of Expurgation, too.*] of all those who may be judged any way unfit for this work; who are scandalous, and the common scorn and contempt of that function.

One thing more this Government hath done: it hath been instrumental to call a free Parliament;—which, blessed be God, we see here this day! I say, a free Parliament. [*Mark the iteration!*] And that it may continue so, I hope is in the heart and spirit of every good man in England,—save such discontented persons as I have formerly mentioned. It's that which as I have desired above my life, so I shall desire to keep it above my life. [*Verily?*]—

I did before mention to you the plunges we were in with respect to Foreign States; by the War with Portugal, France, the Dutch, the Danes, and the little assurance we had from any of our neighbours round about. I perhaps forgot, but indeed it was a caution upon my mind, and I desire now it may be so understood, That if any good hath been done, it was the Lord, not we His poor instruments.—

[Pity if this pass entirely for 'cant,' my esteemed modern friends! It is not cant, nor ought to be. O Higginbotham, there is a *Selbstödtung*, a killing of Self, as my friend Novalis

calls it, which is, was, and forever will be, 'the beginning of all morality,' of all real work and worth for man under this Sun.]

—I did instance the Wars; which did exhaust your treasure; and put you into such a condition that you must have sunk therein, if it had continued but a few months longer: this I can affirm, if strong probability may be a fit ground. And now you have, though it be not the first in time,—Peace with Swedeland; an honourable peace; through the endeavours of an honourable Person here present as the instrument. [*Whitlocke seen blushing!*] I say you have an honourable peace with a Kingdom which, not many years since, was much a friend to France, and lately perhaps inclinable enough to the Spaniard. And I believe you expect not much good from any of your Catholic neighbours [*No; we are not exactly their darlings!*]; nor yet that they would be very willing you should have a good understanding with your Protestant friends. Yet, thanks be to God, that Peace is concluded; and as I said before, it is an honourable Peace.

You have a Peace with the Danes,—a State that lay contiguous to that part of this Island which hath given us the most trouble. [*Your Montroses, Middletons came always, with their Mosstroopers and Harpy hosts, out of the Danish quarter.*] And certainly if your enemies abroad be able to annoy you, it is likely they will take their advantage (where it best lies) to give you trouble from that country. But you have a Peace there, and an honourable one. Satisfaction to your Merchants' ships; not only to their content, but to

their rejoicing.'[1] I believe you will easily know it is so,—'an honourable peace.' You have the Sound open; which used to be obstructed. That which was and is the strength of this Nation, the Shipping, will now be supplied thence. And, whereas you were glad to have anything of that kind[2] at secondhand, you have now all manner of commerce there, and at as much freedom as the Dutch themselves, 'who used to be the carriers and venders of it to us;' and at the same rates and tolls;—and I think, by that Peace, the said rates now fixed upon cannot be raised to you 'in future.'

You have a Peace with the Dutch: a Peace unto which I shall say little, seeing it is so well known in the benefit and consequences thereof. And I think it was as desirable, and as acceptable to the spirit of this Nation, as any one thing that lay before us. And, as I believe nothing so much gratified our enemies as to see us at odds 'with that Commonwealth;' so I persuade myself nothing is of more terror or trouble to them than to see us thus reconciled. 'Truly' as a Peace with the Protestant States hath much security in it, so it hath as much of honour and of assurance to the Protestant Interest abroad; without which no assistance can be given thereunto. I wish it may be written upon our hearts to be zealous for that Interest! For if ever it were like to

[1] 'Danish claims settled,' as was already said somewhere, 'on the 31st of July:' Dutch and English Commissioners did it, in Goldsmiths' Hall; met on the 27th of June; if the business were not done when August began, they were then to be 'shut up without fire, candle, meat or drink,'—and to do it out very speedily! They allowed our Merchants 98,000*l.* for damages against the Danes. (Godwin, iv. 49,—who cites Dumont, *Traité* 24).

[2] Baltic Produce, namely.

come under a condition of suffering, it is now. In all the Emperor's Patrimonial Territories, the endeavour is to drive the Protestant part of the people out, as fast as is possible; and they are necessitated to run to Protestant States to seek their bread. And by this conjunction of Interests, I hope, you will be in a more fit capacity to help them. And it begets some reviving of their spirits, that you will help them as opportunity shall serve. [*We will!*]

You have a Peace likewise with the Crown of Portugal; which Peace, though it hung long in hand, yet is lately concluded. It is a Peace which, your Merchants make us believe, is of good concernment to their trade; the rate of insurance to that Country having been higher, and so the profit which could bear such rate,[1] than to other places. And one thing hath been obtained in this treaty, which never 'before' was, since the Inquisition was set up there: That our people which trade thither have Liberty of Conscience,—'liberty to worship in Chapels of their own.'

Indeed Peace is, as you were well told today, desirable with all men, as far as it may be had with conscience and honour! We are upon a Treaty with France. And we may say this, That if God give us honour in the eyes of the Nations about us, we have reason to bless Him for it, and so to own it. And I dare say that there is not a Nation in Europe but is very willing to ask a good understanding with you.

[1] 'their assurance being greater, and so their profit in trade thither,' *in orig.*

I am sorry I am thus tedious: but I did judge that it was somewhat necessary to acquaint you with these things. And things being so,—I hope you will not be unwilling to hear a little again of the Sharp as well as of the Sweet! And I should not be faithful to you, nor to the interest of these Nations which you and I serve, if I did not let you know *all*.

As I said before, when this Government was undertaken, we were in the midst of those 'domestic' divisions and animosities and scatterings; engaged also with those 'foreign' enemies round about us, at such a vast charge, —120,000*l*. a-month for the very Fleet. Which sum was the very utmost penny of your Assessments. Ay; and then all your treasure was exhausted and spent when this Government was undertaken: all *accidental* ways of bringing in treasure 'were,' to a very inconsiderable sum, consumed;—the 'forfeited' Lands sold, the sums on hand spent; Rents, Fee-farms, Delinquents' Lands, King's, Queen's, Bishops', Dean-and-Chapters' Lands, sold. These were *spent* when this Government was undertaken. I think it's my duty to let you know so much. And that's the reason why the Taxes do yet lie so heavy upon the People;—of which we have abated 30,000*l*. a-month for the next three months. Truly I thought it my duty to let you know, That though God hath dealt thus 'bountifully' with you,[1] yet these are but entrances and doors of hope. Whereby, through the blessing of God, you *may* enter into rest and peace. But you are not yet entered! [*Looking up, with a mournful toss of the head, I think.*—"*Ah, no, your Highness; not yet!*"]

[1] In regard to our Successes and Treaties, &c. enumerated above.

You were told, today, of a People brought out of Egypt towards the Land of Canaan; but through unbelief, murmuring, repining, and other temptations and sins wherewith God was provoked, they were fain to come back again, and linger many years in the Wilderness before they came to the Place of Rest. *We* are thus far, through the mercy of God. We have cause to take notice of it, That we are not brought into misery, 'not totally wrecked;' but 'have,' as I said before, a door of hope open. And I may say this to you: If the Lord's blessing and His presence go along with the management of affairs at this Meeting, you will be enabled to put the topstone to the work, and make the Nation happy. But this must be by knowing the true state of affairs! [*Hear!*] You are yet, like the People under Circumcision, but raw.[1] Your Peaces are but newly made. And it's a maxim not to be despised, "Though peace be made, yet it's interest that keeps peace;"—and I hope you will not trust such peace except so far as you see interest upon it. 'But all settlement grows stronger by mere continuance.' And therefore I wish that you may go forward, and not backward; and 'in brief' that you may have the blessing of God upon your endeavours! It's one of the great ends of calling this Parliament, that the Ship of the Commonwealth may be brought into a safe harbour; which, I assure you, it will not be, without your counsel and advice.

You have great works upon your hands. You have Ireland to look unto. There is not much done to the

[1] See, in *Joshua*, v. 2-8, the whole Jewish Nation circumcised at once. So, too, your Settlements of Discord are yet but indifferently cicatrised.

Planting thereof, though some things leading and preparing for it are. It is a great business to settle the Government of that Nation upon fit terms, such as will bear that work[1] through.—You have had laid before you some considerations, intimating your peace with several foreign States. But yet you have not made peace with *all*. And if they should see we do not manage our affairs with that wisdom which becomes us,—truly we may sink under disadvantages, for all that's done. [*Truly, your Highness!*] And our enemies will have their eyes open, and be revived, if they see animosities amongst us; which indeed will be their great advantage.

I do therefore persuade you to a sweet, gracious and holy understanding of one another, and of your business. [*Alas!*] Concerning which you had so good counsel this day; which as it rejoiced my heart to hear, so I hope the Lord will imprint it upon your spirits,—wherein you shall have my Prayers. [*Prayers, your Highness?—If this be not "cant," what a noble thing is it, O reader! Worth thinking of, for a moment.*]

Having said this, and perhaps omitted many other material things through the frailty of my memory, I shall exercise plainness and freeness with you; and say, That I have not spoken these things as one who assumes to himself dominion over you; but as one who doth resolve to be a fellow-servant with you to the interest of these great affairs, and of the People of these Nations. I shall trouble you no longer; but desire you to repair to your House, and to exercise your own liberty in the

[1] Of planting Ireland with persons that will plough and pray, instead of quarrel and blarney!

choice of a Speaker, that so you may lose no time in carrying on your work.*

At this Speech, say the old Newspapers, 'all generally 'seemed abundantly to rejoice, by extraordinary expressions 'and hums at the conclusion,'—Hum-m-m![1] 'His Highness 'withdrew into the old House of Lords, and the Members of 'Parliament into the Parliament House. His Highness, so 'soon as the Parliament were gone to their House, went back 'to Whitehall, privately in his barge, by water.'

This Report of Speech Second, 'taken by one that stood near,' and 'published to prevent mistakes,' may be considered as exact enough in respect of matter, but in manner and style it is probably not so close to the Original Deliverance as the foregoing Speech was. He 'who stood near' on this occasion seems to have had some conceit in his abilities as a Reporter; has pared off excrescences, peculiarities,—somewhat desirous to present the Portrait of his Highness without the warts. He, or his Parliamentary-History Editor and he, have, for one thing, very arbitrarily divided the Discourse into little fractional paragraphs; which a good deal obstruct the sense here and there; and have accordingly been disregarded in our Transcript. Our changes, which, as before, have been insignificant, are indicated wherever they seem to have importance or physiognomic character,—indicated too often perhaps for the reader's convenience. As to the meaning, I have not anywhere remained in doubt, after due study. The rough Speech when read faithfully becomes transparent, every word of it; credible, calculated to produce conviction, every word of it;

* Old Pamphlet cited above: reprinted in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 318-33.

[1] Cromwelliana, p. 147; see also Guibon Goddard, Member for Lynn (in *Burton*, i. Introd. p. xviii.).

—and that I suppose is or should be, as our impatient Commentator says, 'the definition of a *good Speech*. Other "good 'speeches,"' continues he, 'ought to be spoken in Bedlam; '—unless, indeed, you will concede them Drury Lane, and 'admittance one shilling. Spoken in other localities than 'these, without belief on the speaker's part, or hope or chance 'of producing belief on the hearer's—Ye Heavens, as if the 'good-speeching individual were some frightful Wood-and-'leather Man, made at Nürnberg, and tenanted by a Devil; 'set to *increase* the Sum of Human Madness, instead of less-'ening it—!'—But we here cut short our impatient Commentator.—The Reporter of Cromwell, we may say for ourselves, like the painter of him, has not to suppress the warts, the natural rugged physiognomy of the man; which only very poor tastes would exchange for any other. He has to wash the natural face *clean*, however; that men may see *it*, and not the opaque mass of mere soot and featureless confusions which, in two Centuries of considerable Stupidity in regard to that matter, have settled there.

SPEECH III.

THIS First Protectorate Parliament, we said, was not successful. It chose, judiciously enough, old Lenthall for Speaker; appointed, judiciously enough, a Day of general Fasting:—but took, directly after that, into constitutional debate about Sanctioning the Form of Government (which nobody was specially asking it to 'sanction'); about Parliament and Single Person; powers of Single Person and of Parliament; Coördination, Subordination; and other bottomless subjects;—in which getting always the deeper the more it puddled in them, inquiry or intimation of inquiry rose not obscurely in the distance, Whether this Government should *be* by a Parliament and Single Person? These things the honourable gentlemen, with true industry, debated in Grand Committee, 'from eight 'in the morning till eight at night, with an hour for refresh-'ment about noon,' debates waxing ever hotter, question ever more abstruse,—through Friday, Saturday, Monday; ready, if Heaven spared them, to debate it farther for unlimited days. Constitutional Presbyterian persons, Use-and-wont Neuters; not without a spicing of sour Republicans, as Bradshaw, Haselrig, Scott, to keep the batch in leaven.

His Highness naturally perceived that this would never do, not this;—sent therefore to the Lord Mayor, late on Monday night I think, to look after the peace of the City; to Speaker Lenthall, that he must bring his people to the Painted Chamber before going farther: and early on Tuesday morning, poor Mr. Guibon Goddard, Member for Lynn, just about to proceed

again, from the Eastern parts, towards his sublime constitutional day's-work, is overwhelmed by rumours, 'That the Parliament is dissolved; that, for certain, the Council of State, and a Council of War, had sat together all the Sabbath-day before, and had then contrived this Dissolution!'

'Notwithstanding,' continues Guibon, 'I was resolved to go to Westminster, to satisfy myself of the truth; and to take my share of what I should see or learn there. Going by water to Westminster, I was told that the Parliament-doors were locked up, and guarded with soldiers, and that the Barges were to attend the Protector to the Painted Chamber. As I went, I saw two Barges at the Privy Stairs.' River and City in considerable emotion. 'Being come to the Hall, I was confirmed in what I had heard. Nevertheless I did purpose not to take things merely upon trust; but would receive an actual repulse, to confirm my faith. Accordingly, I attempted up the Parliament stairs; but a guard of Soldiers was there, who told me, "There was no passage that way; the House was locked up, and command given to give no admittance to any;—if I were a Member, I might go into the Painted Chamber, where the Protector would presently be." The Mace had been taken away by Commissary-General Whalley. The Speaker and all the Members were walking up and down the Hall, the Court of Requests, and the Painted Chamber; expecting the Protector's coming. The passages there likewise were guarded with soldiers.'[1]

No doubt about it, therefore, my honourable friend! Dissolution, or something, is not far. Between nine and ten, the Protector arrived, with due escort of Officers, halberts, Lifeguards; took his place, covered, under 'the state' as before, we all sitting bareheaded on our benches as before; and with fit salutation spake to us;—as follows. 'Speech of an hour

[1] Ayscough MSS., printed in *Burton's Diary*, i. Introd. p. xxxiii.

and a half long;' taken in characters by the former individual who 'stood near;' audible still to modern men. Tuesday morning, 12th September, 1654; a week and a day since the last Speech here.

In this remarkable Speech, the occasion of which and the Speaker of which are very extraordinary, an assiduous reader, or 'modern hearer,' will find Historical indications, significant shadowings-forth both of the Protectorate and the Protector; which, considering whence they come, he will not fail to regard as documentary in those matters. Nay perhaps, here for the first time, if he read with real industry, there may begin to paint itself for him, on the void Dryasdust Abyss, hitherto called History of Oliver, some dim adumbration of How this business of Assuming the Protectorate may actually have been. It was, many years ago, in reading these Speeches, with a feeling that they must have been credible when spoken, and with a strenuous endeavour to find what their meaning was, and try to believe it, that to the present Editor the Commonwealth, and Puritan Rebellion generally, first began to be conceivable. Such was his experience.—

But certainly the Lord Protector's place, that September Tuesday, 1654, is not a bed of roses! His painful asseverations, appeals and assurances have made the Modern part of his audience look, more than once, with questioning eyes. On this point, take from a certain Commentator sometimes above cited from, and far oftener suppressed, the following rough words:

'"Divers persons who do know whether I lie in that," says the Lord Protector. What a position for a hero, to be reduced continually to say He does not lie!—Consider well, nevertheless, What else could Oliver do? To get on with this new Parliament was clearly his one chance of governing peaceably. To wrap himself up in stern pride, and refuse to

'give any explanation: would that have been the wise plan of 'dealing with them? Or the stately and not-so-wise plan? 'Alas, the *wise* plan, when all lay yet as an experiment, with 'so dread issues in it to yourself and the whole world, was 'not very discoverable. Perhaps not quite reconcilable with 'the *stately* plan, even if it had been discovered!'

And again, with regard to the scheme of the Protectorship, which his Highness says was done by "the Gentlemen that undertook to frame this Government," after divers days consulting, and without the least privity of his: 'You never 'guessed what they were doing, your Highness? Alas, his 'Highness guessed it,—and yet must not say, or think, he 'guessed it. There is something sad in a brave man's being 'reduced to explain himself from a barrel-head in this man-'ner! Yet what, on the whole, will he do? Coriolanus 'curled his lip, and scowled proudly enough on the sweet 'voices: but Coriolanus had likewise to go over to the Vol-'scians; Coriolanus had not the slightest chance to govern by 'a free Parliament in Rome! Oliver was not prepared for 'these extremities; if less would serve. Perhaps in Oliver 'there is something of better than "silent pride?" Oliver 'will have to explain himself before God Most High, ere long; '—and it will not stead him there, that he went wrong be-'cause his pride, his "personal dignity," his &c. &c. were 'concerned. — —Who would govern men! "Oh, it were 'better to be a poor fisherman," exclaimed Danton, "than to 'meddle with governing of men!" "I would rather keep a 'flock of sheep!" said Oliver. And who but a Flunkey would 'not, if his real trade lay in keeping sheep?'—

On the whole, concludes our Commentator: 'As good an 'explanation as the case admits of,—from a barrel-head, or '"raised platform under a state." Where so much that is 'true cannot be said; and yet nothing that is false shall be

'said,—under penalties forgotten in our Time! With regard 'to those asseverations and reiterated appeals, note this also: 'An oath was an oath then; not a solemn piece of blasphe- 'mous cant, as too often since. No *contemporary* that I have 'met with, who had any opportunity to judge, disbelieved 'Oliver in these protestations; though many believed that he 'was unconsciously deceiving himself. Which, of course, we 'too, where needful, must ever remember that he was liable 'to do; nay, if you will, that he was continually doing. But 'to this Commentator, at this stage in the development of 'things, "Apology" seems not the word for Oliver Cromwell; '—not that, but a far other word! The Modern part of his 'Highness's audience can listen now, I think, across the Time- 'gulfs, in a different mood;—with candour, with human 'brotherhood, with reverence and grateful love. Such as the 'noble never claim in vain from those that have any noble- 'ness. This of tasking a great soul continually to prove to 'us that he was not a liar, is too unwashed a way of welcom- 'ing a Great Man! Scrubby Apprentices of tender years, to 'them it might seem suitable;—still more readily to Apes by 'the Dead Sea!' Let us have done with it, my friend; and listen to the Speech itself, of date, Painted Chamber, 12th September, 1654, the best we can!

GENTLEMEN,

It is not long since I met you in this place, upon an occasion which gave me much more content and comfort than this doth. That which I have now to say to you will need no preamble, to let me into my discourse: for the occasion of this meeting is plain enough. I could have wished with all my heart there had been no cause for it.

At our former meeting I did acquaint you what was the first rise of this Government, which hath called you hither, and by the authority of which you have come hither. Among other things which I then told you of, I said, You were a Free Parliament. And 'truly' so you are,—whilst you own the Government and Authority which called you hither. But certainly that word 'Free Parliament' implied a reciprocity,[1] or it implied nothing at all! Indeed there was a reciprocity implied and expressed; and I think your actions and carriages ought to be suitable! But I see it will be necessary for me now a little to magnify my Office. Which I have not been apt to do. I have been of this mind, I have been always of this mind, since I first entered upon my Office, If God will not bear it up, let it sink! [*Yea!*] But if a duty be incumbent upon me to bear my testimony unto it (which in modesty I have hitherto forborne), I am in some measure necessitated thereunto. And therefore that will be the prologue to my discourse.

I called not myself to this place. I say again, I called not myself to this place! Of that God is witness:—and I have many witnesses who, I do believe, could lay down their lives bearing witness to the truth of that. Namely, That I called not myself to this place! [*His Highness is growing emphatic.*] And being in it, I bear not witness to myself 'or my office;' but God and the People of these Nations have also borne testimony to it 'and me.' *If* my calling be from God, and my

[1] 'reciprocation' *in orig.*

testimony from the People,—God and the People shall take it from me, else I will not part with it. [*Do you mark that, and the air and manner of it, my honourable friends!*] I should be false to the trust that God hath placed in me, and to the interest of the People of these Nations, if I did.

"That I called not myself to this place," is my first assertion. "That I bear not witness to myself, but have many witnesses," is my second. These two things I shall take the liberty to speak more fully to you of.—To make plain and clear what I have here asserted, I must take liberty to look a little back.

I was by birth a Gentleman; living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity. I have been called to several employments in the Nation: To serve in Parliament, 'and others;' and,—not to be over-tedious,—I did endeavour to discharge the duty of an honest man, in those services, to God and His People's Interest, and to the Commonwealth; having, when time was, a competent acceptation in the hearts of men, and some evidences thereof. I resolve, not to recite the times and occasions and opportunities, which have been appointed me by God to serve Him in; nor the presence and blessings of God therein bearing testimony to me. [*Well said, and well forborne to be said!*]

Having had some occasions to see, together with my brethren and countrymen, a happy period put to our sharp Wars and contests with the then common Enemy, I hoped, in a private capacity, to have reaped the fruit and benefit, together with my brethren, of our hard labours and hazards: the enjoyment, to wit, of Peace

and Liberty, and the privileges of a Christian and a Man, in some equality with others, according as it should please the Lord to dispense unto me. And when, I say, God had put an end to our Wars, or at least brought them to a very hopeful issue, very near an end,—after Worcester Fight,—I came up to London to pay my service and duty to the Parliament which then sat: hoping that all minds would have been disposed to answer what seemed to be the mind of God, namely, To give peace and rest to His People, and especially to those who had bled more than others in the carrying on of the Military affairs,—I was much disappointed of my expectation. For the issue did not prove so. [*Suppressed murmurs from Bradshaw and Company.*] Whatever may be boasted or misrepresented, it was not so, not so!

I can say, in the simplicity of my soul, I love not, I love not,—I declined it in my former Speech,[1]—I say, I love not to rake into sores, or to discover nakednesses! The thing I drive at is this: I say to you, I hoped to have had leave, 'for my own part,' to retire to a private life. I begged to be dismissed of my charge; I begged it again and again;—and God be Judge between me and all men if I lie in this matter! [*Groans from Dryasdust, scarcely audible, in the deep silence.*] That I lie not in matter of fact is known to very many [*"Hum-m-m!" Look of "Yea!" from the Military Party*]: but whether I tell a lie in my heart, as labouring to represent to you what was not upon my heart, I say the Lord be Judge.[2] Let uncharitable men, who

[1] Antea, Speech I. p. 268.

[2] He: Believe *you* about that as you see good.

measure others by themselves, judge as they please. As to the matter of fact, I say, It is true. As to the ingenuity and integrity of my heart in that desire,— I do appeal as before upon the truth of that also!——But I could not obtain 'what I desired,' what my soul longed for. And the plain truth is, I did afterwards apprehend some were of opinion (such the difference of their judgment from mine), That it could not well be.[1]

I confess I am in some strait to say what I could say, and what is true, of what then followed. I pressed the Parliament, as a Member, To period themselves;— once and again, and again, and ten, nay twenty times over. I told them,—for I knew it better than any one man in the Parliament could know it; because of my manner of life, which had led me everywhere up and down the Nation,[2] thereby giving me to see and know the temper and spirits of all men, and of the best of men,—that the Nation loathed their sitting. [*Haselrig, Scott and others looking very grim.*] I knew it. And, so far as I could discern, when they *were* dissolved, there was not so much as the barking of a dog, or any general and visible repining at it! [*How astonishing there should not have been!*] You are not a few here present who can assert this as well as myself.

And that there was high cause for their dissolution, is most evident: not only in regard there was a just fear of that Parliament's perpetuating themselves, but because it 'actually' was their design. 'Yes;' had

[1] That I could not be spared from my post.

[2] While soldiering, &c.: the Original has, 'which was to run up and down the Nation.'

not their heels been trod upon by importunities from abroad, even to threats, I believe there never would have been 'any' thoughts of rising, or of going out of that Room, to the world's end. I myself was sounded, and, by no mean persons [*O Sir Harry Vane!*], tempted; and proposals were made me to that very end: That the Parliament[1] might be thus perpetuated; that the vacant places might be supplied by new elections;—and so continue from generation to generation.

I have declined, I have declined very much, to open these things to you. [*What noble man would not, your Highness?*] But, having proceeded thus far, I must tell you 'this also:' That poor men, under this arbitrary power, were driven, like flocks of sheep, by forty in a morning; to the confiscation of goods and estates; without any man being able to give a reason why two of them had deserved to forfeit a shilling![2] I tell you the truth. And my soul, and many persons' whom I see in this place, were exceedingly grieved at these things; and knew not which way to help them, except by our mournings, and giving our negatives when occasion served.—I have given you but a taste of miscarriages 'that then were.' I am confident you have had opportunities to hear much more of them; for nothing was more obvious. It's true this will be said, That there was a remedy endeavoured: To put an end to this Perpetual Parliament, by giving us a future Representative. How that was gotten, by what importunities that was obtained, and how unwillingly yielded unto, is well known.

it' *in orig.*

[1] Antea, p. 235.

'But' what *was* this remedy? It was a seeming willingness to give us Successive Parliaments. And what was 'the nature of' that Succession? It was, That when one Parliament had left its seat, another was to sit down immediately in the room thereof, without any caution to avoid what was the real danger, namely, Perpetuating of the same 'men in' Parliaments. Which is a sore, now, that will ever be running, so long as men are ambitious and troublesome,—if a remedy be not found.

Nay, at best what will such a remedy amount to? It is a conversion of a Parliament that would have been and was Perpetual, to a Legislative Power Always Sitting! [*Which, however, consists of different men, your Highness!*] And so the liberties and interests and lives of people *not* judged by any certain known Laws and Power, but by an arbitrary Power; which is incident and necessary to Parliaments. [*So!*] By an arbitrary Power, I say:[1] to make men's estates liable to confiscation, and their persons to imprisonment,—sometimes 'even' by laws made after the fact committed; often by the Parliament's assuming to itself to give judgment both in capital and criminal things, which in former times was not known to exercise such a judicature.[2]

[1] Such as the Long Parliament did continually exert.

[2] Intricate paragraphs, this and the foregoing, treating of a subject complex in itself, and very delicate to handle before such an audience. His Highness's logic perhaps hobbles somewhat: but this strain of argument, which to us has fallen so dim and obsolete, was very familiar to the audience he was now addressing,—the staple indeed of what their debates for the last three days had been (Burton, i. *Introd.* pp. 25-33; Whitlocke, p. 587, &c.). 'Perpetuating of the same men in Parliament:' that clearly is intolerable, says the first Paragraph. But not only so, says

This, I suppose, was the case 'then before us.' And, in my opinion, the remedy was fitted to the disease! Especially coming in the rear of a Parliament which had so exercised its power and authority as that Parliament had done but immediately before.

Truly I confess,—upon these grounds, and with the satisfaction of divers other persons who saw nothing could be had otherwise,—that Parliament was dissolved: [*Not a doubt of it!*] and we, desiring to see if a few might have been called together for some short time who might put the Nation into some way of certain settlement,—did call those Gentlemen [*The Little Parliament; we remember them!*] out of the several parts of the Nation. And as I have appealed to God before you already,[1]—though it be a tender thing to make appeals to God, yet in such exigences as these I trust it will not offend His Majesty; especially to make them before Persons that know God, and know what conscience is, and what it is to "lie before the Lord!" I say, As a principal end in calling that Assembly was the settlement of the Nation, so a chief end to myself was to lay down the Power which was in my hands. [*Hum-m-m!*] I say to you again, in the Presence of

the second Paragraph, 'a Legislative Assembly always sitting,' though it consist of new men, is likewise intolerable: any Parliament, as the Long Parliament has too fatally taught us, if left to itself, is, by its nature, arbitrary, of unlimited power, liable to grow tyrannous;—ought therefore only to sit at due intervals, and to have other Powers (Protectorate, for example) ready to check it on occasion. All this the ancient audience understands very well; and the modern needs only to understand that they understood it.

[1] 'I know, and I hope I may say it,' follows *in orig.*,—deleted here, for light's sake, though characteristic.

that God who hath blessed, and been with me in all my adversities and successes: That was, as to myself, my greatest end! [*Your Highness — ? — And "God" with you ancients is not a fabulous polite Hearsay, but a tremendous all-irradiating Fact of Facts, not to be "lied before" without consequences?*] A desire perhaps, I am afraid, sinful enough, To be quit of the Power God had most clearly by His Providence[1] put into my hands, before He called me to lay it down; before those honest ends of our fighting were attained and settled.—I say, the Authority I had in my hand being so boundless as it was,—for, by Act of Parliament, I was General of all the Forces in the three Nations of England, Scotland and Ireland; in which unlimited condition I did not desire to live a day,—we called that Meeting, for the ends before expressed.

What the event and issue of that Meeting was, we may sadly remember. It hath much teaching in it,[2] and I hope will make us all wiser for the future! But, 'in short,' that Meeting not succeeding, as I already said unto you, and giving such a disappointment to our hopes, I shall not now make any repetition thereof; only the result was, That they came and brought to me a Parchment, signed by very much the major part of them; expressing their re-delivery and resignation of the power and authority that had been committed them back again into my hands. And I can say it, in the presence of divers persons here, who do know whether

[1] 'most providentially' *in orig.*; has not the modern meaning; means only as in the Text.

[2] Warning us not to quarrel, and get into insoluble theories, as they did.

I lie in that [*Hum-m-m!*], That I did not know one tittle of that Resignation 'of theirs,' till they all came and brought it, and delivered it into my hands. Of this also there are in this presence many witnesses. [*Yes, many are convinced of it,—some not.*] I received this Resignation; having formerly used my endeavours and persuasions to keep them together. Observing their differences, I had thought it my duty to give advice to them, that so I might prevail with them for union. But it had the effect I told you; and I had my disappointment.

When this proved so, we were exceedingly to seek how to settle things for the future. My 'own' Power was again, by this resignation, 'become' as boundless and unlimited as before; all things being subjected to arbitrariness; and myself, 'the only constituted authority that was left,' a person having power over the three Nations, without bound or limit set;—and all Government, upon the matter, being dissolved; all *civil* administration at an end[1]—as will presently appear. ["*A grave situation: but who brought us to it?*" *murmur my Lord Bradshaw and others.*]

The Gentlemen that undertook to frame this Government[2] did consult divers days together (men of known integrity and ability), How to frame somewhat that might give us settlement. They did consult;—and that I was not privy to their councils they know it. [*Alas!*]—When they had finished their model in some measure, or made a good preparation of it, they became

[1] *Civil* Office-bearers feeling their commission to be ended.

[2] Plan or Model of Government.

communicative. [*Hum-m-m !*] They told me that except I would undertake the Government, they thought things would hardly come to a composure or settlement, but blood and confusion would break in upon us. [*A plain truth they told.*] I refused it again and again; not complimentingly,—as they know, and as God knows! I confess, after many arguments, they urging on me, "That I did not hereby receive anything which put me "into a *higher* capacity than before; but that it *limited* "me; that it bound my hands to act nothing without "the consent of a Council, until the Parliament, and "then limited 'me' by the Parliament, as the Act of "Government expresseth,"—I did accept it. I might repeat again to you, if it were needful, but I think it hardly is: I was arbitrary in power; having the Armies in the three Nations under my command;—and truly not very ill beloved by them, nor very ill beloved by the People. By the good People. And I believe I should have been more beloved if they had known the truth, as things *were*, before God and in themselves, and also before divers of those Gentlemen whom I but now mentioned unto you. [*His Highness is rallying; getting out of the Unutterable into the Utterable!*] I did, at the entreaty of divers Persons of Honour and Quality, at the entreaty of very many of the chief Officers of the Army then present,—'at their entreaty' and at their request, I did accept of the place and title of PROTECTOR: and was, in the presence of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, the Judges, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, the Soldiery, divers Gentlemen, Citizens, and divers other people and persons of quality,

and so forth,—accompanied to Westminster Hall; where I took the Oath to this Government. [*Indisputably: draw your own inferences from it!*] This was not done in a corner: it was open and public!—This Government hath been exercised by a Council;[1] with a desire to be faithful in all things:—and, among all other trusts, to be faithful in *calling this Parliament.*

And thus I have given you a very bare and lean Discourse;[2] which truly I have been necessitated to 'do,'—and contracted in 'the doing of,' because of the unexpectedness of the occasion, and because I would not quite weary you nor myself. But this is a Narrative that discovers to you the series of Providences and of Transactions leading me into the condition wherein I now stand. The next thing I promised 'to demonstrate to' you, wherein, I hope, I shall be briefer—Though I am sure the occasion does require plainness and freedom!—'But as to this first thing,'[3] That I brought not myself into this condition: surely in my own apprehension I did not! And whether I did not, the things being true which I have told you, I shall submit to your judg-

[1] According to the 'Instrument' or Program of it.

[2] Narration.

[3] This paragraph is characteristic. One of Oliver's *warts.* His Highness, in haste to be through, is for breaking off into the 'next thing,' with hope of greater 'brevity;' but then suddenly bethinks him that he has not yet quite completely winded off the '*first* thing,' and so returns to that. The paragraph, stark nonsense in the original (where they that are patient of such can read it, *Parliamentary History*, xx. 357), indicates, on intense inspection, that this is the purport of it. A glimpse afforded us, through one of Oliver's confused regurgitations, and incondite *mis*utterances of speech, into the real inner man of him. Of which there will be other instances as we proceed.

ment. And there shall I leave it. Let God do what He pleaseth.

The other thing, I say, that I am to speak of to you is, "That I have not 'borne,' and do not bear, witness to myself." I am far from alluding to Him that said so![1] Yet truth, concerning a member of His, He will own, though men do not.—But I think, if I mistake not, I have a cloud of witnesses. I think so; let men be as froward as they will. [*My honourable friends!*] I have witness Within,—Without,—and Above! But I shall speak of my witnesses Without; having fully spoken of the Witness who is Above, and 'who is' in my own conscience, before. Under the other head[2] I spoke of these; because that subject had more obscurity in it, and I in some sort needed appeals;—and, I trust, might lawfully make them (as lawfully as take an oath), where the things were not so apt to be made evident 'otherwise.' [*In such circumstances, Yea!*]—I shall enumerate my witnesses as well as I can.

When I had consented to accept of the Government, there was some Solemnity to be performed. And that was accompanied by some persons of considerableness in all respects: there were the persons before mentioned to you;[3] these accompanied me, at the time of my entering upon this Government, to Westminster Hall to receive my Oath. There was an express[4] consent on the

[1] 'Then answered Jesus, and said unto them,——If I bear witness 'of myself, my witness is not true. There is Another that beareth wit-'ness of me.' (*John*, v. 31, 32.)

[2] 'upon the other account' *in orig.* [3] 'before expressed' *in orig.*

[4] 'explicit' and 'implicit' in the original; but we must say 'express'

part of these and other interested persons. And 'there was also' an implied consent of many; shewing their good liking and approbation thereof. And, Gentlemen, I do not think you are altogether strangers to it in your countries. Some did not nauseate it; very many did approve it.

I had the approbation of the Officers of the Army, in the three Nations of England, Scotland and Ireland. I say, of the Officers: I had that by their 'express' Remonstrances,[1] and under signature. But there went along with that express consent of theirs, an implied consent also 'of a body' of persons who had 'had' somewhat to do in the world; who had been instrumental, by God, to fight down the Enemies of God and of His People in the three Nations. [*The Soldiery of the Commonwealth. Persons of "some considerableness," these too!*] And truly, until my hands were bound, and I 'was' limited (to my own great satisfaction, as many can bear me witness); while I had in my hands so great a power and arbitrariness,—the Soldiery were a very considerable part of these Nations, especially all Government being dissolved. I say, when all Government was thus dissolved, and nothing to keep things in order but the Sword! And yet they,—which many Histories will not parallel,—even they were desirous that things might come to a consistency; and arbitrariness be taken away; and the Government be put into the 'hands of' a person limited and bounded, as in the Act of Settlement,

and 'implied,'—the word 'implicit' having now got itself tacked to 'faith' (*implicit-faith*), and become thereby hopelessly degraded from any independent meaning.

[1] Means 'Public Letters of Adherence.'

whom they distrusted the least, and loved not the worst. [*Hear it.*] There was another evidence 'of consent, implied if not express.'

I would not forget the honourable and civil entertainment, with the approbation I found in the great City of London;[1]—which the City knows whether I directly or indirectly sought. And truly I do not think it folly to remember this. For it was very great and high; and very public; and 'included' as numerous a body of those that are known by names and titles—the several Corporations and Societies of Citizens in this City,—as hath at any time been seen in England. And not without some appearance of satisfaction also.—And I had not this witness only. I have had from the greatest County in England, and from many Cities and Boroughs and Counties, express approbations. 'Express approbations' not of men gathered here and there, but from the County General-Assizes;—the Grand Jury, in name of the Noblemen, Gentlemen, Yeomen and Inhabitants of that County, giving very great thanks to me for undertaking this heavy burden at such a time; and giving very great approbation and encouragement to me to go through with it.[2] These are plain; I have them to shew. And by these, in some measure, it will appear "I do not bear witness to myself."

[1] Dinner, with all manner of gala, in the common Royal Style; 8 February, 1653-4 (Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 561).

[2] 'Humble Petition and Representation of the Grand Jury at the Assizes held at York, March 1653 (1654), in name of' &c. &c.: Newspapers; *Perfect Diurnal*, April 3-10, 1654 (King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 82, § 12), and others.—Similar recognition 'by the Mayor,' &c. &c. 'of the ancient City of York' (*ibid.*).

This is not all. The Judges,—truly I had almost forgotten it [*Another little window into his Highness!*], —the Judges, thinking that there had now come a dissolution to all Government, met and consulted; and did declare one to another, That they could not administer justice to the satisfaction of their consciences, until they had received Commissions from me. And they did receive Commissions from me; and by virtue of those Commissions they have acted:—and all Justices of the Peace that have acted have acted by virtue of like Commissions. Which was a little more than an implied approbation! And I believe all the Justice administered in the Nation hath been by this authority. Which also I lay before you; desiring you to think, Whether all those persons now mentioned must not come to you for an Act of Oblivion and General Pardon, for having acted under and testified to this Government, if it be disowned by you!—

And I have two or three witnesses more,—equivalent to all these I have yet mentioned, if I be not mistaken, and greatly mistaken! If I should say, All *you* that are here are my witnesses,—I should say no untruth! I know that you are the same persons here that you were in your countries[1]—But I will reserve this for a little; this will be the *issue*, 'the general outcome and climax,' of my Proof. [*Another little window:—almost a half-soliloquy; you see the Speech getting ready in the interior of his Highness.*] I say I have two or three witnesses, of still more weight than all I have counted

[1] Where you had to acknowledge me before election, he means, but does not yet see good to say.

and reckoned yet. All the People in England are my witnesses; and many in Ireland and Scotland! All the Sheriffs in England are my witnesses: and all that have come-in upon a Process issued out by Sheriffs are my witnesses. [*My honourable friends, how did* YOU *come in?*] Yea, the Returns of the Elections to the Clerk of the Crown,—not a thing to be blown away by a breath,—the Return on behalf of the Inhabitants in the Counties, Cities and Boroughs, all are my witnesses of approbation to the Condition and Place I stand in.

And I shall now make *you* my last witnesses! [*Here comes it, "the issue of my Proof!"*] And shall ask you, Whether you came not hither by my Writs directed to the several Sheriffs 'of Counties,' and through the Sheriffs to the other Officers of Cities and Liberties? To which 'Writs' the People gave obedience; having also had the Act of Government communicated to them,—to which end great numbers of copies 'thereof' were sent down to be communicated to them. And the Government[1] 'was' also required to be distinctly read unto the People at the place of election, to avoid surprises,' or misleadings of them through their ignorance;'—where also they signed the Indenture,[2] with proviso, "That the "Persons so chosen should *not* have power to alter the "Government as now settled in one Single Person and "a Parliament!" [*My honourable friends—?*]—And thus I have made good my second Assertion, "That I bear not witness to myself;" but that the good People of England, and you all are my witnesses.

Yea, surely!—And 'now' this being so,—though

[1] Act or Instrument of Government. [2] Writ of Return.

I told you in my last Speech "that you were a Free Parliament," yet I thought it was understood withal that I was the Protector, and the Authority that called you! That I was in possession of the Government by a good right from God and men! And I believe if the learnedest men in this Nation were called to shew a precedent, equally clear, of a Government so many ways approved of, they would not in all their search find it.—I did not in my other Speech take upon me to justify the 'Act of' Government in every particular; and I told you the reason, which was plain: The Act of Government was public, and had long been published, 'in order' that it might be under the most serious inspection of all that pleased to peruse it.

This is what I had to say at present for approving[1] myself to God and my conscience in my actions throughout this undertaking; and for giving cause of approving myself to every one of your consciences in the sight of God.—And if the fact be so, why should we sport with it? With a business so serious! May not this character, this stamp [*Stamp put upon a man by the Most High and His providences*], bear equal poise with any Hereditary Interest that could furnish, or hath furnished, in the Common Law or elsewhere, matter of dispute and trial of learning? In the like of which many have exercised more wit, and spilt more blood, than I hope ever to live to see or hear of again in this Nation! [*Red and White Roses, for example; Henry of*

1. 'By what I have said, I have approved,' &c. *in orig.*: but rhetorical charity required the change.

Bolingbroke, and the last 'Protector.']—I say, I do not know why I may not balance this Providence, in the sight of God, with *any* Hereditary Interest [*Nor do I!*]; as a thing *less* subject to those cracks and flaws which that 'other' is commonly incident unto; the disputing of which has cost more blood in former times in this Nation than we have leisure to speak of now!—

Now, if this be thus, and I am deriving a title from God and men upon such accounts as these are—Although some men be froward, yet that *your* judgments who are Persons sent from all parts of the Nation under the notion of *approving* this Government—[*His Highness, bursting with meaning, completes neither of these sentences; but pours himself, like an irregular torrent, through other orifices and openings.*]—For you to disown or not to own it: for you to act with Parliamentary Authority especially in the disowning of it; contrary to the very fundamental things, yea against the very root itself of this Establishment: to sit, and not own the Authority by which you sit,——is that which I believe astonisheth more men than myself; and doth as dangerously disappoint and discompose the Nation as any thing that could have been invented by the greatest enemy to our peace and welfare, or 'that' could well have happened. [*Sorrow, anger, and reproach on his Highness's countenance; the voice risen somewhat into* ALT, *and rolling with a kind of rough music in the tones of it!*]

It is true, as there are some things in the Establishment which are Fundamental, so there are others which are not, but are Circumstantial. Of these no question

but I shall easily agree to vary, to leave out, 'according' as I shall be convinced by reason. But some things are Fundamentals! About which I shall deal plainly with you: These may *not* be parted with; but will, I trust, be delivered over to Posterity, as the fruits of our blood and travail. The Government by a Single Person and a Parliament is a Fundamental! It is the *esse*, it is constitutive. And as for the Person,—though I may seem to plead for myself, yet I do not: no, nor can any reasonable man say it. If the things throughout this Speech be true, I plead for this Nation, and for all honest men therein who have borne their testimony as aforesaid, and not for myself! And if things should do otherwise than well (which I would not fear), and the Common Enemy and discontented persons take advantage of these distractions, the issue will be put up before God: let Him own it, or let Him disown it, as He pleases!—

In every Government there must be Somewhat Fundamental [*Will speak now of Fundamentals*]; Somewhat like a *Magna Charta*, which should be standing, be unalterable. Where there is a stipulation on one side, and that fully accepted, as appears by what hath been said,—surely a return[1] ought to be; else what does that stipulation signify? If I have, upon the terms aforesaid, undertaken this great Trust, and exercised it; and by it called *you*,—surely it ought 'by you' to be owned. —That Parliaments should not make themselves perpetual is a Fundamental. [*Yea, all know it: taught by the example of the Rump!*] Of what assurance is a

[1] reciprocal engagement.

Law. to prevent so great an evil, if it lie in the same Legislature to *un*law it again? [*Must have a single Person to check your Parliament.*] Is such a Law like to be lasting? It will be a rope of sand; it will give no security; for the same men may unbuild what they have built.

'Again,' is not Liberty of Conscience in Religion a Fundamental? So long as there is Liberty of Conscience for the Supreme Magistrate to exercise his conscience in erecting what Form of Church-Government he is satisfied he should set up ["He *is to decide on the Form of Church-Government, then?*" *The Moderns, especially the Voluntary Principle, stare.*],—why should he not give the like liberty to others? Liberty of Conscience is a natural right; and he that would have it, ought to give it; having 'himself' liberty to settle what he likes for the Public. ["*Where then are the limits of Dissent?*" *An abstruse question, my Voluntary friends; especially with a Gospel really* BELIEVED!] Indeed that hath been one of the vanities of our Contest. Every Sect saith: "Oh, give me liberty!" But give it him, and to his power he will not yield it to anybody else. Where is our ingenuousness? 'Liberty of Conscience'—truly that is a thing ought to be very reciprocal! The Magistrate hath *his* supremacy; he may settle Religion, 'that is, Church-Government,' according to his conscience. And 'as for the People'—I may say it to you, I can say it: All the money of this Nation would not have tempted men to fight upon such an account as they have here been engaged in, if they had not had hopes of Liberty 'of Conscience' better than Episco-

pacy granted them, or than would have been afforded by a Scots Presbytery,—or an English either, if it had made such steps, and been as sharp and rigid, as it threatened when first set up![1] This, I say, is a Fundamental. It ought to be so. It is for us and the generations to come. And if there be an absoluteness in the Imposer [*As you seem to argue.*], without fitting allowances and exceptions from the rule ["*Fitting:*" *that is a wide word!*],—we shall have the People driven into wildernesses. As they were, when those poor and afflicted people, who forsook their estates and inheritances here, where they lived plentifully and comfortably, were necessitated, for enjoyment of their Liberty, to go into a waste howling wilderness in New England; —where they have, for Liberty's sake, stript themselves of all their comfort; embracing rather loss of friends and want than be so ensnared and in bondage. [*Yea!*]

Another 'Fundamental' which I had forgotten is the Militia. That is judged a Fundamental if anything be so. That *it* should be well and equally placed is very necessary. For, put the absolute power of the Militia into 'the hands of' one 'Person,'—without a check, what doth it serve? 'On the other hand,' I pray you, what check is there upon your Perpetual Parliaments, if the Government be wholly stript of this of the Militia? 'This as we now have it' is[2] equally placed, and men's desires were to have it so;—namely, in one Person, and

[1] 'Liberty of Conscience must not be refused to a People who have fought and conquered 'upon such an account' as ours was! For more of Oliver's notions concerning the Magistrate's power in Church-matters, see his Letter to the Scotch Clergy, Letter CXLVIII., antea, p. 81.

[2] 'It is' *in orig.*

in the Parliament 'along with him' while the Parliament sits. What signified a provision against perpetuating of Parliaments, if this power of the Militia be solely in *them?* Think, Whether, without some check, the Parliament have it not in their power to alter the Frame of Government altogether—into Aristocracy, Democracy, into Anarchy, into anything, if this 'of the Militia' be fully in them! Yea, into all confusion; and that without remedy! If this one thing be placed in one 'party,' that one, be it Parliament, be it Supreme Governor, hath power to make what he pleases of all the rest. [*"Hum-m-m!" from the old Parliament.*]—Therefore if you would have a balance at all; if you agree that some Fundamentals must stand, as worthy to be delivered over to Posterity,—truly I think it is not unreasonably urged that 'this power of' the Militia should be disposed as we have it in the Act of Government;—should be placed so equally that no one party neither in Parliament nor out of Parliament have the power of ordering it. 'Well;'—the Council are the Trustees of the Commonwealth, in all *intervals* of Parliament; and have as absolute a negative upon the Supreme Officer in the said intervals, as the Parliament hath while it is sitting. [*So that we are safe—or safish, your Highness? No one party has power of the Militia at any time.*] The power of the Militia cannot be made use of; not a man can be raised, nor a penny charged upon the People, nothing can be done, without consent of Parliament; and in the intervals of Parliament, without consent of the Council. Give me leave to say, 'There is very little power, none but what is coördinate, 'placed' in the Su-

preme Officer; and yet enough in him in that particular. He is bound in strictness by the Parliament, and out of Parliament by the Council, who do as absolutely bind him as the Parliament while sitting doth.—

As for that of Money—I told you some things were Circumstantials; [*Comes to the Circumstantials*]—as, for example, this is: That we should have 200,000*l.* to defray Civil Offices,—to pay the Judges and other Officers; to defray the charges of the Council in sending their embassies, in keeping intelligence, and doing what is necessary; and to support the Governor in Chief:[1] All this is, by the Instrument, supposed and intended. But it is not of the *esse* so much; nor 'is it' limited 'so strictly' as 'even' the number of Soldiers is,—20,000 Foot and 10,000 Horse. [*Guard even afar off against any sinking below the minimum in that!*] Yet if the spirits of men were composed, 5,000 Horse and 10,000 Foot might serve. These things are 'Circumstantial,' are between the Chief Officer and the Parliament, to be moderated, 'regulated,' as occasion shall offer.

Of this sort there are many Circumstantial things, which are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians. But the things which shall be necessary to deliver over to Posterity, these should be unalterable. Else every succeeding Parliament will be disputing to alter the Government; and we shall be as often brought into confusion as we have Parliaments, and so make our remedy our disease. The Lord's Providence, evil 'effects' appearing, and good appearing, and better judgment 'in

[1] Instrument of Government, Art. 27 (Somers Tracts, vi. 294).

ourselves,' will give occasion for ordering of things to the best interest of the People. 'Those 'Circumstantial' things are the matter of consideration between you and me.

I have indeed almost tired myself. What I have farther to say is this [*Does not yet say it*]—I would it had not been needful for me to call you hither to expostulate these things with you, and in such a manner as this! 'But Necessity hath no law. Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities,—'certainly these' are the greatest cozenage that men can put upon the Providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by. 'Yes;' but it is *as* legal, 'contrary to God's free Grace,' as carnal, and as stupid [*A tone of anger*], to think that there are no Necessities which are manifest 'and real,' because necessities may be 'abused' or feigned! And truly that were my case[1] if I should so think 'here;' and I hope none of you so think. I have to say [*Says it now*]: The wilful throwing away of this Government, such as it is, so owned by God, so approved by men, so witnessed to (in the Fundamentals of it) as was mentioned above, 'were a thing which,'—and in reference 'not to *my* good, but' to the good of these Nations and of Posterity,—I can sooner be willing to be rolled into my grave and buried with infamy, than I can give my consent unto! [*Never!—Do you catch the tone of that voice, reverberating, like thunder from the roof of the Painted Chamber, over the heads of Bradshaw, Haselrig, Scott and Company; the aspect of that face, with its lion-mouth, and mournful eyes,—kindled now and radiant all*

[1] To be legal, and carnal and stupid.

of it, with sorrow, with rebuke, and wrathful defiance? —Bradshaw and Company look on it unblanched; but will be careful not to provoke such a one. There lie penalties in him!]

You have been called hither to save a Nation,—Nations. You had the best People, indeed, of the Christian world put into your trust, when you came hither. You had the affairs of these Nations delivered over to you in peace and quiet; you were, and we all are, put into an undisturbed possession, nobody making title to us. Through the blessing of God, our enemies were hopeless and scattered. We had peace at home; peace with almost all our Neighbours round about,—apt 'otherwise' to take advantages where God did administer them. 'These things we had, few days ago, when you came hither. And now?'—To have our peace and interest, whereof those were our hopes the other day, thus shaken, and put under such a confusion; and ourselves [*Chiefly* "*I*"] rendered hereby almost the scorn and contempt of those strangers [*Dutch Ambassadors and the like*] who are amongst us to negotiate their masters' affairs! To give *them* opportunity to see our nakedness as they do: "A people that have been unhinged this twelve-years day,[1] and are unhinged still,"—as if scattering, division and confusion came upon us like things we desired; '*these*,' which are the greatest plagues that God ordinarily lays upon Nations for sin!

I would be loath to say these are matters of our desire.[2] But if not, then why not matters of our *care*,—

[1] An old phrase; 'day' emphatic.

[2] Politely oblique for 'your desire.'

as wisely as by our utmost endeavours we might, to *avoid* them! Nay if, by such actings as these 'now' are, these poor Nations shall be thrown into heaps and confusion, through blood, and ruin, and trouble[1]—And upon the saddest account that ever was, if breaking 'and confusion' should come upon us;—all because we would not settle when we could, when God put it into our hands! Your affairs now almost settled everywhere: and to have all recoil upon us; and ourselves 'to be' shaken in our affections, loosened from all known and public interests:—as I said before, who shall answer for these things to God?

Who can answer for these things to God, or to men? 'To men'—to the People who sent you hither: who looked for refreshment from you; who looked for nothing but peace and quietness, and rest and settlement? When we come to give an account to them, we shall have it to say, "Oh, we quarrelled for the *Liberty of "England;* we contested, and 'went to confusion,' for "that!"—'Now,' Wherein, I pray you, for the "Liberty of England?" I appeal to the Lord, that the desires and endeavours we have had——Nay the things will speak for themselves. The "Liberty of England," the Liberty of the People; the avoiding of tyrannous impositions either upon men as men, or Christians as Christians;—is made so safe by this Act of Settlement, that it will speak for itself. And when it shall appear to the world what 'really' hath been said and done by all of us, and what our real transactions were—For God can dis-

[1] 'what shall we then say?' his Highness means; but does not complete the sentence,—as is sometimes his habit.

cover; no Privilege [*What! Not even Privilege of Parliament?*] will hinder the Lord from discovering! No Privilege, or condition of man can hide from the Lord; He can and will make all manifest, if He see it for His glory![1]—And when these 'things, as I say,' shall be manifested: and the People will come and ask, "Gentlemen, what condition is this we are in? We hoped for "light; and behold darkness, obscure darkness! We "hoped for rest after ten-years Civil War, but are "plunged into deep confusion again!"—Ay; we know these consequences will come upon us, if God Almighty shall not find out some way to prevent them.

I had a thought within myself, That it would not have been dishonest nor dishonourable, nor against true Liberty, no not 'the Liberty' of Parliaments, 'if,' when a Parliament was so chosen 'as you have been,' in pursuance of this Instrument of Government, and in conformity to it, and with such an approbation and consent to it,—some Owning of your Call and of the Authority which brought you hither, had been required before your entrance into the House. [*Deep silence in the audience.*] This was declined, and hath not been done, because I am persuaded scarce any man could doubt you came with contrary minds. And I have reason to believe the people that sent you least of all doubted thereof. And therefore I must deal plainly with you: What I forbore upon a just confidence at first, you necessitate me unto now! [*Paleness on some faces.*] Seeing the Authority which called you is so little valued, and so

[1] 'Privilege' of Parliament, in those days, strenuously forbids *reporting*; but it will not serve in the case referred to!

much slighted,—till some such Assurance be given and made known, 'that the Fundamental Interest shall be settled and approved according to the proviso in the 'Writ of' Return, and such a consent testified as will make it appear that the same is accepted, I HAVE CAUSED A STOP TO BE PUT TO YOUR ENTRANCE INTO THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE. [*You understand that; my honourable friends?*]

I am sorry, I am sorry, and I could be sorry to the death, that there is cause for this! But there is cause: and if things be not satisfied which are reasonably demanded, I, for my part, will do that which becomes *me*,' seeking my counsel from God. — There is therefore Somewhat [*A bit of written Parchment!*] to be offered to you; which, I hope, will answer, being understood with the qualifications I have told you, — 'namely, of' reforming as to Circumstantials, and agreeing in the Substance and Fundamentals, 'that is to say,' in the Form of Government now settled, which is expressly stipulated in your Indentures "not to be altered." The making of your minds known in that by giving your assent and subscription to it, is the means that will let you in, to act those things as a Parliament which are for the good of the People. And this thing [*The Parchment!*], 'when once it is' shewn to you and signed as aforesaid, doth determine the controversy; and may give a happy progress and issue to this Parliament. [*Honourable gentlemen look in one another's faces,—find general blank.*]

The place where you may come thus and sign, as many as God shall make free thereunto, is in the Lobby

without the Parliament Door. [*My honourable friends, you know the way, don't you?*]——

The 'Instrument of' Government doth declare that you have a legislative power without a negative from me. As the Instrument doth express it, you may make any Laws; and if I give not my consent, within twenty days, to the passing of your Laws, they are *ipso facto* Laws, whether I consent or no,—if not contrary to the 'Frame of' Government. You have an absolute Legislative Power in all things that can possibly concern the good and interest of the public; and I think you may make these Nations happy by this Settlement. And I, for my part, shall be willing to be bound more than I am, in anything concerning which I can become convinced that it may be for the good of the People, or tend to the preservation of the Cause and Interest so long contended for.*

Go your ways, my honourable friends, and sign, so many of you as God hath made free thereunto! The place, I tell you, is in the Lobby without the Parliament Door. The 'Thing,' as you will find there, is a bit of Parchment with these words engrossed on it: '*I do hereby freely promise, and 'engage myself, to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector 'and the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland; and 'shall not (according to the tenor of the Indenture whereby I am 'returned to serve in this present Parliament) propose, or give 'my consent, to alter the Government as it is settled in a Single 'Person and a Parliament.*'[1] Sign that, or go home again to your countries.

* Old Pamphlet, brother to the foregoing; reprinted in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 349-69.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 587.

Let honourable gentlemen therefore consider what they will do!—'About a Hundred signed directly, within an hour.' Guibon Goddard and all the Norfolk Members (except one, who was among the direct Hundred) went and 'had dinner together,' to talk the matter over;—mostly thought it would be better to sign: and did sign, all but some two. The number who have signed this first day, we hear, is a Hundred-and-twenty, a Hundred-and-thirty, nay a Hundred-and-forty.[1] Blank faces of honourable gentlemen begin to take meaning again,—some mild, some grim. Tomorrow being Fastday, there is an adjournment. The recusants are treated 'with all tenderness;' most of them come in by degrees: 'Three-hundred before the month ends.'

Deep Republicans, Bradshaw, Haselrig, Thomas Scott and the like, would not come in; still less would shallow noisy ones, as Major Wildman;—went home to their countries again, their blank faces settling into permanent grim. My Lord Protector molested no man for his recusancy; did indeed take that absence as a comparative favour from the parties. Harrison and other suspect persons are a little looked after: the Parliament resumes its function as if little had happened. With a singular acquiescence on the part of the Public, write our correspondents, Dutch and other. The Public, which I have known rebel against crowned Kings for twitching the tippet of a Parliament, permits this Lord Protector to smite it on the cheek, and say, "Have a care, wilt thou!" Perhaps this Lord Protector is believed to mean better than the King did? There is a difference in the objects of men, as the Public understands;—a difference in the men too for rebelling against! At any rate, here is singular submission everywhere; and my Lord Protector getting ready a powerful Sea-

[1] Goddard, Whitlocke, Letter in *Thurloe*.

Armament, neither his Parliament nor any other creature can yet guess for what.[1]

Goddard's report of this Parliament is distinct enough; brief, and not without some points of interest; 'the misfortune is,' says one Commentator, 'he does not give us *names*.' Alas, a much greater misfortune is, the Parliament itself is hardly worth naming! It did not prove a successful Parliament;—it held on by mere Constitution-building; and effected, so to speak, nothing. Respectable Pedant persons; never doubting but the Ancient sacred Sheepskins would serve for the New Time, which also has its sacredness; thinking, full surely, constitutional logic was the thing England now needed of them! Their History shall remain blank, to the end of the world. I have read their Debates, and counsel no other man to do it. Wholly upon the 'Institution of Government,' modelling, new-modelling of that: endless anxious spider-webs of constitutional logic; vigilant checks, constitutional jealousies, &c. &c. To be forgotten by all creatures.

They had a Committee of Godly Ministers sitting in the Jerusalem Chamber; a kind of miniature Assembly of Divines; intent upon 'Scandalous Ministers and Schoolmasters,' upon tender consciences, and the like objects: but there were only Twenty in this Assembly; they could hardly ever get fairly under way at all;—and have left in English History no trace that I could see of their existence, except a very reasonable Petition, noted in the Record, That the Parliament would be pleased to advance them a little money towards the purchase of fire and candle,—in these cold dark months. The Parliament, I hope, allowed them coals and a few tallow-lights; but neither they nor it could accomplish anything towards the Settling of a Godly Ministry in England: my Lord Protector

[1] Dutch Ambassadors, French, &c., in *Thurloe*, ii. 606, 613, 638 (15th, 18th Sept.; 9th Oct.).

and *his* Commissions will have to settle that too; an object dear to all good men. The Parliament spent its time in constitutional jangling, in vigilant contrivance of balances, checks, and that species of entities. With difficulty could, at rare intervals, a hasty stingy vote, not for the indispensable Supplies, but for some promise of them, be wrung. An unprofitable Parliament.

For the rest, they had Biddle the Socinian before them; a poor Gloucester Schoolmaster once, now a very conspicuous Heresiarch, apparently of mild but entirely obstinate manners, —poor devil: him they put into the Gatehouse; him and various others of that kidney. Especially 'Theauro John, who 'laid about him with a drawn sword at the door of the Par-'liament House one day,'[1]—a man clearly needing to be confined. 'Theauro John:' his name had originally been John Davy, if I recollect; but the Spirit, in some preternatural hour, revealed to him that it ought to be as above. Poor Davy: his labours, life-adventures, financial arrangements, painful biography in general, are all unknown to us; till, on this 'Saturday, 30th December, 1654,' he very clearly 'knocks loud at the door of the Parliament House,' as much as to say, "What is this *you* are upon?" and 'lays about him with a drawn sword;'—after which all again becomes unknown. Seemingly a kind of Quaker. Does the reader know James Nayler, and the devout women worshipping him? George Fox, in his suit of leather, independent of mankind, looks down into the soft Vale of Belvoir, native 'Vale of Bever:' Do not the whispering winds and green fields, do not the still smoke-pillars from these poor cottages under the eternal firmaments, say in one's heart, "George, canst thou do nothing for us? George, wilt thou not help us from the wrath to come?" George finds in the Vale of Bever 'a very tender people.' In fact, most sin-

[1] Whitlocke, p. 592. See Goddard (in *Burton*, i., Introd. cxxvi.).

gular Quakerisms, frightful Socinianisms, and other portents, are springing up rife in England.

Oliver objected, now and always, to any very harsh punishment of Biddle and Company, much as he abhorred their doctrines. Why burn, or brand, or otherwise torment them, poor souls? They, wandering as we all do seeking for a door of hope into the Eternities, have, being tempted of the Devil as we all likewise are, *missed* the door of hope; and gone tumbling into dangerous gulfs,—dangerous, but not yet beyond the mercy of God. Do not burn them. They meant, some of them, *well;* bear, visibly to me, the scars of stern true battle against the Enemy of Man. Do not burn them;—lock them up, that they may not mislead others. On frugal wholesome diet in Pendennis Castle, or Elizabeth Castle in Jersey, or here in the Clink Prison at London, they will not cost you much, and may arrive at some composure. Branding and burning is an ugly business;—as little of that as you can.

Friday, 29th September, 1654. His Highness, say the old Lumber-Books, went into Hyde Park; made a small picnic dinner under the trees, with Secretary Thurloe, attended by a few servants;—was, in fact, making a small pleasure excursion, having in mind to try a fine new team of horses, which the Earl or Duke of Oldenburg had lately sent him. Dinner done, his Highness himself determined to drive,—two in hand I think, with a postilion driving other two. The horses, beautiful animals, tasting of the whip, became unruly; galloped, would not be checked, but took to plunging; plunged the postilion down; plunged or shook his Highness down, 'dragging him by the foot for some time,' so that 'a pistol went 'off in his pocket,' to the amazement of men. Whereupon? Whereupon—his Highness got up again, little the worse; was let blood; and went about his affairs much as usual![1] Small

[1] Thurloe, i. 652, 3; Ludlow, ii. 508.

anecdote, that figures, larger than life, in all the Books and Biographies. I have known men thrown from their horses on occasion, and less noise made about it, my erudite friend! But the essential point was, his Highness wore a pistol.—Yes, his Highness is prepared to defend himself; has men, and has also truculent-flunkeys, and devils and devil's-servants of various kinds, to defend himself against;—and wears pistols, and what other furniture outward and inward may be necessary for the object. Such of you as have an eye that way can take notice of it!—

Thursday, 16th November, 1654. On the other hand, what a glimpse into the interior domesticities of the Protector Household, have we in the following brief Note! Amid the darkness and buzzard dimness, one light-beam, clear, radiant, mournfully beautiful, like the gleam of a sudden star, disclosing for a moment many things to us! On Friday, Secretary Thurloe writes incidentally: 'My Lord Protector's Mother, of 'Ninety-four years old, died last night. A little before her 'death she gave my Lord her blessing, in these words: "The 'Lord cause His face to shine upon you; and comfort you in 'all your adversities; and enable you to do great things for 'the glory of your Most High God, and to be a relief unto His 'People. My dear Son, I leave my heart with thee. A good 'night!"'[1]—and therewith sank into her long sleep. Even so. Words of ours are but idle. Thou brave one, Mother of a Hero, farewell!—Ninety-four years old: the royalties of Whitehall, says Ludlow very credibly, were of small moment to her: 'at the sound of a musket she would often be afraid 'her Son was shot; and could not be satisfied unless she saw 'him once a day at least.'[2] She, old, weak, wearied one, she

[1] Thurloe to Pell, 17 Nov. 1654: in Vaughan's *Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell* (London, 1839), i. 81.

[2] Ludlow, ii. 488.

cannot help him with his refractory Pedant Parliaments, with his Anabaptist plotters, Royalist assassins, and world-wide confusions; but she bids him, Be strong, be comforted in God. And so Good night! And in the still Eternities and divine Silences—Well, *are* they not divine?—

December 26th, 1654. The refractory Parliament and other dim confusions still going on, we mark as a public event of some significance, the sailing of his Highness's Sea-Armament. It has long been getting ready on the Southern Coast; sea-forces, land-forces;—sails from Portsmouth on Christmas morrow, as above marked.[1]—None yet able to divine whither bound; not even the Generals, Venables and Penn, till they reach a certain latitude. Many are much interested to divine! Our Brussels Correspondent writes long since, 'The Lord 'Protector's Government makes England more formidable 'and considerable to all Nations than ever it has been in my 'days.'[2]

[1] Penn's Narrative, in *Thurloe*, iv. 28.
[2] Thurloe, i. 160 (11 March, 1653-4).

LETTERS CXCVI., CXCVII.

HERE are Two small Letters, harmlessly reminding us of far interests and of near;—otherwise yielding no new light; but capable of being read without commentary. Read them; and let us hasten to dissolve the poor Constitutioning Parliament, which ought not to linger on these pages, or on any page.

LETTER CXCVI.

To Richard Bennet, Esq., Governor of Virginia: These.

SIR, Whitehall, 12th January, 1654.

Whereas the differences between the Lord Baltimore and the Inhabitants of Virginia, concerning the Bounds by them respectively claimed, are depending before our Council, and yet undetermined; and whereas we are credibly informed, you have notwithstanding gone into his Plantation in Maryland, and countenanced some people there in opposing the Lord Baltimore's Officers; whereby, and with other forces from Virginia, you have much disturbed that Colony and People, to the endangering of tumults and much bloodshed there, if not timely prevented:

We therefore, at the request of the Lord Baltimore,

and 'of' divers other Persons of Quality here, who are engaged by great adventures in his interest, do, for preventing of disturbances or tumults there, will and require you, and all others deriving any authority from you, To forbear disturbing the Lord Baltimore, or his Officers or People in Maryland; and to permit all things to remain as they were before any disturbance or alteration made by you, or by any other upon pretence of authority from you, till the said Differences above mentioned be determined by us here, and we give farther order therein.

We rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER P.*

Commissioners, it would appear, went out to settle the business; got it, we have no doubt, with due difficulty, settled. See Letter CCIII., — 26th September, 1655, 'To the Commissioners of Maryland.'

LETTER CXCVII.

HERE again, while the Pedant Parliament keeps arguing and constitutioning, are discontents in the Army that threaten to develop themselves. Dangerous fermentings of Fifth-Monarchy and other bad ingredients, in the Army and out of it; encouraged by the Parliamentary height of temperature. Charles Stuart, on the word of a Christian King, is exten-

* Thurloe, i. 724. The Signature only is Oliver's; signature, and sense: Thurloe has jotted on the back of this: 'A duplicate also hereof was writ, signed by his Highness.'

'sively bestirring himself. Royalist preparations, provisions of arms; Anabaptist Petitions: abroad and at home very dangerous designs on foot: but we have our eye upon them.

The Scotch Army seems, at present, the questionablest. 'The pay of the men is thirty weeks in arrear,' for one thing; the Anabaptist humour needs not that addition! Colonel Alured, we saw, had to be dismissed the Service, last year; Overton and others were questioned, and not dismissed. But now some desperate scheme has risen among the Forces in Scotland, of deposing General Monk, of making Republican Overton Commander,—and so marching off, all but the indispensable Garrison-troops, south into England, *there* to seek pay and other redress.[1] This Parliament, now in its Fourth Month, supplies no money; nothing but constitutional debatings. My Lord Protector had need be watchful! He again, in this December, summons Overton from Scotland; again questions him;—sees good, this time, to commit him to the Tower,[2] and end his military services. The Army, in Scotland and elsewhere, with no settlement yet to its vague fermenting humours, and not even money to pay its arrears, is dangerous enough.

Of Adjutant-General Allen whom this Letter concerns, it may be proper to say that Ludlow in mentioning him has mistaken his man. The reader recollects, a good while ago, Three Troopers, notable at the moment, who appeared once before the Long Parliament, with a Petition from the Army, in the year Forty-seven? Their names were Allen, Sexby, Sheppard: Ludlow will have it, the Trooper Allen was this Adjutant-General Allen;[3] which is a mistake of Ludlow's. Trooper

[1] Postea, Speech IV.; and Thurloe, iii. 110, &c.

[2] 16 January, 1654-5 (Overton's Letter, *Thurloe*, iii. 110).

[3] Ludlow, i. 189: 'Edward Sexby,' 'William Allen;' but in the name

Sexby we did since see, as Captain Sexby, after Preston Fight; and shall again, in sad circumstances see: but of Trooper Allen there is no farther vestige anywhere except this imaginary one; of Trooper Sheppard not even an imaginary vestige. They have vanished, these two; and Adjutant-General Allen, vindicating his identity such as it is, enters here on his own footing. A resolute devout man, whom we have seen before; the same who was deep in the Prayer-Meeting at Windsor years ago:[1] this is his third, and we hope his last appearance on the stage of things.

Allen has been in Ireland, since that Prayer-Meeting; in Ireland and elsewhere, resolutely fighting, earnestly praying, as from of old; has had many darkenings of mind; expects, for almost a year past, 'little good from the Governments of this world,' one or the other. He has honoured, and still would fain honour, 'the Person now in chief place,' having seen in him much 'uprightheartedness to the Lord;' must confess, however, 'the late Change hath more stumbled me than any ever did;'—and on the whole knows not what he will resolve upon.[2] We find he has resolved on quitting Ireland, for one thing; has come over to 'his Father-in-Law Mr. Huish's in Devonshire:' — and, to all appearance, is not building established-churches there! 'Captain Unton Crook,' of whom we shall hear afterwards, is an active man, son of a learned Lawyer;[3] very zealous for the Protector's interest; — zealous for his own and his Father's promotion, growls Ludlow. Desborow, who fitted out the late mysterious Sea-Armament

of the third Trooper, which is not 'Philips' but *Sheppard*, he is mistaken (Commons Journals, 30 April, 1647); and as to 'Adjutant-General Allen' and the impossibility of his identity with this William Allen, see antea, vol. i. pp. 344, 407. Antea, vol. i. p. 407.

[2] Two intercepted Letters of Allen's (Thurloe, ii. 214, 15), 'Dublin, 6 April, 1654.'

[3] Made Sergeant Crook in 1655 (Heath, p. 693).

on the Southern Coast (not too judiciously, I doubt), is Commander-in-chief in those parts.

'*For Captain Unton Crook at Exeter: These.*'

SIR, Whitehall, 20th January, 1654.

Being informed by a Letter of yours and General Desborow, also by a Letter from the High Sheriff of Devon, that Adjutant-General Allen doth very ill offices by multiplying dissatisfaction in the minds of men to the present Government, I desire you and the High Sheriff to make diligent inquiry after him, and try to make out what can be made in this kind, and to give me speedy notice thereof. Not doubting of your care herein, I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER P.

If he be gone out of the Country, learn whither he is gone, and send me word by next post.*

Allen was not gone out of the Country; he was seized by Crook 'in his Father-in-law Mr. Huish's house,' on the 31st of January, 1654-5; his papers searched, and himself ordered to be and continue prisoner, at a place agreed upon,—Sand in Somersetshire,—'under his note of hand.' So much we learn from the imbroglios of *Thurloe*;[1] where also are authentic Depositions concerning Allen, 'by Captains John Copleston and the said Unton Crook;' and two Letters of Allen's own,—

* Lansdowne MSS. 1236, fol. 102. Superscription torn off;—only the Signature is in Oliver's hand: Address supplied here by inference.

[1] iii. 143; see pp. 140, 1.

one to the Protector; and one to 'Colonel Daniel Axtel' (the Regicide Axtel), 'Dr. Philip Carteret, or either of them,' enclosing that other Letter, and leaving it to them to present it or not, he himself thinking earnestly that they should. Both of these Letters, as well as Unton Crook's to the Protector, and the authentic Deposition of Copleston and Crook against Allen, are dated February 7th, 1654-5.

The witnesses depose,[1] That he has bragged to one 'Sir John Davis Baronet,' of an interview he had with the Protector not long since,—wherein he, Allen, told the Protector a bit of his mind; and left him in a kind of huff, and even at a nonplus; and so came off to the West Country in a triumphant manner. Farther he talks questionable things of Ireland, of discontents there, and in laud of Lieutenant-General Ludlow; says, There is plenty of discontent in Ireland; he himself means to be there in February, but will first go to London again. The Country rings with rumour of his questionable speeches. He goes to 'meetings' about Bristol, whither many persons convene,—for Anabaptist or other purposes. Such meetings are often on week-days. Questionabler still, he rides thither 'with a vizard or mask over his face;' 'with glasses over his eyes,'—barnacles, so to speak! Nay, questionablest of all, riding, 'on Friday the 5th of last month,' month of January 1654-5, 'to a meeting at Luppit near Honiton, Devon,' there rode also (but not I think to the same place!) a Mr. Hugh Courtenay, once a flaming Royalist Officer in Ireland, and still a flaming zealot to the lost Cause; who spake nothing all that afternoon but mere treason, of Anabaptists that would rise in London, of &c. &c. Allen, as we say, on the last morning of January was awoke from sleep in his Father-in-law Mr. Huish's, by the entrance of two armed troopers; who informed him that Captain Crook and the High Sheriff were

[1] Ibid. iii. 140.

below, and that he would have to put on his clothes, and come down.

Allen's Letter to the Lord Protector, from Sand in Somersetshire, we rather reluctantly withhold, for want of room. A stubborn, sad, stingily respectful piece of writing: Wife and baby terribly ill off at Sand; desires to be resigned to the Lord, 'before whom both of us shall ere long nakedly appear;'—petitions that at least he might be allowed 'to attend ordinances;' which surely would be reasonable! Are there not good horses that require to be ridden with a dextrous bridle-hand,—delicate, and yet hard and strong? Clearly a strenuous Anabaptist, this Allen; a rugged, true-hearted, not easily governable man; given to Fifth-Monarchy and other notions, though with a strong head to control them. Fancy him duly cashiered from the Army, duly admonished and dismissed into private life. Then add the Colonel Overtons and Colonel Alureds, and General Ludlows and Major-General Harrisons, and also the Charles Stuarts and Christian Kings;—and reflect once more what kind of task this of my Lord Protector's is, and whether he needs refractory Pedant Parliaments to worsen it for him!

SPEECH IV.

FINDING this Parliament was equal to nothing in the Spiritual way but tormenting of poor Heretics, receiving Petitions for a small advance towards coal and candle; and nothing in the Temporal, but constitutional air-fabrics and vigilant checkings and balancings, — under which operations such precious fruits at home and abroad were ripening, — Oliver's esteem for this Parliament gradually sank to a marked degree. Check, check, —like maladroit ship-carpenters hammering, adzing, sawing at the Ship of the State, instead of diligently caulking and paying it; idly gauging and computing, nay recklessly tearing up and remodelling;—when the poor Ship could hardly keep the water as yet, and the Pirates and Sea-Krakens were gathering round! All which most dangerous, not to say half-frantic operations, the Lord Protector discerning well, and swallowing in silence as his hest was, — had for a good while kept his eye upon the Almanac, with more and more impatience for the arrival of the Third of February. That will be the first deliverance of the poor labouring Commonwealth, when at the end of Five Months we send these Parliament philosophers home to their countries again. Five Months by the Instrument they have to sit;—O fly, lazy Time; it is yet but Four Months and — — Somebody suggested, Is not the Soldier-month counted by Four Weeks? Eight-and-twenty days are a Soldier's Month: they have, in a sense, already sat five months, these vigilant Honourable Gentlemen!

Oliver Protector, on Monday morning, 22d of January,

1654-5, surprises the Constitutioning Parliament with a message to attend him in the Painted Chamber, and leave 'Settling of the Government' for a while. They have yet voted no Supplies; nor meant to vote any. They thought themselves very safe till February 3d, at soonest. But my Lord Protector, from his high place, speaks, and dissolves.

Speech Fourth, 'printed by Henry Hills, Printer to his Highness the Lord Protector,' is the only one of these Speeches, concerning the reporting, printing or publishing of which there is any visible charge or notice taken by the Government of the time. It is ordered in this instance, by the Council of State, That nobody except Henry Hills or those appointed by him shall presume to print or reprint the present Speech, or any part of it. Perhaps an official precaution considered needful; perhaps also only a matter of copyright; for the Order is so worded as not to indicate which. At all events, there is no trace of the Report having been anywhere interfered with; which seems altogether a spontaneous one; probably the product of Rushworth or some such artist.[1]

The Speech, if read with due intensity, can be understood; and what is equally important, be believed; nay, be found to contain in it a manful, great and valiant meaning,—in tone and manner very resolute, yet very conciliatory; intrinsically not ignoble but noble. For the rest, it is, as usual, sufficiently incondite in phrase and conception; the hasty outpouring of a mind which is *full* of such meanings. Somewhat difficult to read. Practical Heroes, unfortunately, as we once said, do not speak in blank-verse; their trade does not altogether admit of that! Useless to look here for a Greek Temple with its porticoes and entablatures, and *styles*. But the Alp Mountain, with its chasms and cataracts and shaggy pine-forests, and huge granite masses rooted in the Heart of the World:

[1] See Burton's *Diary*.

this too is worth looking at, to some. I can give the reader little help; but will advise him to try.

GENTLEMEN,

I perceive you are here as the House of Parliament, by your Speaker whom I see here, and by your faces which are in a great measure known to me. [*Doubtless we are here, your Highness!*]

When I first met you in this room, it was to my apprehension the hopefullest day that ever mine eyes saw, as to the considerations of this world. For I did look at, as wrapt up in you together with myself, the hopes and the happiness of,—though not of the greatest,—yet a very great 'People;' and the best People in the world. And truly and unfeignedly I thought 'it' so: as a People that have the highest and clearest profession amongst them of the greatest glory, namely Religion: as a People that have been, like other Nations, sometimes up and sometimes down in our honour in the world, but yet never so low but we might measure with other Nations: —and a People that have had a stamp upon them from God [*Hah!*]; God having, as it were, summed up all our former honour and glory in the things that *are* of glory to Nations, in an Epitome, within these Ten or Twelve years last past! So that we knew one another at home, and are well known abroad.

And if I be not very much mistaken, we were arrived,—as I, and truly I believe as many others, did think,—at a very safe port, where we might sit down and contemplate the Dispensations of God, and our Mercies; and might know our Mercies not to have been

like to those of the Ancients,—who did make out their peace and prosperity, as they thought, by their own endeavours; who could not say, as we, That all ours were let down to us from God Himself! Whose appearances and providences amongst us are not to be outmatched by any Story. [*Deep silence; from the old Parliament, and from us.*] Truly this was our condition. And I know nothing else we had to do, save as Israel was commanded in that most excellent Psalm of David: "The "things which we have heard and known, and our fa- "thers have told us, we will not hide them from our chil- "drén; shewing to the generation to come the praises "of the Lord, and His strength, and His wonderful "works that He hath done. For He established a Tes- "timony in Jacob, and appointed a Law in Israel; "which He commanded our fathers that they should "make known to their children; that the generation "to come might know them, even the children which "should be born, who should arise and declare them to "*their* children: that they might set their hope in God, "and not forget the works of God, but keep His com- "mandments."[1]

This I thought had been a song and a work worthy of England, whereunto you might happily have invited them,—had you had hearts unto it. [*Alas!*] You had this opportunity fairly delivered unto you. And if a history shall be written of these Times and Transactions, it will be said, it will not be denied, that these things that I have spoken are true! [*No response from the Moderns: mere silence, stupor, not without sadness.*]

[1] Psalm lxxviii. 3-7.

This talent was put into your hands. And I shall recur to that which I said at the first: I came with very great joy and contentment and comfort, the first time I met you in this place. But we and these Nations are, for the present, under some disappointment!—If I had proposed to have played the Orator,—which I never did affect, nor do, nor I hope shall [*Hear!*],—I doubt not but upon easy suppositions, which I am persuaded every one among you will grant, we did meet upon such hopes as these.

I met you a second time here: and I confess, at that meeting I had much abatement of my hopes; though not a total frustration. I confess that that which damped my hopes so soon was somewhat that did look like a parricide. It is obvious enough unto you that the 'then' management of affairs did savour of a Not owning,—too-too much savour, I say, of a Not owning of the Authority that called you hither. But God left us not without an expedient that gave a second possibility—Shall I say possibility? It seemed to me a probability,—of recovering out of that dissatisfied condition we were all then in, towards some mutuality of satisfaction. And therefore by that Recognition [*The Parchment we had to sign: Hum-m!*], suiting with the Indenture that returned you hither; to which afterwards was also added your own Declaration,[1] conformable to, and in acceptance of, that expedient:—thereby, 'I say,' you had, though with a little check, another opportunity renewed unto you to have made this Nation as happy as it could have been if every thing had smoothly run on from that

[1] Commons Journals (vii. 368), 14 Sept. 1654.

first hour of your meeting. And indeed,—you will give me liberty of my thoughts and hopes,—I did think, as I have formerly found in that way that I have been engaged in as a soldier, That some affronts put upon us, some disasters at the first, have made way for very great and happy successes ;[1] and I did not at all despond but the stop put upon you, in like manner, would have made way for a blessing from God. That Interruption being, as I thought, necessary to divert you from violent and destructive proceedings; to give time for better deliberations;—whereby leaving the Government as you found it, you might have proceeded to have made those good and wholesome Laws which the People expected from you, and might have answered the Grievances, and settled those other things proper to you as a Parliament: for which you would have had thanks from all that entrusted you. [*Doubtful "Hum-m-m!" from the old Parliament.*]

What hath happened since that time I have not taken public notice of; as declining to intrench on Parliament privileges. For sure I am you will all bear me witness, That from your entering into the House upon the Recognition, to this very day, you have had no manner of interruption or hindrance of mine in proceeding to what blessed issue the heart of a good man could propose to himself,—to this very day 'none.' You see you have me very much locked up, as to what you have transacted among yourselves, from that time to this. ["*None dare report us, or whisper what we do.*"] But some things I shall take liberty to speak of to you.

As I may not take notice what you have been doing;

[1] Characteristic sentence, and sentiment;—not to be meddled with.

so I think I have a very great liberty to tell you That I do not know what you have been doing! [*With a certain tone; 'as one may hear!*] I do not know whether you have been alive or dead. I have not once heard from you all this time; I have not: and that you all know. If that be a fault that I have not, surely it hath not been mine!—If I have had any melancholy thoughts, and have sat down by them,—why might it not have been very lawful for me to think that I was a Person judged unconcerned in all these businesses? I can assure you I have not so reckoned myself! Nor did I reckon myself unconcerned in you. And so long as any just patience could support my expectation, I would have waited to the uttermost to have received from you the issue of your consultations and resolutions.—I have been careful of your safety, and the safety of those that you represented, to whom I reckon myself a servant.—

But what messages have I disturbed you withal? What injury or indignity hath been done, or offered, either to your persons or to any privileges of Parliament, since you sat? I looked at myself as strictly obliged by my Oath, since your recognising the Government in the authority of which you were called hither and sat, To give you all possible security, and to keep you from any unparliamentary interruption. Think you I could not say more upon this subject, if I listed to expatiate thereupon? But because my actions plead for me, I shall say no more of this. [*Old Parliament dubiously rolls its eyes.*]—I say, I have been caring for *you*, for your quiet sitting; caring for your privileges, as I said before, that they might not be inter-

rupted; have been seeking of God, from the great God a blessing upon you, and a blessing upon these Nations. I have been consulting if possibly I might, in anything, promote, in my place, the real good of this Parliament, of the hopefulness of which I have said so much unto you. And I did think it to be my business rather to see the utmost issue, and what God would produce by you, than unseasonably to intermeddle with you.

But, as I said before, I have been caring for you, and for the peace and quiet of these Nations: indeed I have; and that I shall a little presently manifest unto you. And it leadeth me to let you know somewhat,—which, I fear, I fear, will be, through some interpretation, a little too justly put upon *you;* whilst you have been employed as you have been, and,—in all that time expressed in the Government, in that Government, I say in that Government,—have brought forth nothing that you yourselves say *can* be taken notice of without infringement of your privileges![1] I will tell you somewhat, which, if it be not news to you, I wish you had taken very serious consideration of. If it be news, I wish I had acquainted you with it sooner. And yet if any man will ask me why I did it not, the reason is given already: Because I did make it my business to give you no interruption.

[1] An embarrassed sentence; characteristic of his Highness. "You 'have done nothing noticeable upon this 'Somewhat' that I am about "to speak of,—nor, indeed, it seems upon *any* Somewhat;—and *this* "was one you may, without much 'interpretation,' be blamed for doing "nothing upon." 'Government' means *Instrument of Government:* 'the time expressed' therein is *Five Months,*—now, by my way of calculating it, expired! Which may account for the embarrassed iteration of the phrase, on his Highness's part.

There be some trees that will not grow under the shadow of other trees: There be some that choose,—a man may say so by way of allusion,—to thrive under the shadow of other trees. I will tell you what hath thriven, —I will not say what you have *cherished,* under your shadow; that were too hard. Instead of Peace and Settlement,—instead of mercy and truth being brought together, and righteousness and peace kissing each other, by 'your' reconciling the Honest People of these Nations, and settling the woful distempers that are amongst us; which had been glorious things and worthy of Christians to have proposed,—weeds and nettles, briers and thorns have thriven under your shadow! Dissettlement and division, discontent and dissatisfaction; together with real dangers to the whole,—have been more multiplied within these five months of your sitting, than in some years before! Foundations have also been laid for the future renewing of the Troubles of these Nations by all the enemies of them abroad and at home. Let not these words seem too sharp: for they are true as any mathematical demonstrations are, or can be. I say, the enemies of the peace of these Nations abroad and at home, the discontented humours throughout these Nations,—which 'products' I think no man will grudge to call by that name, of briers and thorns,—*they* have nourished themselves under your shadow! [*Old Parliament looks still more uneasy.*]

And that I may clearly be understood: They have taken their opportunities from your sitting, and from the hopes they had, which with easy conjecture they might take up and conclude that there would be no Set-

tlement; and they have framed their designs, preparing for the execution of them accordingly. Now whether, —which appertains not to me to judge of, on their behalf,—they had any occasion ministered for this, and from whence they had it, I list not to make any scrutiny or search. But I will say this: I think they had it not from me. I am sure they had not 'from me.' From whence they had, is not my business now to discourse: but *that* they had, is obvious to every man's sense. What preparations they have made, to be executed in such a season as they thought fit to take their opportunity from: that I know, not as men know things by conjecture, but by certain demonstrable knowledge. That they have been for some time past furnishing themselves with arms; nothing doubting but they should have a day for it; and verily believing that, whatsoever their former disappointments were, they should have more done for them by and from our own divisions, than they were able to do for themselves. I desire to be understood That, in all I have to say of this subject, you will take it that I have no reservation in my mind,—as I have not,—to mingle things of guess and suspicion with things of fact: but 'that' the things I am telling of are fact; things of evident demonstration.

These weeds, briers and thorns,—they have been preparing, and have brought their designs to some maturity, by the advantages given to them, as aforesaid, from your sittings and proceedings. ["*Hum-m-m!*"] But by the Waking Eye that watched over that Cause that God will bless, they have been, and yet are, disappointed. [*Yea!*] And having mentioned that Cause, I say, that

slighted Cause,—let me speak a few words in behalf thereof; though it may seem too long a digression. Whosoever despiseth it, and will say, It is *non Causa pro Causa*, 'a Cause without Cause,'—the All-searching Eye before mentioned will find out that man; and will judge him, as one that regardeth not the works of God nor the operations of His hands! [*Moderns look astonished.*] For which God hath threatened that He will cast men down, and not build them up. That 'man who,' because he can dispute, will tell us he knew not when the Cause began, nor where it is; but modelleth it according to his own intellect; and submits not to the Appearances of God in the World; and therefore lifts up his heel against God, and mocketh at all His providences; laughing at the observations, made up not without reason and the Scriptures, and by the quickening and teaching Spirit which gives life to these other;—calling such observations "enthusiasms:" such men, I say, no wonder if they "stumble and fall backwards, and be broken and snared and taken,"[1] by the things of which they are so wilfully and maliciously ignorant! The Scriptures say, "The Rod has a voice, and He will make Himself known by the judgments which He executeth." And do we not think He will, and does, by the providences of mercy and kindness which He hath for His People and their just liberties; "whom He loves as the apple of His eye?" Doth He not by them manifest Himself? And is He not thereby also seen giving kingdoms for them, "giving men for them, and people

[1] Isaiah, xxviii. 13. A text that had made a great impression upon Oliver: see Letter to the General Assembly, antea, p. 25.

for their lives,"—as it is in Isaiah Forty-third?[1] Is not this as fair a lecture and as clear speaking, as anything our dark reason, left to the letter of the Scriptures, can collect from them? By this voice has God spoken very loud on behalf of His People, by judging their enemies in the late War, and restoring *them* a liberty to worship, with the freedom of their consciences, and freedom in estates and persons when they do so. And thus we have found the Cause of God by the works of God; which are the testimony of God. Upon which rock whosoever splits shall suffer shipwreck. But it is your glory,—and it is mine, if I have any in the world concerning the Interest of those that have an interest in a better world,—it is my glory that I know a Cause which yet we have *not* lost; but do hope we shall take a little pleasure rather to lose our lives than lose! [*Hah!*]—But you will excuse this long digression.——

I say unto you, Whilst you have been in the midst of these Transactions, that Party, that Cavalier Party,—I could wish some of them had thrust-in here, to have heard what I say,—have been designing and preparing to put this Nation in blood again, with a witness. But because I am confident there are none of that sort here, therefore I shall say the less to that. Only this I must tell you: They have been making great preparations of arms; and I do believe it will be made evident to you that they have raked out many thousands of arms, even all that this City could afford, for divers months last past. But it will be said, "May we not arm ourselves

[1] Isaiah, xliii. 3, 4: Another prophecy of awful moment to his Highness: see Speech I. *antea*, p. 287.

"for the defence of our houses? Will anybody find "fault for that?" Not for that. But the reason for *their* doing so hath been as explicit, and under as clear proof, as the fact of doing so. For which I hope, by the justice of the land, some will, in the face of the Nation, answer it with their lives: and then the business will be pretty well out of doubt.—Banks of money have been framing, for these and other such like uses. Letters have been issued with Privy-seals, to as great Persons as most are in the Nation, for the advance of money,—which 'Letters' have been discovered to us by the Persons themselves. Commissions for Regiments of horse and foot, and command of Castles, have been likewise given from Charles Stuart, since your sitting. And what the general insolences of that Party have been, the Honest People have been sensible of, and can very well testify.

It hath not only been thus. But as in a quinsy or pleurisy, where the humour fixeth in one part, give it scope, all 'disease' will gather to that place, to the hazarding of the whole: and it is natural to do so till it destroy life in that person on whomsoever this befalls. So likewise will *these* diseases take accidental causes of aggravation of their distemper. And this was that which I did assert, That they have taken accidental causes for the growing and increasing of those distempers,—as much as would have been in the natural body if timely remedy were not applied. And indeed things were come to that pass,—in respect of which I shall give you a particular account,—that no mortal physician, if the Great Physician had not stepped in, could have cured

the distemper. Shall I lay this upon your account, or my own? I am sure I can lay it upon God's account: That if He had not stepped in, the disease had been mortal and destructive!

And what is all this? 'What are these new diseases that have gathered to this point?' Truly I must needs still say: "A company of men like briers and thorns;" and worse, if worse can be. Of another sort than those before-mentioned to you. These also have been and yet are endeavouring to put us into blood and into confusion; more desperate and dangerous confusion than England ever yet saw. [*Anabaptist Levellers.*] And I must say, as when Gideon commanded his son to fall upon Zeba and Zalmunna, and slay them, they thought it more noble to die by the hand of a man than of a stripling,—which shews there is some contentment in the hand by which a man falls: so it is some satisfaction if a Commonwealth must perish, that it perish by men, and not by the hands of persons differing little from beasts! That if it must needs suffer, it should rather suffer from rich men than from poor men, who, as Solomon says, "when they oppress, leave nothing behind them, but are as a sweeping rain." Now such as these also are grown up under your shadow. But it will be asked, What have they done? I hope, though they pretend "Commonwealth's Interest," they have had no encouragement from you; but have, as in the former case, rather taken it than that you have administered any cause unto them for so doing. 'Any cause' from delays, from hopes that this Parliament would not settle, from Pamphlets mentioning strange Votes and Resolves

of yours; which I hope did abuse you! But thus you see that, whatever the grounds were, these have been the effects. And thus I have laid these things before you; and you and others will be easily able to judge how far you are concerned.

"What these men have done?" They also have laboured to pervert, where they could, and as they could, the Honest-meaning People of the Nation. They have laboured to engage some in the Army:—and I doubt that not only they, but some others also, very well known to you, have helped to this work of debauching and dividing the Army. They have, they have! [*Overton, Allen and Company, your Highness?*] I would be loath to say Who, Where, and How? much more loath to say they were any of your own number. But I can say: Endeavours have been 'made' to put the Army into a distemper, and to feed that which is the worst humour in the Army. Which though it was not a mastering humour, yet these took advantage from delay of the Settlement, and the practices before mentioned, and the stopping of the pay of the Army, to run us into Free-quarter, and to bring us into the inconveniences most to be feared and avoided.—What if I am able to make it appear in fact, That some amongst you have run into the City of London, to persuade to Petitions and Addresses to you for reversing your own Votes that you have passed? Whether these practices were in favour of your Liberties, or tended to beget hopes of Peace and Settlement from you; and whether debauching the Army in England, as is before expressed, and starving it, and putting it upon Free-quarter, and occasioning and neces-

sitating the greatest part thereof in Scotland to march into England, leaving the remainder thereof to have their throats cut there; and kindling by the rest a fire in our own bosoms, were for the advantage of affairs here, let the world judge!

'This I tell you also: That the correspondence held with the Interest of the Cavaliers, by that Party of men called Levellers, who call themselves Commonwealth's-men, is in our hands.' Whose Declarations were framed to that purpose, and ready to be published at the time of their 'projected' common Rising; whereof, 'I say,' we are possessed; and for which we have the confession of themselves now in custody; who confess also they built their hopes upon the assurance they had of the Parliament's not agreeing to a Settlement:—whether these humours have not nourished themselves under your boughs, is the subject of my present discourse; and I think I shall say not amiss, if I affirm it to be so. [*His Highness looks animated.*] And I must say it again, That that which hath been their advantage, thus to raise disturbance, hath been by the loss of those golden opportunities which God had put into your hands for Settlement. Judge you whether these things were thus, or not, when you first sat down. I am sure things were not thus! 'There was a very great peace and sedateness throughout these Nations; and great expectations of a happy Settlement. Which I remembered to you at the beginning in my Speech; and hoped that you would have entered on your business as you found it. ["*Hum-m-m! We had a Constitution to make!*"]

There was a Government 'already' in the possession of the People,—I say a Government in the possession of the People, for many months. It hath now been exercised near Fifteen Months: and if it were needful that I should tell you *how* it came into their possession, and how willingly they received it; how all Law and Justice were distributed from it, in every respect, as to life, liberty and estate; how it was owned by God, as being the dispensation of His providence after Twelve Years War; and sealed and witnessed unto by the People,—I should but repeat what I said in my last Speech unto you in this place: and therefore I forbear. When you were entered upon this Government; ravelling into it —You know I took no notice what you were doing— [*Nor will now, your Highness; let the Sentence drop!*] —If you had gone upon that foot of account, To have made such good and wholesome provisions for the Good of the People of these Nations 'as were wanted;' for the settling of such matters in things of Religion as would have upheld and given countenance to a Godly Ministry, and yet 'as' would have given a just liberty to godly men of different judgments,—'to' men of the same faith with them that you call the Orthodox Ministry in England, as it is well known the Independents are, and many under the form of Baptism, who are sound in the faith, and though they may perhaps be different in judgment in some lesser matters, yet as true Christians both looking for salvation only by faith in the blood of Christ, men professing the fear of God, and having recourse to the name of God as to a strong tower,—I say you might have had opportuity to have

settled peace and quietness amongst all professing Godliness; and might have been instrumental, if not to have healed the breaches, yet to have kept the Godly of all judgments from running one upon another; and by keeping them from being overrun by a Common Enemy, 'have' rendered them and these Nations both secure, happy and well satisfied. [*And the Constitution? Hum-m-m!*]

Are these things done; or any things towards them? Is there not yet upon the spirits of men a strange itch? Nothing will satisfy them unless they can press their finger upon their brethren's consciences, to pinch them there. To do this was no part of the Contest we had with the Common Adversary. For 'indeed' Religion was not the thing at first contested for 'at all:'[1] but God brought it to that issue at last; and gave it unto us by way of redundancy; and at last it proved to be that which was most dear to us. And wherein consisted this more than In obtaining that liberty from the tyranny of the Bishops to all species of Protestants to worship God according to their own light and consciences? For want of which many of our brethren forsook their native countries to seek their bread from strangers, and to live in howling wildernesses [*Our poor brethren of New England!*]; and for which also many that remained here were imprisoned, and otherwise abused and made the scorn of the Nation. Those that were sound in the faith, how proper was it for them to labour for liberty, for a just liberty, that men might

[1] Power of the Militia was the point upon which the actual War began. A statement not false; yet truer in form than it is in essence.

not be trampled upon for their consciences! Had not they 'themselves' laboured, but lately, under the weight of persecution? And was it fit for them to sit heavy upon others? Is it ingenuous to ask liberty, and not to give it? What greater hypocrisy than for those who were oppressed by the Bishops to become the greatest oppressors themselves, so soon as their yoke was removed? I could wish that they who call for liberty now also had not too much of that spirit, if the power were in their hands!—As for profane persons, blasphemers, such as preach sedition; the contentious railers, evil-speakers, who seek by evil words to corrupt good manners; persons of loose conversation,—punishment from the Civil Magistrate ought to meet with these. Because, if they pretend conscience; yet walking disorderly and not according but contrary to the Gospel, and even to natural lights,—they are judged of all. And their sins being open, make them subjects of the Magistrate's sword, who ought not to bear it in vain.—The discipline of the Army *was* such, that a man would not be suffered to remain there, of whom we could take notice he was guilty of such practices as these.—

And therefore how happy would England have been, and you and I, if the Lord had led you on to have settled upon such good accounts as these are, and to have discountenanced such practices as the other, and left men in disputable things free to their own consciences! Which was well provided for by the 'Instrument of' Government; and liberty left to provide against what was apparently evil. Judge you, Whether

the contesting for things that were provided for by this Government hath been profitable expense of time, for the good of these Nations! By means whereof you may see you have wholly elapsed your time, and done just nothing!—I will say this to you, in behalf of the Long Parliament: That, had such an expedient as this Government been proposed to them; and could they have seen the Cause of God thus provided for; and been, by debates, enlightened in the grounds 'of it,' whereby the difficulties might have been cleared 'to them,' and the reason of the whole enforced, and the circumstances of time and persons, with the temper and disposition of the People, and affairs both abroad and at home when it was undertaken might have been well weighed 'by them:' I think in my conscience,—well as they were thought to love their seats,—they would have proceeded in another manner than you have done! And *not* have exposed things to these difficulties and hazards they now are at; nor given occasion to leave the People so dissettled as they now are. Who, I dare say, in the soberest and most judicious part of them, did expect, not a questioning, but a doing of things in pursuance of the 'Instrument of' Government. And if I be not misinformed, very many of you came up with this satisfaction; having had time enough to weigh and consider the same.

And when I say "such an expedient as this Government,"—wherein I dare assert there is a just Liberty to the People of God, and the just Rights of the People in these Nations provided for,—I can put the issue thereof upon the clearest reason; whatsoever any go

about to suggest to the contrary. But this not being the time and place of such an averment, 'I forbear at present.' For satisfaction's sake herein, enough is said in a Book entituled '*A State of the Case of the Commonwealth*,' published in January 1653.[1] And for myself, I desire not to keep my place in this Government an hour longer than I may preserve England in its just rights, and may protect the People of God in such a just Liberty of their Consciences as I have already mentioned. And therefore if this Parliament have judged things to be otherwise than as I have stated them,—it had been huge friendliness between persons who had such a reciprocation in so great concernments to the public, for *them* to have convinced me in what particulars therein my error lay! Of which I never yet had a word from you! But if, instead thereof, your time has been spent in setting up somewhat else, upon another bottom than this stands 'upon,'—it looks as if the laying grounds for a *quarrel* had rather been designed than to give the People *settlement*. If it be thus, it's *well* your labours have not arrived to any maturity at all! [*Old Parliament looks agitated;—agitated, yet constant!*]

This Government called you hither; the constitution thereof being limited so,—a Single Person and a Parliament. And this was thought most agreeable to the general sense of the Nation;—having had experience enough, by trial, of other conclusions; judging this most likely to avoid the extremes of Monarchy on

[1] Read it he who wants satisfaction: 'Printed by Thomas Newcomb, London, 1653-4;'—'wrote with great spirit of language and subtilty of argument,' says the *Parliamentary History* (xx. 419).

the one hand, and of Democracy on the other;—and yet not to found *Dominium in Gratiâ* 'either.' [*Your Highness does not claim to be here as Kings do, By Grace, then? No!*] And if so, then certainly to make the Authority more than a mere notion, it was requisite that it should be as it is in this 'Frame of' Government; which puts it upon a true and equal balance. It has been already submitted to the judicious, true and honest People of this Nation, Whether the balance be not equal? And what their judgment is, is visible,—by submission to it; by acting upon it; by restraining their Trustees from meddling with it. And it neither asks nor needs any better ratification! [*Hear!*] But when Trustees in Parliament shall, by experience, find any evil in any parts of this 'Frame of' Government, 'a question' referred by the Government itself to the consideration of the Protector and Parliament,—of which evil or evils Time itself will be the best discoverer:—how can it be reasonably imagined that a Person or Persons, coming in by election, and standing under such obligations, and so limited, and so necessitated by oath to govern for the People's good, and to make *their* love, under God, the best underpropping and only safe footing:—how can it, I say, be imagined that the present or succeeding Protectors will refuse to agree to alter any such thing in the Government as may be found to be for the good of the People? Or to recede from any thing which he might be convinced casts the balance too much to the Single Person? And although, for the present, the keeping up and having in his power the Militia seems the hardest 'condition,' yet if the power

of the Militia should be yielded up at such a time as this, when there is as much need of it to keep this Cause (now most evidently impugned by all Enemies), as there was to *get* it 'for the sake of this Cause:'—what would become of us all! Or if it should not be equally placed in him and the Parliament, but yielded up *at any time*, —it determines his power either for doing the good he ought, or hindering Parliaments from perpetuating themselves; from imposing what Religion they please on the consciences of men, or what Government they please upon the Nation. Thereby subjecting us to dissettlement in every Parliament, and to the desperate consequences thereof. And if the Nation *shall* happen to fall into a blessed Peace, how easily and certainly will their charge be taken off, and their forces be disbanded! And then where will the danger be to have the Militia thus stated?—What if I should say: If there *be* a disproportion, or disequality as to the power, it is on the other hand!—

And if this be so, Wherein have you had cause to quarrel? What demonstrations have you held forth to settle me to your opinion? I would you had made me so happy as to have let me known your grounds! I have made a free and ingenuous confession of my faith to *you*. And I could have wished it had been in your hearts to have agreed that some friendly and cordial debates might have been toward mutual conviction. Was there none amongst you to move such a thing? No fitness to listen to it? No desire of a right understanding? If it be not folly in me to listen to Town-talk, such things *have* been proposed; and rejected, with stiff-

ness and severity, once and again. Was it not likely to have been more advantageous to the good of this Nation? I will say this to you for myself; and to that I have my conscience as a thousand witnesses, and I have my comfort and contentment in it; and I have the witness 'too' of divers here, who I think truly 'would' scorn to own me in a lie: That I would not have been averse to any alteration, of the good of which I might have been convinced. Although I could not have agreed to the taking it off the foundation on which it stands; namely, the acceptance and consent of the People. ["*Our sanction not needed, then!*"]

I will not presage what you have been about, or doing, in all this time. Nor do I love to make conjectures. But I must tell you this: That as I undertook this Government in the simplicity of my heart and as before God, and to do the part of an honest man, and to be true to the Interest,—which in my conscience 'I think' is dear to many of you; though it is not always understood what God in His wisdom may hide from us, as to Peace and Settlement:—so I can say that no particular interest, either of myself, estate, honour or family, are, or have been, prevalent with me to this undertaking. For if you had, upon the old Government,[1] offered me this one, this one thing—I speak as thus advised, and before God; as having been to this day of this opinion; and this hath been my constant judgment, well known to many who hear me speak:—if, 'I say,' this one thing

[1] Means 'the existing Instrument of Government' without modification of yours.

had been inserted, this one thing, That the Government should have been placed in my Family hereditarily, I would have rejected it![1] And I could have done no other according to my present conscience and light. I will tell you my reason;—though I cannot tell what God *will* do with me, nor with you, nor with the Nation, for throwing away precious opportunities committed to us.

This hath been my principle; and I liked it, when this Government came first to be proposed to me, That it puts us off that hereditary way. Well looking that God hath declared what Government He delivered to the Jews; and 'that He' placed it upon such Persons as had been instrumental for the Conduct and Deliverance of His People. And considering that Promise in *Isaiah*, "That God would give Rulers as at the first, and Judges as at the beginning," I did not know but that God might 'now' begin,—and though, at present, with a most unworthy person; yet, as to the future, it might be after this manner; and I thought this might usher it in! [*A noble thought, your Highness!*] I am speaking as to my judgment against making Government hereditary. To have men chosen, for their love to God, and to Truth and Justice; and not to have it hereditary. For as it is in the *Ecclesiastes*: "Who knoweth whether he may beget a fool or a wise man?" Honest or not honest, whatever they be, they must come in, on that plan; because the Government is made a patrimony!—And this I perhaps do declare with too

[1] The matter in debate, running very high at this juncture, in the Parliament, was with regard to the Single Person's being *hereditary*. Hence partly the Protector's emphasis here.

much earnestness; as being my own concernment;—and know not what place it may have in your hearts, and in those of the Good People in the Nation. But however it be, I have comfort in this my truth and plainness.

I have thus told you my thoughts; which truly I have declared to you in the fear of God, as knowing He will not be mocked; and in the strength of God, as knowing and rejoicing that I am supported in my speaking;—especially when I do not form or frame things without the compass of integrity and honesty; 'so' that my own conscience gives me not the lie to what I say. And then in what I say, I can rejoice.

Now to speak a word or two to you. Of that, I must profess in the name of the same Lord, and wish there had been no cause that I should have thus spoken to you! I told you that I came with joy the first time; with some regret the second; yet now I speak with most regret of all! I look upon you as having among you many persons that I could lay down my life individually for. I could, through the grace of God, desire to lay down my life for you. So far am I from having an unkind or unchristian heart towards you in your particular capacities! I have this indeed as a work most incumbent upon me; 'this' of speaking these things to you.' I consulted what might be my duty in such a day as this; casting up all considerations. I must confess, as I told you, that I did think occasionally, This Nation had suffered extremely in the respects mentioned; as also in the disappointment of their expectations of that justice which was due to them by your sitting thus long. 'Sitting thus long;' and what have

you brought forth? I did not nor cannot comprehend what it is. I would be loath to call it a Fate; that were too paganish a word. But there has been Something in it that we had not in our expectations.

I did think also, for myself, That I am like to meet with difficulties; and that this Nation will not, as it is fit it should not, be deluded with *pretexts* of Necessity in that great business of raising of Money. And were it not that I can make some dilemmas upon which to resolve some things of my conscience, judgment and actions, I should sink at the very prospect of my encounters. Some of them are general, some are more special. [*Hear the "dilemmas."*] Supposing this Cause or this Business must be carried on, it is either of God or of man. If it be of man, I would I had never touched it with a finger. [*Hear!*] If I had not had a hope fixed in me that this Cause and this Business was of God, I would many years ago have run from it. If it be of God, He will bear it up. [*Yea!*] If it be of man, it will tumble; as every thing that hath been of man since the world began hath done. And what are all our Histories, and other Traditions of Actions in former times, but God manifesting Himself, that He hath shaken, and tumbled down, and trampled upon, every thing that He had not planted? [*Yes, your Highness; such is, was and forever will be, the History of Man, deeply as we poor Moderns have now forgotten it: and the Bible of every Nation is its Own History; if it have, or had, any real Bible!*] And as this is, so 'let' the All-wise God deal with it. If this be of human structure and invention, and if it be an old Plotting and

Contriving to bring things to this Issue, and that they are not the Births of Providence,—then they will tumble. But if the Lord take pleasure in England, and if He will do us good,—He is very able to bear us up! Let the difficulties be whatsoever they will, we shall in His strength be able to encounter with them. And I bless God I have been inured to difficulties; and I never found God failing when I trusted in Him. I can laugh and sing, in my heart, when I speak of these things to you or elsewhere. And though some may think it is an hard thing To raise Money without Parliamentary Authority upon this Nation; yet I have another argument to the Good People of this Nation, if they would be safe, and yet have no better principle: Whether they prefer the having of their will though it be their destruction, rather than comply with things of Necessity? That will excuse me. But I should wrong my native country to suppose this.

For I look at the People of these Nations as the blessing of the Lord: and they are a People blessed by God. They have been so; and they will be so, by reason of that immortal seed which hath been, and is, among them: those Regenerated Ones in the land, of several judgments; who are all the Flock of Christ, and lambs of Christ. 'His,' though perhaps under many unruly passions, and troubles of spirit; whereby they give disquiet to themselves and others: yet they are not so to God; since to us He is a God of other patience; and He will own the least of Truth in the hearts of His People. And the People being the blessing of God, they will not be so angry but they will prefer their

safety to their passions, and their real security to forms, when Necessity calls for Supplies. Had they not well been acquainted with this principle, they had never seen this day of Gospel Liberty.

But if any man shall object, "It is an easy thing to "talk of Necessities when men create Necessities: would "not the Lord Protector make himself great and his "family great? Doth not he make these Necessities? "And then he will come upon the People with his argu- "ment of Necessity!"—This were something hard indeed. But I have *not* yet known what it is to "make Necessities," whatsoever the thoughts or judgments of men are. And I say this, not only to this Assembly, but to the world, That the man liveth not who can come to me and charge me with having, in these great Revolutions, "made Necessities." I challenge even all that fear God. And as God hath said, "My glory I will not give unto another," let men take heed and be twice advised how they call His Revolutions, the things of God, and His working of things from one period to another,—how, I say, they call them Necessities of men's creation! For by so doing, they do vilify and lessen the works of God, and rob Him of His glory; which He hath said He will not give unto another, nor suffer to be taken from Him! We know what God did to Herod, when he was applauded and did not acknowledge God. And God knoweth what He will do with men, when they call His Revolutions human designs, and so detract from His glory. These issues and events have not been forecast; but 'were' sudden Providences in things: whereby carnal and worldly men are enraged; and under and at

which, many, and I fear some good men, have murmured and repined, because disappointed of their mistaken fancies. But still all these things have been the wise disposings of the Almighty; though instruments have had their passions and frailties. And I think it is an honour to God to acknowledge the Necessities to have been of God's imposing, when truly they have been so, as indeed they have. Let us take our sin in our actions to ourselves; it's much more safe than to judge things so contingent, as if there were not a God that ruled the Earth!

We know the Lord hath poured this Nation from vessel to vessel, till He poured it into your lap, when you came first together. I am confident that it came so into your hands; and was not judged by you to be from counterfeited or feigned Necessity, but by Divine Providence and Dispensation. And this I speak with more earnestness, because I speak for God and not for men. I would have any man to come and tell of the Transactions that have been, and of those periods of time wherein God hath made these Revolutions; and find where he can fix a feigned Necessity! I could recite particulars, if either my strength would serve me to speak, or yours to hear. If you would consider[1] the great Hand of God in His great Dispensations, you would find that there is scarce a man who fell off, at any period of time when God had any work to do, who can give God or His work at this day a good word.

"It was," say some, "the cunning of the Lord Pro-"tector,"—I take it to myself,—"it was the craft of

[1] 'if that you would revolve' *in orig.*

"such a man, and his plot, that hath brought it about!" And, as they say in other countries, "There are five or "six cunning men in England that have skill; they do "all these things." Oh, what blasphemy is this! Because men that are without God in the world, and walk not with Him, know not what it is to pray or believe, and to receive returns from God, and to be spoken unto by the Spirit of God, who speaks without a Written Word sometimes, yet according to it! God hath spoken heretofore in divers manners. Let Him speak as He pleaseth. Hath He not given us liberty, nay is it not our duty, To go to the Law and the Testimony? And there we shall find that there *have* been impressions, in extraordinary cases, as well without the Written Word as with it. And therefore there is no difference in the thing thus asserted from truths generally received,—except we will exclude the Spirit; without whose concurrence all other teachings are ineffectual. [*Yea, your Highness; the true God's-Voice, Voice of the Eternal, is in the heart of every Man;—there, wherever else it be.*] He doth speak to the hearts and consciences of men; and leadeth them to His Law and Testimony, and there 'also' He speaks to them; and so gives them double teachings. According to that of Job: "God speaketh once, yea twice;" and to that of David: "God hath spoken once, yea twice have I heard this." These men that live upon their *mumpsimus* and *sumpsimus* [*Bulstrode looks astonished*], their Masses and Service-Books, their dead and carnal worship—no marvel if they be strangers to God, and to the works of God, and to spiritual dispensations. And because *they* say and

believe thus, must we do so too? We, in this land, have been otherwise instructed; even by the Word, and Works, and Spirit of God.

To say that men bring forth these things when God doth them,—judge you if God will bear this? I wish that every sober heart, though he hath had temptations upon him of deserting this Cause of God, yet may take heed how he provokes and falls into the hands of the Living God by such blasphemies as these! According to the Tenth of the *Hebrews*: "If we sin wilfully "after that we have received the knowledge of the "truth, there remains no more sacrifice for sin." 'A terrible word.' It was spoken to the Jews who, having professed Christ, apostatised from Him. What then? Nothing but a fearful "falling into the hands of the Living God!"—They that shall attribute to this or that person the contrivances and production of those mighty things God hath wrought in the midst of us; and 'fancy' that they have not been the Revolutions of Christ Himself, "upon whose shoulders the government is laid,"—they speak against God, and they fall under His hand without a Mediator. That is, if we deny the Spirit of Jesus Christ the glory of all His works in the world; by which He rules kingdoms, and doth administer, and is the rod of His strength,—we provoke the Mediator: and He may say: I will leave you to God, I will not intercede for you; let Him tear you to pieces! 'I will leave thee to fall into God's hands; thou deniest me my sovereignty and power committed to me; I will not intercede nor mediate for thee; thou fallest into the hands of the Living God!—

Therefore whatsoever you may judge men for, howsoever you may say, "This is cunning, and politic, and subtle,"—take heed again, I say, how you judge of His Revolutions as the product of men's inventions!—I may be thought to press too much upon this theme. But I pray God it may stick upon your hearts and mine. The worldly-minded man knows nothing of this, but is a stranger to it; and thence his atheisms, and murmurings at instruments, yea repining at God Himself. And no wonder; considering the Lord hath done such things amongst us as have not been known in the world these thousand years, and yet notwithstanding is not owned by us!—

There is another Necessity, which you have put upon us, and we have not sought. I appeal to God, Angels and Men,—if I shall 'now' raise money according to the Article in the Government, 'whether I am not compelled to do it!' Which 'Government' had power to call you hither; and did;—and instead of seasonably providing for the Army, you have laboured to overthrow the Government, and the Army is now upon Free-quarter! And you would never so much as let me hear a tittle from you concerning it. Where is the fault? Has it not been as if you had a purpose to put this extremity upon us and the Nation? I hope, this was not in your minds. I am not willing to judge so:—but such is the state into which we are reduced. By the designs of some in the Army who are now in custody, it was designed to get as many of them as possible,—through discontent for want of money, the Army being in a barren country, near thirty weeks

behind in pay, and upon other specious pretences,—to march for England out of Scotland; and, in discontent, to seize their General there [*General Monk*], a faithful and honest man, that so another [*Colonel Overton*] might head the Army. And all this opportunity taken from your delays. Whether will this be a thing of feigned Necessity? What could it signify, but "The "Army are in discontent already; and we will make "them live upon stones; we will make them cast off "their governors and discipline?" What can be said to this? I list not to unsaddle myself, and put the fault upon your backs. Whether it hath been for the good of England, whilst men have been talking of this thing or the other [*Building Constitutions*], and pretending liberty and many good words,—whether it has been as it should have been? I am confident you cannot think it has. The Nation will not think so. And if the worst should be made of things, I know not what the Cornish men nor the Lincolnshire men may think, or other Counties; but I believe they will all think *they are not safe*. A temporary suspension of "caring for the greatest liberties and privileges" (if it were so, which is denied) would not have been of such damage as the not providing against Free-quarter hath run the Nation upon. And if it be my "liberty" to walk abroad in the fields, or to take a journey, yet it is not my wisdom to do so when my house is on fire!—

I have troubled you with a long Speech; and I believe it may not have the same resentment[1] with all that

[1] Means 'sense excited by it.'

it hath with some. But because that is unknown to me, I shall leave it to God;—and conclude with this: That I think myself bound, as in my duty to God, and to the People of these Nations for their safety and good in every respect,—I think it my duty to tell you that it is not for the profit of these Nations, nor for common and public good, for you to continue here any longer. And therefore I do declare unto you, That I do dissolve this Parliament.*

So ends the First Protectorate Parliament; suddenly, very unsuccessfully. A most poor hidebound Pedant Parliament; which reckoned itself careful of the Liberties of England; and was careful only of the Sheepskin Formulas of these; very blind to the Realities of these! Regardless of the facts and clamorous necessities of the Present, this Parliament considered that its one duty was to tie up the hands of the Lord Protector well; to give him no supplies, no power; to make him and keep him the bound vassal and errand-man of this and succeeding Parliaments. This once well done, they thought all was done. Oliver thought far otherwise. Their painful new-modelling and rebuilding of the Instrument of Government, with an eye to this sublime object, was pointing towards completion, little now but the key-stones to be let in:—when Oliver suddenly withdrew the centres! Constitutional arch and ashlar-stones, scaffolding, workmen, mortar-troughs and scaffold-poles sink in swift confusion; and disappear, regretted or remembered by no person,—not by this Editor for one.

By the arithmetical account of heads in England, the Lord Protector may surmise that he has lost his Enterprise. But

* Old Pamphlet: reprinted in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 404-431.

by the real divine and human worth of thinking-souls in England, he still believes that he has it; by this, and by a higher mission too;—and "will take a little pleasure to lose his life" before he loses it! He is not here altogether to count heads, or to count costs, this Lord Protector; he is in the breach of battle; placed there, as he understands, by his Great Commander: whatsoever his difficulties be, he must fight them, cannot quit them; must fight there till he die. This is the law of his position, in the eye of God, and also of men. There is no return for him out of this Protectorship he has got into! Called to this post as I have been, placed in it as I am, "To quit it, is what I will be willing to be rolled into "my grave, and buried with infamy, before I will consent "unto!"—

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY BOSSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

00029609

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016